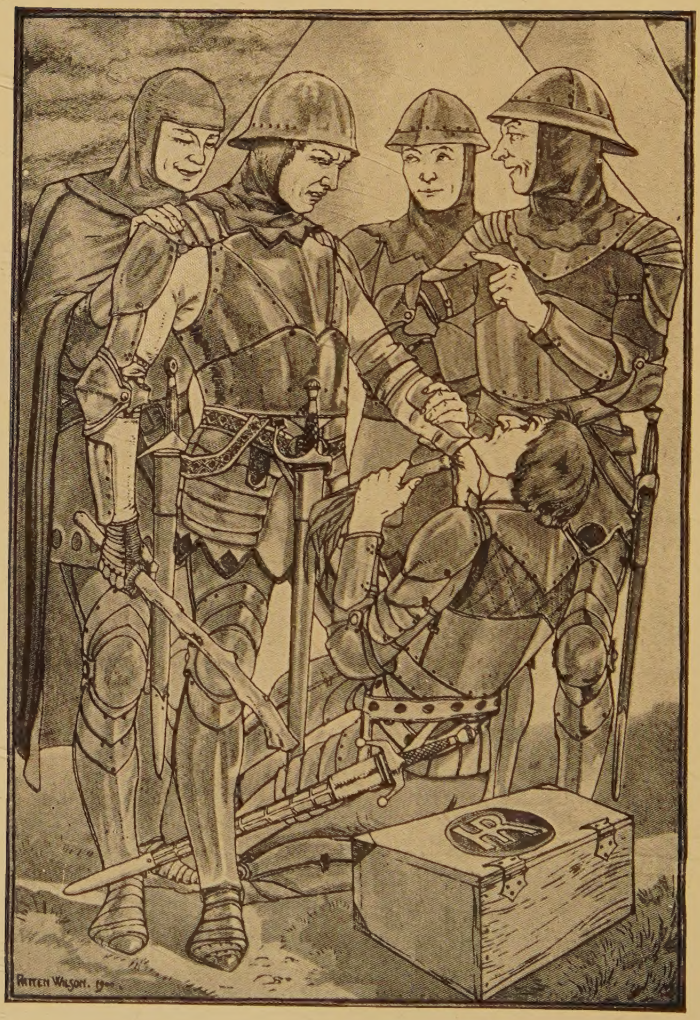

PISTOL: "Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat"

KING HENRY V *Act* V *Scene* I

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME SEVEN

KING HENRY V
TAMING OF THE SHREW
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
KING JOHN

PR
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vol. 7

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THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

Preface.

Editions. The earliest edition of *King Henry the Fifth* is a quarto published in 1600, with the following title:—

"The | Chronicle | History of Henry the Fifth | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France.* Together with *Auntient Pistoll.* | *As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable* | *the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* | LONDON | Printed by *Thomas Creede,* for Tho. Milling | ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600. |"

This quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1608.

In the First Folio the title of the play is *The Life of Henry the Fift.**

The text of the quarto edition differs in many important respects from that of the folio; (i.) it omits all the prologues and the epilogue; (ii.) some five hundred lines besides are in no wise represented therein; (iii.) the speeches of certain characters are transferred to other characters, so that the actors are fewer; † confusion in time-indications; (iv.) corruptions, obscurities, and minor discrepancies abound.‡ The Quarto is obviously

* Edited by W. G. Stone, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1880.

† Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Erpingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger, II. iv., and IV. ii., and the French Queen, have no speeches assigned to them in the Quarto.

‡ *Cp.* Henry V., Parallel Texts, ed. Nicholson, *with Introduction,* by P. A. Daniel; *New Shak. Soc.*

derived from an edition abridged for acting purposes, evidently an imperfect and unauthorized version made up from shorthand notes taken at the theatre, and afterwards amplified. The original of this abridged edition was in all probability the Folio text, more or less, as we know it. This view of the question is now generally accepted, and few scholars are inclined to maintain that 'the original of the Quarto was an earlier one without choruses, and following the Chronicle historians much more closely.'*

The Date of Composition. The reference to Essex in the Prologue to Act V. (*vide* Note) shews that *Henry the Fifth* must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599;† the play is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598, though *Henry IV.* is included in his list; the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* makes promise of *Henry V.,* but 'our humble author' has modified his original conception ‡ (*vide* Preface to 1, 2 *Henry IV.,*

* *Vide* Fleay, '*Life and Work of Shakespeare*'; p. 206. Besides thus differentiating the two editions, Mr. Fleay takes the scene with the Scotch and Irish captains (III. ii. l. 69 to the end of the Scene) to be an insertion for the Court performance, Christmas 1605, to please King James, who had been annoyed that year by depreciation of the Scots on the stage.

This Scene is certainly a contrast to the anti-Scottish feeling in Act I. Sc. ii. The late Richard Simpson made some interesting, though doubtful, observations on the political teaching of Henry V. in a paper dealing with *The politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (*New Shak. Soc.,* 1874).

† It is fair to assume that the choruses were written for the first performances, though Pope, Warburton, and others held that these were inserted at a later period; they must, however, have formed an integral portion of Shakespeare's original scheme; considerations of time may have necessitated their omission in the abridged acting edition.

‡ "Our humble author will continue the story, *with Sir John in it,* and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat," etc.

and Note on *Epilogue*): this change of plan is intimately connected with the composition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (*vide* Preface); the play is found in the Stationers' Register under August 4th, 1600 (together with *As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing,* and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*), marked, "to be staied," though ten days afterwards it is again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer; in the same year we have the publication of the Quarto edition; finally, the Globe Theatre, built by Burbage in 1599, is somewhat emphatically referred to in the Prologue; all these considerations seem to fix with certainty the year 1599 as the date of this play.

The Sources. The main authority for the history of *Henry V.* was the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles,* published in 1587, though he departs occasionally from his original for the sake of dramatic effect. For two or three minor points Shakespeare was indebted to the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth** (*e.g.* a few touches in Act I. Sc. ii.; the episode of Pistol and the French soldier; the wooing scene, etc.).†

Duration of Action. The time of *Henry V.* covers ten days, with intervals, embracing altogether a period of about six years, from the opening of the Parliament at Leicester, April 30, 1414, to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May 20, 1420:—

1st Chorus. Prologue, 'sets forth the claims of the dramatist on the imagination of the audience.'

* *Vide* Preface to 1, 2, *Henry IV.* *The Famous Victories* was licensed in 1594; in 1592 Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse,* alludes to this or some other play on the same subject:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner," etc.

† *Cp.* W. G. Stone's Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* (*New Shak. Soc.*); an exhaustive study of the historical aspect of the play; also Courtenay's *Historical Plays of Shakespeare*; Warner's *English* History in Shakespeare.

Day 1. Act I. Sc. i. and ii. Ante-chamber in the King's palace; the presence-chamber.

2nd Chorus; 'tells of the preparations for war; of the discovery of the plot against the king, who is set from London, and that the scene is to be transported to London.' *Interval.*

Day 2. Act II. Sc. i. London (?Eastcheap). *Interval.*

Day 3. Act II. Sc. ii. Southampton; Sc. iii. London (Falstaff is dead). *Interval.*

Day 4. Act II. Sc. iv. France, the King's Palace.

3rd Chorus; 'tells of the King's departure from Hampton; his arrival at Harfleur, and of the return of his Ambassador with proposals.' *Interval.*

Day 5. Act III. Sc. i.-iii. Before Harfleur. *Interval.* [Act. III. Sc. iv. *Interval,* following Day 4.]

Day 6. Act III. Sc. v. Rouen. *Interval.*

Day 7. Act III. Sc. vi.; [*Interval*] first part of Sc. vii.; Blangy.

Day 8. Act III. Sc. vii. (French camp near Agincourt).

4th Chorus (*Interval*). Act IV. Sc. i.-viii. (*with Intervals*); English camp.

5th Chorus 'tells of Henry's journey to England and of his reception by his people; then, with excuses for passing over time and history, brings his audience straight back again to France. The historic period thus passed over dates from October, 1415, to Henry's betrothal to Katharine, May, 1420.' *Interval.*

Day 9. Act V. Sc. ii. (perhaps, better, the last scene should reckon as the tenth day, *vide* W. G. Stone, p. ciii.).

6th Chorus. Epilogue. (*Cp.* Daniel's *Time Analysis; Trans. Shak. Soc.,* 1877-79.)

In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatization of war; nowhere else has he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama; he seems, indeed, to point directly to Sidney's famous comment on the scenic poverty of the stage,*—*"Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field,"*—when his Chorus makes the mock avowal:—

> "O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt." †

The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic, and the words addressed by Ben Jonson to the arch-patriot among English poets, the poet of the *Ballad of Agincourt,* 'his friend, Michael Drayton,' ‡ might more justly be applied to the patriot-dramatist of Agincourt:—

> "LOOK HOW WE READ THE SPARTANS WERE INFLAMED
> WITH BOLD TYRTÆUS' VERSE; WHEN THOU ART NAMED
> SO SHALL OUR ENGLISH YOUTHS URGE ON, AND CRY
> AN AGINCOURT! AN AGINCOURT! OR DIE."

* *Cp. Apology for Poetry* (Arber's *Reprint,* pp. 63, 64).

† Prol. iv. 49-52.

‡ Ben Jonson's '*Vision on the Muses of his Friend, Michael Drayton.*' Jonson seems to have objected to Shakespeare's method in *Henry V.* *Cp.* Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour* (added to the play after 1601):—

> *"He rather prays, you will be pleased to see*
> *One such, to-day, as other plays should be;*
> *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,"* etc.

Towards the end of his career, in his *Winter's Tale,* Shakespeare spoke again, in the person of the Chorus Time, in defence of his *"power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and o'erwhelm custom"* (*vide* Preface, p. x.).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Soon after his coronation Henry V. resolves to secure his title to the crown and augment his popularity with the masses by the splendours of foreign conquest. Accordingly he lays claim to the throne of France through the medium of the ancient Salic law, and declares war against that country. In answer to his first demands for certain French dukedoms, the Dauphin sends back to him in mockery a bag of tennis-balls—the French heir-apparent believing that he has still to deal with a madcap prince.

II. At this time, however, the young monarch's accession of virtues and regal dignities is a source of marvel and admiration; for he has made good his promise, given upon assuming the crown, to forsake the wild companions of his youth. But Sir John Falstaff cannot fathom the sudden change, and dies of a broken heart.

The King imbues all England with his military enthusiasm. A large army is speedily levied and makes ready to embark at Southampton. The French, growing apprehensive at this warlike display, seek to check the invasion by treacherous means, and bribe three English lords to murder the King at the time of his embarkation. The plot is discovered and the King sentences the traitors to death.

III. King Henry storms the French city of Harfleur, which, lacking support, is forced to capitulate. But sickness and privation now make such inroads upon his army that he finds himself in danger of annihilation at

the hands of a French force led by the Dauphin, outnumbering his own five to one. Nevertheless he does not avoid battle but pitches camp near the French at Agincourt.

IV. The French are so confident of victory that they cast dice for the disposal of the contemplated prisoners. On the English side all is watchfulness and preparation. The King in person goes disguised through his camp to learn the temper of his men. At daybreak the armies meet in the shock of battle. The Dauphin's forces suffer a disgraceful and overwhelming defeat through lack of generalship.

V. The French are forced to sue for peace. King Henry's terms include, among other things, the recognition of himself as heir to the throne of France, and the bestowal upon him of the hand of the Princess Katharine. All the terms are agreed to. The English conquerors are received at the court of France amid protestations of amity, while the English king and the French princess arrive at a mutual understanding of hearts despite their ignorance of tongues.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

France and England.

The principal historical feature [of *Henry V.*], the description of the spirit of the age with its relations to the past, and the character of the two belligerent nations is brought out in a truly dramatic style, by giving the utmost animation to the action. Henry IV., on his deathbed, had counselled his son to engage

> "Giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels."

And, in fact, "giddiness" and vacillation were the leading features in the character of the age; the reason of

this lay not only in the unjust usurpation of Henry IV., which, owing to the close connection existing between the state and its various members, exercised its influence on the barons and people, but also in the progressive development of the state and of the nation itself. The corporative estates of the kingdom, the clergy, knights and burghers, incited by an *esprit de corps* and by their well-ordered organisation, felt their power and endeavoured to assert it, both against the royal power and against one another. Their disputes among one another would have been of more frequent occurrence had it not been for the fact that, in direct contrast to the French nobility, the English barons generally sided with the commoners, so as mutually to protect their rights against the pretensions of the crown. Eoch of these several parties endeavoured to promote their own interests and to act with the greatest possible amount of freedom; their active strength naturally strove to find a vigorous sphere of action and would have consumed itself, and thus internally destroyed the organism of the state, had it not succeeded in obtaining vent in an outward direction. In France, on the other hand, the vanity, the excessive arrogance of the court, the nobility and the people desired war in order to realise their proud dream of internal and external superiority; the historical course of the nation's culture required that it should be thoroughly humbled by misery and wretchedness, otherwise it would have decayed prematurely through extravagance and effeminate luxury. Moreover in France also, the organism of the state was broken up into so many separate and independent corporations that it required a great and general interest, a great national disaster to preserve their consciousness of mutual dependence and unity.

All this Shakspeare has intimated in a few but vigorous features. But still more clearly are the *characters* of the two *nations* brought forward as the historical motive. The sober, practical patriotism of the English, in the full consciousness of their own strength, could not

tolerate the arrogance, the conceit and the frivolity of the French, of which the Dauphin's contumelious embassy to Henry gives so distinct a reflex. The two nations stood opposed to one another like a couple of men who, in spite of the great difference in their natures, both maintain that they are in the right and aim at the same goal; such natures must necessarily come into conflict.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

III.

The King.

From first to last the one overshadowing character is the King. His irregular, undignified conduct when Prince of Wales would hardly have prepared the people to expect a model king. The prince, however, felt within himself the power to rise above the frivolities of his early life when higher duties called him; and the play abundantly shows how thoroughly he had redeemed himself, rising to such a pitch of glory that in the epilogue to the play he is "the Star of England." The full portrait of him, drawn in an atmosphere of loyalty and patriotism, is in close agreement with that of contemporary writers. As a military leader he exhibited great capacity and foresight; in Holinshed's phrase, "he had indeed a gift to encourage his people." As king, he secured the loyal respect of his people, and their admiration for his piety, justice, and simplicity of character; in these respects he afforded a striking contrast to the crooked ways of his father. A living poet (Mr. William Watson) has said of him:—

> The roystering prince, that afterward
> Belied his madcap youth and proved
> A greatly-simple warrior lord
> Such as our warrior fathers loved,
> Lives he not still?

Henry V., as Shakespeare has portrayed him, will live

in the memory of every reader of the play, not merely as an ideal English warrior king, but as the noblest illustration bequeathed to us by any dramatist of that intense patriotic feeling of Englishmen that reached so high a pitch in Elizabeth's reign, when proud confidence in the strength of English spirit and deep love of their country and queen were fully as earnest and as widely felt as in our own time.

FERGUSON: *The Swan Edition.*

In his courtship and on the day of battle Henry is just as plain a king as if he had "sold his farm to buy his crown." He has shaken off his old dissolute companions, but the remembrances of that simple intercourse are recalled to our mind at every moment. The same inclination to rove about with the common man in his army, the old mildness and familiarity, and the same love for an innocent jest, exist in him now as then, without derogating in the least from his kingly dignity. He leaves his nobles waiting in his tent while he visits the posts of his soldiers; the old habit of night-watching is of use to him now; he sounds the disposition of individuals; he encourages them without high-sounding words; he fortifies them without ostentation; he can preach to them and solve moral scruples, and can make himself intelligible to them; he contrives a trick quite of the old kind in the moment of most gloomy suspense; like a brother, he borrows the cloak of the old Erpingham; he familiarly allows his countryman Fluellen to join freely in his conversation with the herald; and in his short appeal before the battle he declares all to be his brothers who on this Crispin's day shed their blood with him.

This contrast between his repose and calmness and his martial excitement, between his plain homely nature and the kingly heroic spirit which in the moment of action exercises dominion over him, is, however, not the only one in which the Poet has exhibited him. The

night before and the day during the battle, which form the centre of our play, is a period so prominent, and one in which such manifold moods, emotions, and passions, are roused and crossed, that the best opportunity was here afforded to the Poet for exhibiting to our view this many-sided man in all the richness and the diversity of his nature. When the mind is quickened, he himself says, "the organs break up their drowsy grave, and newly move with casted slough and fresh legerity"; and thus is it with him in this great and decisive moment. We see him in a short time alternate between the most different emotions and positions, ever the same master over himself, or we may rather say, over the opportunity and the matter which lie for the moment before him.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

The Wrath of Henry.

Shortly before the English army sets sail for France, the treason of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey is disclosed to the king. He does not betray his acquaintance with their designs. Surrounded by traitors, he boldly enters his council-chamber at Southampton (the wind is sitting fair, and but one deed remains to do before they go aboard). On the preceding day a man was arrested who had railed against the person of the king. Henry gives orders that he be set at liberty:—

> "We consider
> It was excess of wine that set him on;
> And on his more advice we pardon him."

But Scroop and Grey and Cambridge interpose. It would be true mercy, they insist, to punish such an offender. And then, when they have unawares brought themselves within the range of justice, Henry unfolds their guilt. The wrath of Henry has in it some of that awfulness and terror suggested by the apocalyptic ref-

erence to "the wrath of the Lamb." It is the more terrible because it transcends all egoistic feeling. What fills the king with indignation is not so much that his life should have ben conspired against by men on whom his bounty has been bestowed without measure, as that they should have revolted against the loyalty of man, weakened the bonds of fellowship, and lowered the high tradition of humanity:—

> "O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
> The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
> Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
> Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
> Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
> Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
> Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
> Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
> Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
> Not working with the eye without the ear,
> And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
> Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
> To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
> With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
> For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
> Another fall of man."

No wonder that the terrible moral insistence of these words can subdue consciences made of penetrable stuff; no wonder that such an awful discovery of high realities of life should call forth the loyalty that lurked within a traitor's heart. But, though tears escape Henry, he cannot relent:—

> "Touching our person seek we no revenge;
> But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
> Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
> We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
> Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
> The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
> You patience to endure, and true repentance
> Of all your dear offences!"

And, having vindicated the justice of God and purged his country of treason, Henry sets his face to France with the light of splendid achievement in his eyes.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

V.

The Passing of Falstaff.

It is quite remarkable, that for some cause or other the Poet did not make good his promise touching Falstaff. Sir John does not once appear in the play. Perhaps any speculation as to the probable reason of this were more curious than profitable; but we must needs think that when the Poet went to planning the drama he saw the impracticability of making anything more out of him. Sir John's dramatic office and mission were clearly at an end, when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being, as we have seen, to explain the unruly and riotous courses of the prince. Besides, he must needs have had so much of manhood in him as to love the prince, else he had been too bad a man for the prince to be with; and how might his powers of making sport be supposed to survive the shock of being thus discarded by the only person on earth whom he had the virtue to love? To have reproduced him with his wits shattered, had been injustice to him; to have reproduced him with his wits sound and in good repair, had been unjust to the prince.

Falstaff repenting and reforming was indeed a much better man; but then in that capacity he was not for us. So that Shakespeare did well, no doubt, to keep him in retirement where, though his once matchless powers no longer give us pleasure, yet the report of his sufferings gently touches our pity, and recovers him to the breath of our human sympathies. To our sense, therefore, of the matter, the Poet has here drawn the best lesson from him that the subject might yield. We have already seen

that Falstaff's character grows worse and worse up to the close of the preceding play; and it is to be noted how in all that happens to him the being cast off by the prince at last is the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good; for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering, and yet nothing but this can make him better. His abuse of Shallow's hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within, which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. And yet when at last the Hostess tells us "the king has kill'd his heart," what a volume of redeeming matter is suggested concerning him! We then for the first time begin to respect him as a man, because we see that he has a heart as well as a brain, and that it is through his heart that grief is let in upon him, and death gets the mastery of him. And indeed the very absence of any signs of tenderness in all the rest of his course rather favours the notion of there being a secret reserve of it laid up somewhere in him. And notwithstanding they do not respect him, and can at best but stand amazed and bewildered at his overpowering freshets of humour, it is still observable that those who see much of him get strongly attached to him; as if they had a sort of blind instinct that beneath all his overgrowth of sin there were yet some stirrings of truth and good; that the seeds of virtue, though dormant, were still alive within him. This, as hath elsewhere appeared, is especially the case with that strangely interesting creature, the Hostess; and now we can scarce choose but think better of both Falstaff and Bardolph, when, the former having died, and a question having risen as to where he has gone, the latter says, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is." In Mrs. Quickly's account of his last moments there is a pathos to which we know of nothing similar, and which is as touching as it is peculiar. His character having a tone so original, and a ring so firm and clear, it was but natural that upon

his departure he should leave some audible vibrations in the air behind him. The last of these dies away on the ear some while after, when the learned Welshman, Fluellen, uses him to point a moral; and this reference, so queerly characteristic, is abundantly grateful, as serving to start up a swarm of laughing memories.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Comic Figures.

The popular and comic parts of the drama, although the originality of Falstaff's wit is absent, contains scenes of perfect natural gayety; and the Welshman Fluellen is a model of that serious, ingenious, inexhaustible, unexpected, and jocose military talkativeness which excites at once our laughter and our sympathy.

GUIZOT: *Shakspeare and His Times.*

According to his custom, and in order to preserve continuity of style with the foregoing plays, Shakespeare has interspersed *Henry V.* with comic figures and scenes. Falstaff himself does not appear, his death being announced at the beginning of the play; but the members of his gang wander around, as living and ludicrous mementos of him, until they disappear one by one by way of the gallows, so that nothing may survive to recall the great king's frivolous youth. To console us for their loss, we are here introduced to a new circle of comic figures—soldiers from the different English-speaking countries which make up what we now call the United Kingdom. Each of them speaks his own dialect, in which resides much of the comic effect for English ears. We have a Welshman, a Scot, and an Irishman. The Welshman is intrepid, phlegmatic, somewhat pedantic, but all fire and flame for discipline and righteous-

ness; the Scot is immovable in his equilibrium, even-tempered, sturdy, and trustworthy; the Irishman is a true Celt, fiery, passionate, quarrelsome and apt at misunderstanding. Fluellen, the Welshman, with his comic phlegm and manly severity, is the most elaborate of these figures.

But in placing on the stage these representatives of the different English-speaking peoples, Shakespeare had another and deeper purpose than that of merely amusing his public with a medley of dialects. At that time the Scots were still the hereditary enemies of England, who always attacked her in the rear whenever she went to war, and the Irish were actually in open rebellion. Shakespeare evidently dreamed of a Greater England, as we nowadays speak of a Greater Britain. When he wrote this play, King James of Scotland was busily courting the favour of the English, and the question of the succession to the throne, when the old Queen should die, was not definitely settled. Shakespeare clearly desired that, with the coming of James, the old national hatred between the Scotch and the English should cease.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The group of English soldiery in the foreground are, after Henry, by far the most detailed figures, and altogether Shakespeare's creation. They provide a new East-cheap in which the king indulges the humanities, without the riots, of the old; and one which, in its relation to the old, gives us a subtle measure of the king's relation to his past. Pistol and Bardolph, the old victims of Falstaff's wit, reappear in their disreputable decay with a congenial third, Nym; but Bardolph promptly falls a victim to Henry's insistence on honour and discipline, and Pistol's moment of hollow triumph is but a prelude to his final humiliation; while the Boy, once a promising pupil of Bardolph's, sums up their character-

istics at the outset (III. ii.) with the honest indignation and the merciless candour of youth. Falstaff himself was deliberately excluded, and the omission is the more glaring since the historic Sir John Fastolfe actually accompanied the expedition, and, as Shakespeare read in Holinshed, was left by Exeter in charge of Harfleur. But with Falstaff, Shakespeare must have felt, there was no middle way between banishment and the old camaraderie. His powerful personality would have violently disturbed the focus of the play, and threatened the supremacy of Henry. In his place we have Fluellen, a less wonderful, but hardly a less finished, creation of comic genius. Falstaff's humour is a dazzling solvent of truth; Fluellen's a whimsical enforcement of it. Falstaff's finest jests are rooted in dishonour and breach of trust; Fluellen's quaint analogies from ancient history are arguments for valour, discipline, and hero-worship.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VII.

The Chorus.

The Poet is as far from speaking personally in the character of the Chorus as in any other; the Chorus expresses himself with a pomp of diction that bespeaks the enthusiasm of a warm partizan, and is indeed little above an idealization of the vulgar, though a vulgar above the lowest sort. He embodies the spirit of the crowd that rush well-dressed to any bustle of external parade, and are ever ready to mistake success for right and splendour for glory, gold chains for judgement and a uniform for a hero. Chorus represents common Opinion, the cloud that diffuses and refracts the radiance of all dashing exploits in whatever cause, and casts withal a haze about some other brilliancies which a sober judgement must take note of for itself. Nothing can differ more in all external respects from the lyric chorus of the Greek trag-

edy, but in this respect it is nearly coincident. Setting aside the formalized misconceptions of Horace as to the function of the Greek chorus, it is clear that from the first instances of its assumption of human as apart from dæmonian nature, it forms the link between the exalted personages of the fable and the spectator, exhibiting the aspect of the theme as received by minds of inferior stamp and order, the unheroic and variously impressible as contrasted with the more fixed and far-seeing participators in the action. In either case there is a liability for too sympathizing criticism to be taken rather with the example than the warning, to acquiesce in the tendencies that yield blame rather than pity to the heroic but unfortunate Antigone, and give applause unmingled with any reservation to the successful bravery and ambition of Henry; but this is a liability that not merely self-respect but also respect for their audiences, forbade to be entertained either by Sophocles or Shakespeare.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Epic Elements.

The prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the actions described cannot be developed on a narrow stage, and that they must therefore supply from their own imaginations the deficiencies of the representation. As the matter was not properly dramatic, Shakespeare chose to wander in the form also beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetical herald, what he could not represent to the eye, rather than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long descriptions in the mouths of the dramatic personages.

The confession of the Poet that "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt" (a scruple which he has overlooked in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi), brings us here naturally to the question how far, generally speaking, it may be suitable and advisable to represent wars and battles on the stage. The Greeks have uniformly renounced them: as in the whole of their theatrical system they proceeded on ideas of grandeur and dignity, a feeble and petty imitation of the unattainable would have appeared insupportable in their eyes. With them, consequently, all fighting was merely recounted. The principle of the romantic dramatists was altogether different: their wonderful pictures were infinitely larger than their theatrical means of visible execution; they were everywhere obliged to count on the willing imagination of the spectators ,and consequently the yalso relied on them in this point.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

He proceeded to have a chronicle in hand to the close of his career, but he preserved for this class of work the laxity of evolution and lack of dramatic design which he had learned in his youth; and thus, side by side with plays the prodigious harmony of which Shakespeare alone could have conceived or executed, we have an epical fragment, like *Henry V.*, which is less a drama by one particular poet than a fold of the vast dramatic tapestry woven to the glory of England by the combined poetic patriotism of the Elizabethans. Is the whole of what we read here implicit Shakespeare, or did another hand combine with his to decorate this portion of the gallery? It is impossible to tell, and the reply, could it be given, would have no great critical value. *Henry V.* is not *Othello.*

GOSSE: *Short History of Modern English Literature.*

Comments

Henry V., drawn from the same sources, is a continuation of *Henry IV.*, and presents in the splendid maturity of the king one of Shakespeare's great men of action; a type in which his own time was rich, and in the delineation of which, being himself a man of reflection and expression, the Poet found infinite satisfaction. In this play the events of a reign are grouped for dramatic effectiveness, and war is dramatized on a great scale. The material is essentially epical, but the treatment is so vigorous that the play, while not dramatic in the deepest sense, has the dignity and interest of a drama. The introduction of the Chorus, in which the dramatist speaks in person, shows how deeply he had meditated on his art, and how deliberately he had rejected the conventional unities of time, place, and action for the sake of the higher and more inclusive unity of vital experience. No other play so nobly expresses the deepening of the national consciousness at the end of the sixteenth century, and the rising tide of national feeling. The play is a great national epic; and the secret of the expansion and authority of the English race is to be found in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

The Life of

King Henry V.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*
DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*
ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

The Life of
KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church, 10
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise, 30
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill 70
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,

Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off? 90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 10
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant':
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;

Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,

King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day; 90
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 100
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility. 110
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, 130
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150

Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France.
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin':
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent, 181

Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts! 190
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre; 210
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth 230
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth, 250
And bids you be advised there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for: 260
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself 270
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name 290
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,

Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. 310
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
Linger your patience on; and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's an end. 10

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her. 20

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? 30
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!
The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;
The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat, 50
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick 60 your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that 's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: 70
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse: 80
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding 90
one of these days. The king has killed his heart.
Good husband, come home presently.
[*Exeunt Hostess and boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We

must to France together: why the devil should
we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humour of it. 100

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be ene-
mies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you
at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; 110
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly 120
to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked
of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most

lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.
Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.
Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers. 130
Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Scene II.

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence 21
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal. 31

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes: 60
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scoop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder: 110
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude, 171
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell: he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did. 30

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the 40 whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables: 50
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay':
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march. 60

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.
Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king: 30
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; 50

And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten 70
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree: 90
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, 111
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness 120
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read

In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king 141
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails, 10
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women, 20
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head 10
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought, 20
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot,
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field, 10
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.* 20

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds: for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service:

their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you. 60

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by 70 an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 80

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentle man, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my

particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er? 90

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 100

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry. 110

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk,

and, be Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 120

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— 130

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of 140 my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.* 150

Scene III.

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible. 50

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.
[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres. 10

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras. 20

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. 30
Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 40

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de nails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin.
Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun. 50

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots de-

vant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame! 60

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along 11
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth, 30
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; 40
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and

my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service. 10

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone— 30

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good

truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach: 50
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well. 60

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal:
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his 70

return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of

Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man. 100

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his 110 fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit. 120

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at

Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise
an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak
upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: Eng- 130
land shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and
admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransom; which must proportion the
losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost,
the disgrace we have digested; which in weight
to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For
our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the
effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom
too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and 140
worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance:
and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his
followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.
So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, 150
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. 160
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. 170
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves, 179
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg. 20

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance 30 enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent

tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'— 40

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back. 50

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress. 60

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose. 70

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags 80 dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners? 90

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath. 100

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he? 110

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.' 120

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. 130

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. 140

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the 150 lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it? 160

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exeunt all but King.*
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew? 50
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then! 60

K. Hen. I thank you; God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant 70 you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 80

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there? 90

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, 100 though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours 110 are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him

with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is. 120

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable. 130

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, 140 some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left.

I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 150

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the 160 particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bul- 170 wark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His

beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die 180 unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not 190 sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but 200 when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as

well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish 210 saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine. 220

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well. 230

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, 240
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more 250
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! 261
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, 270

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, 280
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace, 290
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers 300
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests 310
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our glory will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field: 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
Exe. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!
K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: 30
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back: 90
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them, 100
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then 120
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour·
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. 130

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom. 10

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi! 20

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk. 30

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites

vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy.
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus. 40

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il? 50

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy. 60

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitain. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs, 20
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up: 20
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me, 30
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece

of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there 's not a boy left alive: and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king! 10

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 20

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indif- 30

ferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his 40 angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight 50 with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: 60
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be. 70
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 80
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by? 91

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen. 100

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. 110

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 120

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly. 130

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience. 140

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow. 150

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love. 160

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an 't please God of his grace that I might see. 170

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an 't please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear; 180
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some hidden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there is no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment in plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 20

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 30

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it. 40

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 50

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; 60
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money. 70

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt: 80
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, 90
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, 100
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald shews him another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone, 110
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty, to tell 120
how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum';
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced, 40
Till Harry's back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it 10 was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web? 20
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 30

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him. 40

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by. 50

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate. 60

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.* 70

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb,

he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: 80
you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a
Welsh correction teach you a good English
condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. 90
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace 70
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects

You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister, 90
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel. 110

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess. 120

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you': then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap 130 hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if vou would put me to verses or to

dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should 140 quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass 150 for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into 160 ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face

will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; 170 and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, 180 Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous 190 êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, 200 Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, 210 because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 220

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to

deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en 230
France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I 240
come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress: take me by the hand, and say 250
'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken 260
English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie 270 indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss. 280

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice 290 fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there

is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English? 300

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer 310 you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces. 320

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on. 330

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all 340 girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England? 350

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your majesty demands, that the King of
France, having any occasion to write for matter
of grant, shall name your highness in this form
and with this addition, in French, Notre très-
cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de
France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius 360
noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness, 370
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 380
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath, 390
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

The Court of Henry V.
From a MS. in Corpus Christi College Library, Cambridge.

Glossary.

'A', he (Rowe, "*he*"); II. iii. 11.

Abounding, rebounding, (?) a bounding; (Quartos, "*abundant*"; Theobald, "*a bounding*"); IV. iii. 104.

Abutting, contiguous; Prol. I. 21.

Accept, acceptance (? accepted); V. ii. 82.

Accomplishing, equipping, giving the finishing touches to; Prol. IV. 12.

Accompt, account; Prol. I. 17.

Achievement; "for a.," *i.e.* "instead of achieving a victory" (Malone, others, "to bring the affair to a conclusion"); III. v. 60.

Act, practice, working; I. ii. 189.

Addiction, inclination; I. i. 54

Addrest, ready; III. iii. 58.

Admiration, astonishment; II. ii. 108.

Advance, raise, unfurl; II. ii. 192.

Advantageable, advantageous; V. ii. 88.

Advantages, interest, additions; IV. iii. 50.

Adventures, risks; IV. i. 117.

Advice; "on his more a.," on better consideration; II. ii. 43.
Advised; "be a.," consider; I. ii. 251.
Afeard, afraid; IV. i. 144.
Affiance, confidence; II. ii. 127.
After, afterwards; IV. ii. 59.
All-unable, very weak; Epil. 1.
All-watched, spent in watching; Prol. IV. 38.
Ancient, ensign; II. i. 3.
Annoy, hurt; II. ii. 102.
Another, the other; I. ii. 113.
Answer, be ready for battle; II. iv. 3.
Antics, buffoons (Folios, "*Antiques*"); III. ii. 31.
Apace, quickly; IV. viii. 3.
Appearance, sight, visibleness (Folios 1, 2, "*apparance*"); II. ii. 76.
Appertinents, appurtenances; II. ii. 87.
Apprehension, perception; III. vii. 139.
Approbation, attestation, ratification; I. ii. 19.
Apt, ready; II. ii. 86.
Arbitrement, decision; IV. i. 165.
Argument, cause of quarrel; III. i. 21; theme, III. vii. 37.
Armour, suit of armour; III. vii. 1.
Assays, hostile attempts (Malone, "*essays*"); I. ii. 151.
As were, as though there were; II. iv. 20.
Athwart, across; Prol. V. 9.
Attaint, infection; Prol. IV. 39.
Aunchient, ensign; V. i. 17.
Aunchient lieutenant (so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "*auncient*"; Malone from Quartos, "*ensign*"); "Ancient," Pistol's title according to Fluellen; III. vi. 13.
Avaunt, away, begone; III. ii. 20.
Awkward, unfair; II. iv. 85.

Balls, (1) eyeballs, (2) cannon-balls; V. ii. 17.
Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. i. 269.
Bankrupt (Folios, "*banqu'rout*"); IV. ii. 43.
Bar, impediment, exception; I. ii. 35; "barrier, place of congress" (Johnson); V. ii. 27.
Barbason, the name of a fiend; II. i. 56.
Basilisks, (1) serpents who were supposed to kill by a glance; (2) large cannon; used in both senses of the word; V. ii. 17.

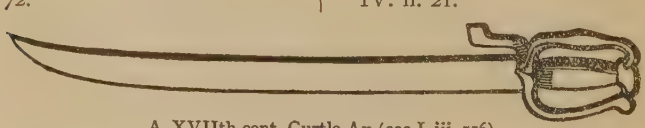
From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

Bate, flap the wings, as the hawk does when, unhooded, she tries to fly at the game (used quibblingly); III. vii. 116.
Battle, army; Prol. IV. 9.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; III. ii. 24.
Beaver, visor of a helmet; IV. ii. 44.
Become, grace; I. ii. 8.
Before-breach, breach committed in former time; IV. i. 177.
Beguiling, deceiving; IV. i. 169.
Bending, bending beneath the burden of the task (Warburton conj. "*blending*") Epil. 2.
Bend up, strain (like a bow); III. i. 16.
Bent, (1) glance, (2) aim; V. ii. 16.
Beshrew, a mild oath; V. ii. 237.
Besmirch'd, soiled, stained; IV. iii. 110.
Best, bravest; III. ii. 38.
Bestow yourself, repair to your post; IV. iii. 68.
Blood, temperament, passion; II. ii. 133.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; II. iv. 51.
——, "b. flag," *i.e.* signal of bloody war; I. ii. 101.
Bolted, sifted; II. ii. 137.
Bonnet, covering of the head, cap; IV. i. 218.
Book, to register; IV. vii. 76.
Boot; "make b.," make booty; I. ii. 194.
Bootless, uselessly; III. iii. 24.
Bottoms, ships, vessels; Prol. III. 12.
Bound; "b. my horse," *i.e.* make my horse curvet; V. ii. 142.
Braggart, boaster (Folios, "*Braggard*"); II. i. 63.
Brave, bravely decked, finely appointed; Prol. III. 5.
Bravely, making a fine show; IV. iii. 69.
Break, rend, III. iii. 40; disclose, V. ii. 260.
Breath, breathing time; II. iv. 145.
Brim (used adjectivally); I. ii. 150, 151.
Bring, accompany; II. iii. 1.
Broached, spitted; Prol. V. 32.
Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music'" (Chappell; W. A. Wright); V. ii. 258.
Bruised, battered, dented; Prol. V. 18.
Bubukles, a corruption of carbuncles (Quartos, "*pumples*"; Capell, "*pupuncles*"); III. vi. 107.
Buffet, box; V. ii. 141.
Bully, dashing fellow; IV. i. 48.
Burnet, the name of a herb (*sanguisorba officinalis*); V. ii. 49.

But, used after a strong asseveration; III. v. 12.

Cadwallader, the last of the Welsh Kings; V. i. 28.
Capet, i.e. Hugh Capet, the ancestor of the French Kings; I. ii. 78.
Capital, chief; V. ii. 96.
Captived, taken captive; II. iv. 55.
Career, race (Folios 1, 2, "*Carriere*"); III. iii. 23.
Careers, gallopings of a horse backwards and forwards; a course run at full speed; "passes careers" probably = "indulges in sallies of wit"; II. i. 130.
Careful, full of care; IV. i. 240.
Carefully, "more than c.," *i.e.* "with more than common care"; II. iv. 2.
Carry coals, pocket insults; III. ii. 49.
Case, set of four; a musical allusion; III. ii. 4.
Casques, helmets (Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Caskes,*" Folio 4, "*Casket*"); Prol. I. 13.
Casted, cast, cast off; IV. i. 23.
Chace, a term in the game of tennis; a match played at tennis; I. ii. 266.
Chanced, happened; Prol. V. 40.
Charge, load, burden; I. ii. 15.
Chattels, goods generally; II. iii. 50.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 192.
Childeric, the Merovingian king; I. ii. 65.
Choler, wrath, anger; IV. vii. 188.
Christom, "a white vesture put upon the child after baptism; in the bills of mortality such children as died within the month were called "*chrisoms*" (Quartos 1, 3, "*crysombd,*" Johnson, "*chrisom*"); II. iii. 12.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 25.
Clear thy crystals, "dry thine eyes"; II. iii. 56.
Close, cadence, union (Folio 2, "*cloze*"); I. ii. 182.
Cloy'd, surfeited, satiated; II. ii. 9.
Comes o'er, reminds, taunts; I. ii. 267.
Companies, company, companions; I. i. 55.
Compassing, obtaining; IV. i. 303.
Compelled, enforced, exacted; III. vi. 114.
Complement, external appearance (Theobald, "*compliment*"); II. ii. 134.
Compound with, come to terms with; IV. vi. 33.
Con, learnt by heart; III. vi. 78.
Condition, temper, character; V. ii. 305.
Condole, lament, sympathize with; II. i. 131.
Conduct; "safe c.," escort, guard; I. ii. 297.
Confounded, ruined, wasted; III. i. 13.

Congreeing, agreeing (Pope, "*Congruing,*" Quartos, "*Congrueth*"); I. ii. 182.
Congreeted, greeted each other; V. ii. 31.
Conscience, inmost thoughts, private opinion; IV. i. 119.
Consent, harmony, a musical term, I. ii. 181; unity of opinion, II. ii. 22.
Consideration, meditation, reflection; I. i. 28.
Consign, agree; V. ii. 90.
Constant, unshaken; II. ii. 133.
Constraint, compulsion; II. iv. 97.
Contemplation, observation; I. i. 63.
Contrariously, in contrary ways; I. ii. 206.
Contrived, plotted; IV. i. 168.
Convey'd, secretly contrived to pass off; I. ii. 74.
Convoy, conveyance; IV. iii. 37.
Coranto, a quick and lively dance (Johnson's emendation of Folios, "*Carranto*"); III. v. 33.
Corroborate (one of Pistol's meaningless words); II. i. 128.
Couch down, crouch down, stoop down; IV. ii. 37.
Coulter, plough-share (Folios, "*Culter*"); V. ii. 46.
Counterfeit, dissembling; V. i. 72.
Couple a gorge! = coupe la gorge, perhaps merely Pistol's blunder; II. i. 74.
Coursing, hunting after booty, marauding; I. ii. 143.
Courtsey, bow, yield (Folios, "*cursie*"); V. ii. 285.
Cousin, used as a title of courtesy; I. ii. 4.
Coz, cousin (Folios, "*couze*"); IV. iii. 30.
Create, created; II. ii. 31.
Crescive, growing (Folios, 1, 2, 3, "*cressiue*"; Folio 4, *crescive*); I. i. 66.
Crispin Crispian, two brothers who suffered martyrdom; the patron saints of shoemakers; IV. iii. 57.
Crush'd, forced, strained (Quartos, Pope, "*curst,*"; Warburton, "*'scus'd*"); I. ii. 175.
Cullions, base wretches; a term of abuse; III. ii. 21.
Cunning, skill; V. ii. 146.
Currance, current, flow (Folio 1, "*currance*"; Folios 2, 3, "*currant*"; Folio 4, "*current*"); I. i. 34.
Cursorary, cursory (Folios, "*cursel arie*"); V. ii. 77.
Curtains, banners, used contemptuously; IV. ii. 41.
Curtle-axe, a corruption of cutlass, a broad, curved sword; IV. ii. 21.



A XVIIth cent. Curtle-Ax (see I. iii. 116).

Dalliance, trifling, toying; Prol. II. 2.
Dare, make to crouch in fear; a term of falconry; IV. ii. 36.
Dark, darkness; Prol. IV. 2.
Dauphin, the heir-apparent to the throne of France (Folios, Quartos, "*Dolphin*"); I. ii. 221.
Dear, grievous; II. ii. 181.
Defendant, defensive; II. iv. 8.
Defensible, capable of offering resistance; III. iii. 50.
Defunction, death; I. ii. 58.
Degree; "of his d.," *i.e.* "of one of his rank"; IV. vii. 143.
Deracinate, uproot; V. ii. 47.
Diffused, wild, disordered; Folios 1, 2, "*defus'd*"); V. ii. 61.
Digest, reduce to order (Pope, "*well digest,*" for "*we'll digest*"); Prol. II. 31.
Digested, concocted; II. ii. 56.
Discuss, explain; III. ii. 65.
Dishonest, immoral, unchaste (so Holinshed's 2nd edition; Capell, from Holinshed's 1st edition, "*unhonest*"); I. ii. 49.
Distemper, mental derangement, perturbation; II. ii. 54.
Distressful, hard earned (Collier MS., "*distasteful*"); IV. i. 279.
Dout, extinguish; put out; IV. ii. 11.
Down-roping, hanging down in filaments; IV. ii. 48.
Drench, physic for a horse; III. v. 19.
Dress us, address ourselves, prepare ourselves; IV. i. 10.
Dull'd, made insensible (Folios 3, 4, "*lull'd*"; Steevens, "*dol'd*"); II. ii. 9.

Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand in pledge of a bargain; II. ii. 169.
Eke out, piece, lengthen out (Pope's emendation, Folio 1, "*eech*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*ech*"); Prol. III. 35.
Element, sky; IV. i. 103.
Embassy, message, I. i. 95; mission, I. ii. 240.
Embattled, arrayed for battle; IV. ii. 14.
Empery, empire; I. ii. 226.
Emptying, issue; III. v. 6.
End, end of matter (Steevens, from Quartos, "*the humour of it*"); II. i. 10.
English, i.e. English King, or General; II. iv. 1.
Englutted, engulfed, swallowed up; IV. iii. 83.
Enlarge, release from prison, set at liberty; II. ii. 40.
Enow, enough; IV. i. 232.
Enrounded, surrounded; Prol. IV. 36.
Enscheduled, formally drawn up in writing; V. ii. 73.
Estate, state; IV. i. 96.
Even, "the e. of it," just what it is; II. i. 126.
Evenly, directly, in a straight line; II. iv. 91.
Even-pleach'd, evenly interturned; V. ii. 42.

Exception, disapprobation, objections; II. iv. 34.
Executors, executioners; I. ii. 203.
Exhale, draw (according to Steevens, "die"); II. i. 65.
Exhibiters, the introducers of a bill to Parliament; I. i. 74.
Expedience, expedition; IV. iii. 70.
Expedition, march; II. ii. 191.

Faced, outfaced (used quibblingly); III. vii. 86.
Faculty, latent power; I. i. 66.
Fain, gladly, willingly; I. i. 85.
Fantastically, capriciously; II. iv. 27.
Farced, "f. title," "stuffed out with pompous phrases" (alluding perhaps to the herald going before the King to proclaim his full title); IV. i. 272.
Fatal and neglected, i.e. "fatally neglected; neglected to our destruction"; II. iv. 13.
Favour, appearance, aspect; V. ii. 63.
Fear'd, frightened; I. ii. 155.
Fell, cruel; III. iii. 17.
Fer, a word (probably meaningless) coined by Pistol, playing upon "Monsieur le Fer"; IV. iv. 27.
Ferret, worry (as a ferret does a rabbit); IV. iv. 28.
Fet, fetched; III. i. 18.
Fetlock, hair behind the pastern joint of horses; IV. vii. 82.
Few; "in f.," in brief, in a few words; I. ii. 245.

Figo, a term of contempt, accompanied by a contemptuous gesture; the word and habit came from Spain; hence "the fig of Spain" (Ornaments similar to the one here represented were much favoured in the XVIth century); III. vi. 59.

From an original specimen.

Fig of Spain, possibly an allusion to the poisoned figs given by Spaniards to the objects of their revenge (Steevens); according to others, = figo; III. vi. 61.
Find, furnish, provide (Quartos, Pope, "*fine*"); I. ii. 72.
Find-faults, fault-finders; V. ii. 289.
Finer end, probably Mrs. Quickly's error for "final end"; II. iii. 11.
Firk, beat, drub (Pistol's cant); IV. iv. 27.
Fits, befits, becomes; II. iv. 11.

Flesh'd, fed with flesh like a hound trained for the chase, II. iv. 50; hardened in bloodshed, III. iii. 11.
Flexure, bending; IV. i. 264.
Floods, rivers; I. ii. 45.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of France; V. ii. 219.
Footed, landed; II. iv. 143.
For; "cold f. action," *i.e.* cold for want of action; I. ii. 114.
'Fore God, before God, a mild oath; II. ii. 1.
Forespent, past; II. iv. 36.
For us, as for us, as regards ourself; II. iv. 113.
Fox, sword; IV. iv. 8.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 128.
France, the King of France; Prol. II. 20.
Freely, liberally; I. ii. 231.
French; "the French" = the French King, or general; IV. iv. 77.
French hose, wide loose breeches; III. vii. 55.
Fret, chafe; IV. vii. 82.
Friend, befriend; IV. v. 17.
Fright, frighten; V. ii. 241.
From; "f. the answer" beyond, above answering the challenge; IV. vii. 142.
Full-fraught, fully freighted, fully laden with all virtues; II. ii. 139.
Fumitory, the name of a plant (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*fementary*"); V. iii. 45.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 217.
Galled, worn away; III. i. 12.
Galliard, a nimble and lively dance; I. ii. 252.
Galling, harassing, I. ii. 151; scoffing, V. i. 77.
Gamester, player; III. vi. 118.
Garb, style; V. i. 79.
Gentle, make gentle, ennoble; IV. iii. 63.
Gentiles, gentlefolks; Prol. I. 8.
Gesture, bearing; Prol. IV. 25.
Giddy, hot-brained, inconstant; I. ii. 145.
Gilt, used with a play upon "guilt"; Prol. II. 26.
Gimmal bit, a bit consisting of rings or links (Folios, "*Iymold*"); IV. ii. 49. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a silver gilt specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Girded, enclosed, besieged; Prol. III. 27.
Gleaned, bare of defenders, undefended; I. ii. 151.
Gleeking, scoffing; V. i. 77.
Glistering, glittering, shining; II. ii. 117.
Gloze, interpret; I. ii. 40.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 208.

God before, before God I swear; I. ii. 307.
God-den, good evening, I wish good evening; III. ii. 89.
Good leave, permission; V. ii. 98.
Gordian knot, "the celebrated knot of the Phrygian King Gordius, untied by Alexander"; I. i. 46.
Grace, ornament; Prol. II. 28.
Grant; "in g. of," by granting; II. iv. 121.
Grazing (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*grasing*"; Folio 1, "*crasing*"); IV. iii. 105.
Greenly, sheepishly, foolishly; V. ii. 145.
Groat, a coin worth four pence; V. i. 60.
Gross, palpable; II. ii. 103.
Guidon, standard (Folios, "*Guard: on*"); IV. ii. 60.
Gulf, whirlpool; II. iv. 10.
Gun-stones, cannon balls, which were originally made of stone; I. ii. 282.

Had, would have; IV. i. 289.
Haggled, cut, mangled; IV. vi. 11.
Hampton, Southampton; II. ii. 91.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 51.
Handle, talk of; II. iii. 39.
Haply, perhaps, perchance (Folio 1, "*Happily*"; Folios 2, 3, "*Happely*"); V. ii. 93.
Hard-favour'd, ugly; III. i. 8.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; I. ii. 220.
Harfleur (Folios, "*Harflew*"); Prol. III. 17, etc.
Hazard (technical term of tennis); I. ii. 263.
Head; "in h.," in armed force; II. ii. 18.
Heady, headstrong (Folio 1, "*headly*"; Capell conj. "*deadly*"); III. iii. 32.
Heaps; "on heaps"; in heaps; V. ii. 39.
Hearts, courage, valour; IV. i. 301.
Held, withheld, kept back; II. iv. 94.
Helm, helmet; IV. vii. 163.
Heroical, heroic; II. iv. 59.
Hilding, mean, base (Prof. Skeat makes *hilding* a contraction for *hildering* = M.E., *hinderling* = base, degenerate); IV. ii. 29.
Hilts, a sword; used as singular; Prol. II. 9.
His, its; I. i. 66.
Honour-owing, honourable; IV. vi. 9.

From MS. Sloane 3794 (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Hooded; "a h. valour," *i.e.* covered, hidden as the hawk is hooded till it was let fly at the game; a term of falconry (used quibblingly); III. vii. 115.
Hoop, shout with surprise (Folios 1, 2, "*hoope*"; Theobald, "*whoop*"); II. ii. 108.
Hound of Crete, (?) bloodhound (perhaps mere Pistolian rant); II. i. 76.
Humorous, capricious; II. iv. 28.
Humour, II. i. 57, 62, 73 (used by Nym).
Husbandry, thrift, IV. i. 7; tillage, V. ii. 39.
Huswife, hussy; V. i. 84.
Hydra-headed, alluding to the many headed serpent, which put forth new heads as soon as the others were struck off; I. i. 35.
Hyperion, the god of the Sun (Folio 1, "*Hiperio*"); IV. i. 284.

Iceland dog (*v.* Note); II. i. 43.
Ill-favouredly, in an ugly manner; IV. ii. 40.
Imaginary, imaginative; Prol. I. 18.
Imagined; "i. wing," *i.e.* the wings of imagination; Prol. III. 1.
Imbar, (?) bar, exclude; or, (?) secure (*v.* Note); I. ii.
Imp, scion, shoot; IV. i. 45.
Impawn, pawn, pledge; I. ii. 21.
Impeachment, hindrance; III. vi. 150.
In, into; I. ii. 184.
In, by reason of; I. ii. 193.
Incarnate, misunderstood by Mistress Quickly for the colour, and confused with "carnation"; II. iii. 34.
Inconstant, fickle; Prol. III. 15.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. iv. 94.
Infinite, boundless; V. ii. 159.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 95.
Inly, inwardly; Prol. IV. 24.
Instance, cause, motive; II. ii. 119.
Intendment, bent, aim; I. ii. 144.
Intertissued, interwoven; IV. i. 271.
Into, unto; I. ii. 102.
Is (so Folios; Quartos, "*are*") = are (by attraction); I. ii. 243.
Issue, pour forth tears; IV. vi. 34.
It, its; V. ii. 40.

Jack-an-apes, monkey; V. ii. 143.
Jack-sauce, Saucy Jack; IV. vii. 148.
Jades, a term of contempt or pity, for ill-conditioned horses; IV. ii. 46.
Jealousy, suspicion, apprehension; II. ii. 126.
Jewry, Judea; III. iii. 40.
Just, exact, precise; IV. vii. 122.
Jutty, project beyond; III. i. 13.

Kecksies, dry hemlock stems (Folios 1, 2, "*keksyes*"); V. ii. 52.
Kern; "k. of Ireland," a light-armed Irish soldier; III. vii. 55. (*Cp.* illustration in *Richard II.*)

Larding, enriching, fattening (Collier MS., "*Loading*"); IV. vi. 8.
Late, lately appointed; II. ii. 261.
Lavolta, a *waltz-like* kind of dance; III. v. 33.
Lay apart, put off, lay aside; II. iv. 78.
Lay down, estimate; I. ii. 137.
Lazars, beggars, especially lepers; I. i. 15.
Leas, arable land; V. ii. 44.
Legerity, alacrity, lightness (Folios 3, 4, "*celerity*"); IV. i. 23.
Let, hindrance, impediment; V. ii. 65.
Lief, gladly, willingly (Folio 1, "*liue,*" Folios 3, 4, "*lieve*"); III. vii. 61.
Lieu, "in l. of this," *i.e.* in return for this; I. ii. 255.
Lig, lie; III. ii. 123.
Like, likely; I. i. 3.
Likelihood, probability; Prol. V. 29.
Likes, pleases; Prol. III. 32.
Likes me, pleases me; IV. i. 16.
Line, pedigree (Quartos, "*lines*"); II. iv. 88.
Line, strengthen; II. iv. 7.
Lineal, lineally descended; in the direct line of descent; I. ii. 82.
Lingare, Charlemagne's fifth wife (according to Ritson); I. ii. 74.
Linger on, prolong, draw out; Prol. II. 31.
Linstock, the stick which holds the gunner's match; Prol. III. 33.
List, boundary, limit; V. ii. 287.
——, listen to; I. i. 43.
Lob down, droop; IV. ii. 47.
Lodging, entering into the fold; III. vii. 34.
'Long, belong (Folios, "*longs*"); II. iv. 80.
Loosed, loosened, shot off; I. ii. 207.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iv. 18.
Luxury, lust; III. v. 6.

Majestical, majestic; Prol. III. 16.
Marches, borders, border-country; I. ii. 140.
Masters, possesses, is master of (Quartos, "*musters*"); II. iv. 137.
Maw, stomach; II. i. 51.
May, can; Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 100.
Measure, dancing (used equivocally); V. ii. 137.
Meet, seemly, proper; II. iv. 15.
Meeter, more fit; I. ii. 254.
Mercenary blood, blood of mercenaries, hired soldiers; IV. vii. 79.
Mervailous, one of Pistol's words (Folios 3, 4, "*marvellous*"); II. i. 49.
Mickle, much, great; II. i. 69.

Might, could; IV. v. 21.
Mind, remind; IV. iii. 13.
Minding, remembering, calling to mind; Prol. IV. 53.
Miscarry, die, perish; IV. i. 152.
Miscreate, falsely invented; I. ii. 16.
Mistful, blinded by tears (Folios, "*mixtful*"); IV. iv. 34.
Mistook, mistaken; III. vi. 84.
Mistress-court, suggested by the game of tennis; II. iv. 133.
Model, image; Prol. II. 16.
Monmouth caps, "the best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Cappers' Chapel doth still remain" (Fuller's *Worthies of Wales*); IV. vii. 104.

Monmouth cap.
From a portrait of Sir William Stanley (*temp.* Elizabeth).

Morris-dance, an old dance on festive occasions, as at Whitsuntide; the reason for its connection with "Moorish" is not quite clear; perhaps from the use of the tabor as an accompaniment to it; II. iv. 25.

Whitsun Morris dance.
From a XVIIth-century woodcut.

Mortified, killed; I. i. 26.
Mould; "men of m.," men of earth, poor mortals; III. ii. 22.
Mounted (technical term of falconry); IV. i. 107.
Moys = "*muys,* or *muids*" (according to Cotgrave) = about five quarters English measure; 27 moys = two tons (Donce) (not *moi d'or* as Johnson suggested, a coin of Portuguese origin unknown in Shakespeare's time); IV. iv. 12.
Much at one, much about the same; V. ii. 200.

Narrow, "n. ocean," *i.e.* the English Channel; Prol. I. 22.
Native; "n. punishment," *i.e.* inflicted in their own country; IV. i. 173.
Natural, consonant to nature; II. ii. 107.
Net, specious sophistry; I. ii. 93.
New, anew; IV. i. 304.

Nice, trivial, prudish; V. ii. 285.
Nicely, sophistically, I. ii. 15; fastidiously, V. ii. 94.
Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; II. i. 110.
Nook-shotten; "n. isle," *i.e.* "Isle spawned in a corner, or flung into a corner" (Warburton and others, "an isle shooting out into capes, promontories, etc."); III.v.14.
Note, notice, intelligence, II. ii. 6; sign, Prol. IV. 35.
Nothing; "offer n.," *i.e.* no violence; II. i. 41.

O; "wooden O.," *i.e.* the Globe Theatre, which was of wood and circular in shape inside, though externally octagonal; the sign of the Globe was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, with the motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem"; it is difficult to determine whether the name suggested the sign or *vice versa*; Prol. I. 13.
Odds, discord, contention; II. iv. 129.
O'erblows, blows away; III. iii. 31.
O'erwhelm, overhang, hang down upon; III. i. 11.
Of, against (Quartos, "*on*"), II. iii. 29, 31; with, III. vii. 9; for, IV. i. 109.
On, of; V. ii. 23.
Ooze, soft mud (Quartos, Folios, "*owse*"); I. ii. 164.
Order, arrange; Prol. V. 39.
Ordnance, cannon (Folios, "*Ordinance*"; Quartos, "*ordenance*"); trisyllabic; II. iv. 126.
Orisons, prayers; II. ii. 53.
Ostent, external show; Prol. V. 21.
Out, fully, completely; IV. i. 166.
Over-bears, subdues, bears down; Prol. IV. 39.
Overlook, rise above, overtop (Quartos, "*outgrow*"); III. v. 9.
Over-lusty, too lively; Prol. IV. 18.

The Globe Theatre.
From an early undated drawing in the British Museum.

Overshot, beaten in shooting, put to shame; III. vii. 128.

Paction, alliance (Theobald's emendation; Folios 1, 2, "*pation*"; Folios 3, 4, "*passion*"); V. ii. 384.
Paly, pale; Prol. IV. 8.
Paper; "thy cheeks are p.," *i.e.* white as paper, pale; II. ii. 74.
Parca, one of the three Fates who spin the threads of life; V. i. 21.
Parle, parley; III. iii. 2.
Parley, conference; III. ii. 146.
Part, aside; I. i. 73.
Parts, divisions in music; I. ii. 181, from Holinshed.
Pass, passage; Prol. II. 39.
Passes, v. "careers."
Pasterns, legs (Folio 1, "*postures*"); III. vii. 13.
Pauca, in few words; II. i. 82.
Pax, a mistake for "pix," the box containing the consecrated host ("pax" = the small piece of wood or metal, impressed with the figure of Christ, which the laity kissed) (Quartos, "*packs*"; Theobald, from Holinshed, "*pix*"); III. vi. 42.
Pay, repay, requite; IV. i. 205.
Peer, appear; IV. vii. 88.
Peevish, foolish; III. vii. 136.
Pepin, "King P.," the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty; I. ii. 65.
Perdition, loss; III. vi. 102.
Perdurable, lasting; IV. v. 7.
Perdy, par Dieu, by God; II. i. 51.
Peremptory, decisive; V. ii. 82.
Perforce, of necessity; V. ii. 157.
Perspectively, as in a perspective picture; V. ii. 339.
Pharamond, a King of the Franks; I. ii. 37.
Pibble pabble, idle prattle; IV. i. 71.
Pioners, pioneers; III. ii. 91.
Pitch and pay, a proverbial saying, = "pay ready money"; II. iii. 51.
Pith, force, strength; Prol. III. 21.
Plain-song, simple air without variations; a musical term; III. ii. 6.
Play, play for; Prol. IV. 19.
Pleasant, merry, facetious; I. ii. 281.
Pleaseth, may it please; V. ii. 78.
Poison'd, poisonous; IV. i. 260.
Policy; "cause of p.," political question; I. i. 45.
Popular, vulgar, plebeian; IV. i. 38.
Popularity, publicity; I. i. 59.
Port, deportment, carriage; Prol. I. 6.
Portage, porthole; "p. of the head," *i.e.* eye; III. i. 10.
Possess, affect, fill; IV. i. 111.
Practic, practical; I. i. 51.
Practices, plots; II. ii. 90.
Precepts, commands, summons; III. iii. 26.
Preposterously, against the natural order of things; II. ii. 112.
Prescript, prescribed; III. vii. 48.

Presence; "in p.," present; II. iv. 111.
Present, immediate; II. iv. 67.
Presenteth, shews (Folios, "*Presented*"); Prol. IV. 27.
Presently, immediately, now, at once; II. i. 92.
Prey; "in p.," in search of prey; I. ii. 169.
Prize, estimate, rate; II. iv. 119.
Proceeding on, caused by; II. ii. 54.
Projection, plain calculation; II. iv. 46.
Proportion, be proportioned to; III. vi. 133.
Proportions, calculation, necessary numbers; I. ii. 137.
Puissance, power, armed force; Prol. I. 25.
Puissant, powerful, valiant; I. ii. 116.

Qualtitie calmie custure me! IV. iv. 3 (*vide* Note).
Question, discussion; I. i. 5.
Quick, alive, living; II. ii. 79.
Quit, acquit; II. ii. 166.
Quittance, requital, recompense; II. ii. 34.
Quotidian tertian, Mrs. Quickly's confusion of *quotidian* fever (*i.e.* marked by *daily* paroxysms), and *tertian* fever (*i.e.* marked by paroxysms recurring *every three days*); II. i. 122.

Raught, reached (Folios 3, 4, "*caught*"); IV. vi. 21.
Rawly, without due provision; IV. i. 143.
Reduce, reconduct, bring back; V. ii. 63.
Relapse of mortality, a rebound of death; IV. iii. 107.
Remembering, reminding; Prol. V. 43.
Rendezvous, one of Nym's blunders (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*rendeuous*"); II. i. 17.
Renowned, made renowned; I. ii. 118.
Repent, regret; II. ii. 152.
Requiring, asking; II. iv. 101.
Resolved, satisfied; I. ii. 4.
Respect, reason, consideration; V. i. 74.
Rest, resolve (= stake, wager; technical term of the old game of primers); II. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; IV. iii. 86.
Returns, answers; III. iii. 46.
Rheumatic, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *lunatic*; II. iii. 40.
Rim, midriff; IV. iv. 13.
Rites, ceremonies, sacred observances (Folios, "*Rights*"); IV. viii. 125.
Rivage, sea-shore; Prol. III. 14.
Road, inroad, incursions; I. ii. 138.
Robustious, sturdy; III. vii. 153.
Root upon, take root in; V. ii. 46.
Roping, hanging down; III. v. 23.
Round; "too r.," too plain-spoken; IV. i. 212.
Rub, hindrance, impediment; II. ii. 188.

Sad-eyed, grave-looking; I. ii. 202.

Safeguard, defend, keep safe; I. ii. 176.
Salique; "the law s.," the law appertaining to the Salic tribe of the Franks which excluded females from succeeding to the throne; I. ii. 11.
Sand, sand-bank; IV. i. 97.
Satisfaction, conviction (Pope reads from Hall, "*possession*"); I. ii. 88.
Savagery, wild growth; V. ii. 47.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; IV. viii. 9.
Scaffold, stage; Prol. I. 10.
Scambling, scrambling, turbulent, I. i. 4; struggling, V. ii. 213.
Scions, originally small twigs from one tree grafted upon another (Folios, "*Syens*"); III. v. 7.
Sconce, earthwork; III. vi. 75.
Seat, throne; I. i. 88.
Security, over-confidence; II. ii. 44.
Self, self-same; I. i. 1.
Set, set out; Prol. II. 34.
Severals, details; I. i. 86.
Shales, shells; IV. ii. 18.
She, woman; II. i. 82.
Shog off, jog off, move off; a cant term; II. i. 47.
Shows, appearance; I. ii. 72.
Shows, appears; IV. i. 103.
Shrewdly, viciously; III. vii. 51.
Signal, symbol of victory; Prol. V. 21.
Signs of war, standards, ensigns; II. ii. 192.
Silken, effeminate; Prol. II. 2.
Sinfully, in a state of sin; IV. i. 152.
Sinister, unfair; II. iv. 85.
Skirr, scurry, move rapidly (Folios, "*sker*"); IV. vii. 64.
Slips, leash; III. i. 31.
Slobbery, wet and foul (Quartos, "*foggy*"); III. v. 13.
Slovenry, slovenliness, want of neatness; IV. iii. 114.
Snatchers, pilferers, free-booters (Quartos, "*sneakers*"); I. ii. 143.
Soft, gentle, tender-hearted; III. iii. 48.
Sonance, sound (Folios, "*Sonuance*"); IV. ii. 35.
Sooth, truth; III. vi. 150.
Sort, rank, degree, IV. vii. 142; style, array, Prol. V. 25.
Sorts, various ranks (Quartos, Theobald, "*sort*"; Collier MS., "*state*"; Keightly, "*all sorts*"); I. ii. 190.
Sorts, agrees, fits; IV. i. 63.
Soul; "thy s. of adoration," the quintessence of the adoration you enjoy (Folio 1, "*What? is thy Soule of Odoration?*"); IV. i. 254.
Speculation, looking on; IV. ii. 31.
Spend; "s. their mouths"; waste, a term of the chase, II. iv. 70; III. iii. 24.
Spiritualty, the spiritual peers, the clergy (Folios 3, 4, "*Spirituality*"); I. ii. 132.
Spital, hospital; II. i. 77.
Sprays, branches, shoots; III. v. 5.

Staines, first stage on the road from London to Southampton; II. iii. 2.
Stands off, stand out, be prominent (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*stand off*"); II. ii. 103.
Starts; "by s.," by fits, "by a fragmentary representation"; Epil. 4.
Stay, wait; IV. ii. 56.
Sternage; "to s. of," astern of; Prol. III. 18.
Still, continually, incessantly; I. ii. 145.
Stilly, softly; Prol. IV. 5.
Stood on, insisted upon; V. ii. 94.
Stoop, a term of falconry; a hawk is said "to stoop," when, "aloft upon her wing, she descends to strike her prey"; IV. i. 108.
Straight, straightway, at once; II. ii. 191.
Strain, stock, race; II. iv. 51.
Stretch, open wide; II. ii. 55.
Strossers; "straight str.," tight breeches (Theobald, "*trossers*"; Hanmer, "*trousers*"); III. vii. 56.
Struck, fought; II. iv. 54.
Subscribed, signed; V. ii. 354.
Succours; "of s.," for succour (Rowe, "*of whom succours*"); III. iii. 45.
Suddenly, soon, quickly; V. ii. 81.
Sufferance; "by his s.," by his being suffered to go unpunished; II. ii. 46.
——, suffering the penalty; II. ii. 159.
Suggest, tempt, seduce; II. ii. 114.
Sumless, inestimable; I. ii. 165.
Supply; "for the which s.," for the supply of which; Prol. I. 31.
Sur-rein'd, over-ridden, knocked up; III. v. 19.
Sutler, a seller of provisions and liquors to a camp; II. i. 114.
Swashers, bullies; III. ii. 29.
Swelling, growing in interest; Prol. I. 4.
Swill'd with, greedily gulped down by; III. i. 14.
Sworn brothers, bosom friends, pledged comrades; II. i. 12.
Sympathize with, agree with, resemble; III. vii. 152.

Take, take fire (Quartos, Capell, "*talk*"), II. i. 54; catch, meet, IV. i. 228.
Tall, valiant, brave; II. i. 71.
Tartar, Tartarus, hell; II. iii. 123.
Taste, experience; II. ii. 51.
Taste, feel, experience; IV. vii. 68.
Teems brings forth; V. ii. 51.
Tell; "I cannot tell," I do not know what to say; II. i. 21.
Temper, disposition; V. ii. 149.
Temper'd, moulded, wrought upon, influenced; II. ii. 118.
Tender, have a care for; II. ii. 175.
Tenours, purport (Folios, "*Tenures*"); V. ii. 72.
That, so that; I. i. 47.
Theoric, theory; I. i. 52.

Threaden, made of thread; Prol. III. 10.
Tiddle taddle, tittle-tattle; IV. i. 71.
Tike, cur; II. i. 30.
To, against, II. i. 12; as, Prol. III. 30; for, III. vii. 60.
To-morrow; "on t.," *i.e.* on the morrow, in the morning; III. vi. 180.
Treasuries, treasures; I. ii. 165.
Troth-plight, troth-plighted, betrothed; II. i. 20.
Trumpet, trumpeter; IV. ii. 61; IV. vii. 59.
Tucket, a set of notes on the cornet; IV. ii. 35.
Tway, twain, two; III. ii. 127.

Umber'd, darkened as by brown ochre (here probably the effect of the fire-light on the faces of the soldiers); Prol. IV. 9.
Uncoined; "u. constancy," *i.e.* which like an unimpressed plain piece of metal, has not yet become current coin; V. ii. 157.
Undid, would undo; V. ii. 134.
Unfurnish'd, left undefended; I. ii. 148.
Unprovided, unprepared; IV. i. 181.
Unraised, wanting in aspiration; Prol. I. 9.
Untempering, unsoftening; V. i. 236.
Upon, at, I. i. 91; by, IV. i. 19.
Urn, grave; I. ii. 228.

Vainness, vanity; Prol. V. 20.
Vasty, vast, Prol. I. 12; II. ii. 123.
Vaultages, vaulted rooms, caverns; II. iv. 124.
Vaward, vanguard; IV. iii. 130.
Venge me, avenge myself; I. ii. 292.
Venture, run the hazard of; (Folio 1, "*venter*"); I. ii. 192.
Vigil, the eve of a festival; IV. iii. 45.
Voice, vote; II. ii. 113.
Void, quit; IV. vii. 62.
Vulgar, common soldiers; IV. vii. 80.

Wafer-cakes; "men's faiths are w.,; *i.e.* "Promises are like pie crust"; II. iii. 53.
War-proof, valour tried in war; III. i. 18.
Watchful fires, watch-fires; Prol. IV. 23.
Waxen, easily effaced, perishable (Quartos, "*paper*"); I. ii. 233.
What though, what does that matter; II. i. 8.
Wherefore, for which; V. ii. 1.
Wheresome'er, wheresoever; II. iii. 7.
Whiffler, an officer who went in front of a procession (originally, a *fifer* who preceded an army or a procession); Prol. V. 12.
White-livered, cowardly; III. ii. 32.
Wight, man, person (one of Pistol's words); II. i. 63.
Willing, desiring; II. iv. 90.

Wills, wishes, desires; II. iv. 77.
Wink, shut my eyes; II. i. 7.
Wink'd at, connived at; II. ii. 55.
Winking, with their eyes shut; III. vii. 147.
Withal, with; III. v. 2.
Woe the while! alas for the time! IV. vii. 78.
Womby, hollow, capacious; II. iv. 124.
Wooden dagger, a dagger of lath was usually carried by the Vice in the old morality plays; IV. iv. 74.
Word, motto (Rowe from Quartos 1, 3; Folios, Quarto 2, "*world*"); II. iii. 51.
Wots, knows; IV. i. 291.
Would, would have, Prol. II. 18; desire, V. ii. 68.
Wringing, suffering, pain; IV. i. 245.
Writ, written; I. ii. 98.

Yearn, grieve (Folios 1, 2, "*erne*"; Folios 3, 4, "*yern*"); II. iii. 3; yearns, grieves; IV. iii. 26.
Yerk, jerk; IV. vii. 83.
Yoke-fellows, companions; II. iii. 56.

The marriage of Henry V. and Katharine of France.
(From the MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.)

Richard II. knighting Harry Monmouth (afterwards Henry V.).
(From an illuminated MS.)

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. I. 9. '*spirits that have dared*'; so Staunton; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*hath*'; Folio 4, '*spirit, that hath.*'

I. ii. 45, 52. '*Elbe,*' restored by Capell; Folios '*Elue*'; (Holinshed, '*Elbe*'; Hall, '*Elve*').

I. ii. 61-64. Theobald (Warburton); *cp.* Montaigne's *Essays,* III. I (*vide* Florio's translation).

I. ii. 77. '*Lewis the tenth*'; the reading of Folios, following Holinshed; Pope, from Hall, reads '*ninth.*'

I. ii. 94. '*amply to imbar*'; so Folios (Folios 1, 2, '*imbarre*'); Quartos 1, 2, '*imbace,*' Quarto 3, '*imbrace*'; Rowe, '*make bare*'; Theobald (Warburton), '*imbare*'; Pope, '*openly imbrace,*' etc. Schmidt explains the lines:—"They strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, *i.e.*, without restriction or subterfuge, their own false titles." Perhaps Mr. W. A. Wright's explanation is the truer, taking '*imbar*' in the sense of 'to bar in,' 'secure':—

"The Kings of France, says the Archbishop, whose own right is derived only through the female line, prefer to shelter themselves under the flimsy protection of an appeal to the Salic law, which would exclude Henry's claim, instead of fully securing and defending their own titles by maintaining that though, like Henry's, derived through the female line, their claim was stronger than his."

I. ii. 98. '*in the Book of Numbers*'; *cp.* Numbers xxvii. 1-11.

I. ii. 99. '*man*'; the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*sonne.*'

I. ii. 110. '*Forage in*'; Folios, '*Forrage in*'; Quarto 1, '*Foraging*'; Quarto 3, '*Forraging the.*'

I. ii. 125. '*Your grace hath cause and means.*' Hanmer reads '*Your race hath had cause, means.*' Various readings have been suggested, but there seems to be no difficulty whatever in understanding the text as it stands.

I. ii. 131. '*blood*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Bloods*'; Folio 2, '*Blouds.*'

I. ii. 150. '*with ample and brim fulness*; probably '*brim*' is here adjectival: Pope reads '*brimfulness*'; but the accent favours the present reading.

I. ii. 154. '*the ill-neighbourhood*'; Boswell, from Quartos, reads '*the bruit thereof.*'

I. ii. 163. '*her chronicle*'; Capell, Johnson conj.; Folios read '*their C.*'; Quartos, '*your Chronicles*'; Rowe, '*his Chronicle.*'

I. ii. 173. '*tear*'; so Rowe, ed. 2; Folios, '*tame*'; Quartos, '*spoil*'; Theobald, '*taint.*'

I. ii. 180-183. Theobald first compared these lines with Cicero, *De Republica,* ii. 42, and thought that Shakespeare had perhaps borrowed from Cicero.

I. ii. 187-203. Lyly, in his *Euphues* (Arber's Reprint, pp. 262-4), has a similar description of the common-wealth of the bees: its *ultimate* source is probably Pliny's Natural History, Book xi, (*n.b.,* Holland's translation did not appear till 1601).

I. ii. 197. '*majesty*'; so Rowe from Quartos; Folios, '*Maiesties.*'

I. ii. 208. '*Come*'; so Folios; Capell, from Quartos, '*fly*'; '*as many ways meet in one town*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne*'; Dyce, Lettsom conj., '*As many several streets,*' etc.

I. ii. 209. '*meet in one salt sea*'; Capell, from Quartos, reads '*run in one self sea*'; Vaughan conj., '*run in one salt sea.*'

I. ii. 212. '*End*'; Pope's emendation from Quartos; Folios, '*And*.'

I. ii. 255. '*This tun of treasure*'; probably suggested by the corresponding words in *The Famous Victories*.

I. ii. 263. '*shall strike his father's crown into the hazard*'; '*hazard*' used technically, "the hazard in a tennis-court"; glosses, '*grille de tripot*' in old French dictionaries.

Prol. II. Pope transferred the Prologue to the end of the first scene.

Prol. II. 32. '*The abuse of distance; force a play*': so Folios: Pope, '*while we force a play*'; Warburton conj. '*while we farce a play*'; 'to force a play' is interpreted by Steevens to mean 'to produce a play by compressing many circumstances into a narrow compass.' Various emendations have been proposed, but in spite of the imperfection of the line as it stands, no suggestions seem to improve upon it. Perhaps, after all, the line is correct as it stands, with a pause for a syllable at the cæsura, and with a vocalic *r* in '*force*,' making the word dissyllabic; *cp.* '*fierce*,' II. iv. 99.

Prol. II. 41. '*But, till the king come forth*,' etc., *i.e.* 'until the King come forth we shall not shift our scene unto Southampton.'

II. i. 5. '*there shall be smiles*'; Hanmer conj., Warburton, '*there shall be*—(smiles)'; Farmer, Collier, 2 ed., '*smites*' (*i.e.* blows).

II. i. 25. '*mare*'; restored by Theobald from Quartos; Folios read '*name*'; Hanmer, '*dame*'; Collier MS., '*jade*.'

II. i. 28. '*How now, mine host Pistol!*' Quartos, '*How do you my hoste?*' giving the words to Nym.

II. i. 38. '*O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now*'; '*drawn*,' Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*hewne*'; Malone from Quarto 1, '*O Lord! here's corporal Nym's——*.'

II. i. 43. '*Iceland dog!*'; Steevens, Johnson, conj.; Folios read '*Island dog*'; Quartos, '*Iseland*.' There are several allusions to "these shaggy, sharp-eared, white dogs, much imported formerly as favourites for ladies."

II. i. 79. '*lazar kite of Cressid's kind*'; probably a scrap from some old play. In certain parallel passages the readings vary between '*Kite*,' '*Kit*,' '*Catte*'; '*Kit*,' too, is the spelling of Folio 4.

II. i. 85. '*and you, hostess*'; Folios '*and your Hostesse*'; Folio 4, '*Hostes you must come straight to my master, and you Hoste Pistole*.'

II. i. 99. '*Base is the slave that pays,*' a quotation from an old play. Steevens quotes, "My motto shall be, Base is the man that pays" (Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*).

II. i. 109. and 110 omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 9. '*Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours*'; Folios 3, 4, "*lull'd.*" Quartos, followed by Steevens, '*whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.*'

II. ii. 61. '*Who are the late commissioners?*'; Vaughan conj. '*Who ask the late commissions?*'; Collier MS. '*the state c.*'; but no change is necessary; '*late commissioners*' = 'lately appointed commissioners.'

II. ii. 63. '*for it,*' *i.e.* for my commission.

II. ii. 114. '*by treasons*'; Mason conj. '*to treasons*'; Moberly conj. '*by reasons.*'

II. ii. 118. '*But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up*'; Moberly conj. '*But he that tempter-fiend that stirr'd thee up*'; Dyce, Johnson conj. '*tempted*'; Folios, '*bad,*' Vaughan conj. '*sin thus.*' No emendation is necessary, tho' it is uncertain what the exact force of '*bade thee stand up*' may be, whether (1) 'like an honest-man,' or (2) 'rise in rebellion.'

II. ii. 139-140. '*To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion*'; Malone's emendation; Theobald, '*the best,*' etc.; Folios, '*To make thee full fraught man and best indued,*' etc.; Pope, '*To make the full-fraught man, the best, endu'd With,*' etc.

II. ii. 148. '*Henry*'; Theobald's correction from Quartos; Folios '*Thomas.*'

II. ii. 176. '*you have*'; so Knight, from Quartos; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*you three*'; Folio 1, '*you.*'

II. iii. 11. '*A' made a finer end*'; Folios 1, 2, '*a finer*'; Folios 3, 4, '*finer*'; Capell, '*a fine*'; Johnson conj. '*a final*'; Vaughan conj. '*a fair.*' Probably Mistress Quickly's words are correctly reported, and should not be edited.

II. iii. 14. '*fumble with the sheets*'; popularly supposed to be a sign of approaching death.

II. iii. 17-18. '*and a' babbled of green fields*'; Theobald's famous correction of Folios, '*and a Table of greene fields*'; Theobald's reading was suggested to him by a MS. note written in a copy of Shakespeare by 'a gentleman sometime deceased,' who proposed '*And a' talked of green fields.*' The Quartos omit the line, giving the passage thus:—

"His nose was as sharp as a pen,
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one."

(*n.b.* '*talk of floures*'). Many suggestions have been put forward since Pope explained that the words were part of a stage direction, and that 'Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished implements, etc., for the actors.' The marginal stage-direction was, according to him, '*A table of greenfields.*' Malone, '*in a table of green fields,*' Collier MS., '*on a table of green freese.*' Recently Mr. Henry Bradley has pointed out that 'green field' was occasionally used for the exchequer table, a table of green baize. A combination of this suggestion with the reading of the Collier MS. would require merely the change of '*and*' to '*on,*' but one cannot easily give up one's perfect faith in Theobald's most brilliant conjecture.

II. iii. 51. '*Let senses rule*'; *i.e.* 'let prudence govern you' (Steevens).

II. iii. 54. '*And hold-fast is the only dog*'; *cp.* 'Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.'

II. iii. 55. '*Caveto,*' Quartos, '*cophetua.*'

II. iv. 57. '*mountain sire*'; Theobald, '*mounting sire*'; Collier, Mitford conj. '*mighty sire*'; '*mountain,*' evidently means 'huge as a mountain.'

Prol. III. 4. '*Hampton,*' Theobald's correction of Folios '*Dover.*'

Prol. III. 6. '*fanning*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*fayning,*' Folios 3, 4, '*faining*'; Gould conj. '*playing.*'

Prol. III. 35. '*Eke*'; the first folio '*eech*'; the others, *ech*'; probably representing the pronunciation of the word.

III. i. 7. '*summon up,*' Rowe's emendation of Folios '*commune up.*'

III. i. 15. '*nostril*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*nosthrill.*'

III. i. 32. '*straining*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Straying.*'

III. ii. 20. '*Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!*'; so Folios; Capell reads, from Quartos, '*God's plud!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?*'

III. v. 46. '*Knights*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios '*Kings.*'

III. v. 54. '*Rouen*'; Malone's emendation of '*Rone,*' Quartos; '*Roan,*' Folios.

III. vi. 28-30. *'And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,'* etc.; *cp. 'Fortune is blind . . . whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,'* Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy.*

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life.*

III. vi. 31. *'Fortune is painted blind'*; Warburton proposed the omission of *'blind,'* which may have been caught up from the next line.

III. vi. 41. *'Fortune is Bardolph's foe'*; a reference to the old ballad, *'Fortune, my foe!'*

III. vi. 79. *'new-tuned'*; Pope reads *'new-turned'*; Collier MS., *'new-coined'*; Grant White, *'new-found.'*

III. vi. 107-111. Fluellen's description of Bardolph forcibly recalls Chaucer's Sompnour in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* (Quartos, *'whelkes, and knubs, and pumples'* for *'bubukles, and whelkes, and knobs'*).

III. vi. 117. *'lenity,'* Rowe's emendation from Quarto; Folios, *'Levity.'*

III. vi. 120. *'habit'*; *i.e.* sleeveless coat, the herald's tabard.

III. vii. 15. *'chez les narines'*; Capell, *'qui a'*; Folios, *'ches'*; Heath conj. *'voyez,'* etc.

III. vii. 43. *'Wonder of Nature,'* probably the first words of a sonnet or lyric of the time.

III. vii. 66, 67. '*Le chien . . . au bourbier*'; 'the dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed out sow to the mire,' *cp.* 2 Peter ii. 22.

Prol. IV. 16. '*name*'; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios, '*nam'd.*'

Prol. IV. 20. '*cripple tardy-gaited*'; Folios, '*creeple-tardy-gated.*'

Prol. IV. 26. '*Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats*'; Capell, '*And war-worn coats, investing lank-lean cheeks*'; Hanmer, '*In wasted*'; Warburton, '*Invest in*'; Beckett conj. '*Infesting,*' etc.

IV. i. 35. '*Qui va là*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Che vous la?*'

IV. i. 65. '*speak lower*'; so Quarto 3, adopted by Malone; Quartos 1, 2, '*lewer*'; Folios, '*fewer*'; *cp.* 'to speak few,' a provincialism for 'to speak low' (according to Steevens, who prefers the folio reading).

IV. i. 94. '*Sir Thomas*'; Theobald's correction of Folios '*John.*'

IV. i. 152. '*sinfully miscarry upon the sea*'; Pope reads from Quartos, '*fall into some lewd action and miscarry.*'

IV. i. 187. '*mote*'; Malone's emendation of Folios. '*Moth*'; Quartos, '*moath.*'

IV. i. 254. '*What is thy soul of adoration?*'; Knight's reading; Folio 1 reads, '*What? is thy Soule of Odoration*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Adoration*'; Warburton, '*What is thy toll, O adoration?*'; Hanmer, '*What is thy shew of adoration?*'; Johnson, '*What is thy soul, O adoration?*'; etc., etc. (*v.* Glossary).

IV. i. 299, 300. '*take from them now the sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers*'; Tyrwhitt's reading; Folios, '*take . . . reck'ning of the opposed numbers:*'; Theobald, '*take . . . reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers*'; etc., etc.

From an original specimen of the time of Charles VII. of France (A.D. 1422-1440), preserved in a private collection in Paris.

IV. ii. 45. '*The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks.*' *Cp.* illustration.

IV. iii. 40. '*the feast of Crispian*' falls upon the 25th October.

IV. iii. 44. '*He that shall live this day, and see*'; Pope's reading; Folios, '*He that shall see this day and live*'; Quartos, '*He that outlives this day and sees.*'

IV. iii. 48. Omitted in Folios

IV. iii. 52. '*his mouth*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*their mouths*'; Pope, '*their mouth.*'

IV. iv. 3. '*Qualtitie calmie custure me*'; probably Pistol catches the last word of the French soldier's speech, repeats it, and adds the refrain of a popular Irish song, '*Calen, O custure me*' = 'colleen oge astore,' *i.e.* 'young girl, my treasure.' The popularity of the song is evidenced by the following heading of one of the songs in Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (*cp.* Arber's Reprint, p. 33): '*A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his lady. To Calen o custure me; sung at euerie lines end*'; first pointed out by Malone.

IV. iv. 72. '*this roaring devil i' the old play*'; alluding to the standing character of the Devil in the Morality plays.

IV. v. 11. '*Let us die in honour; once*'; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, '*Let us dye in once*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Let us flue in once*'; etc. Omitted by Pope.

IV. v. 18. '*our lives*'; Steevens adds from Quartos, '*Unto these English, or else die with fame*'; Vaughan conj. '*Unto these English, or else die with shame.*'

IV. vii. 31. '*alike*'; so Folios; Rowe reads, '*as like.*'

IV. vii. 45. '*made*'; Capell, following Quartos, reads '*made an end.*'

IV. vii. 65. '*Assyrian slings*'; Theobald compared Judith ix. 7, and defended the reading against Warburton's proposed '*Balearian*' (afterwards withdrawn).

IV. vii. 71. '*what means this, herald?*'; Steevens' reading; Folio 1, '*what meanes this herald?*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*what means their herald*'; Hanmer conj. '*what mean'st thou, herald?*'

IV. vii. 81. '*their wounded steeds*'; Folios, '*with,*' corrected by Malone. The Quartos omit the line.

Prol. V. 30-35. The allusion is to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was sent to Ireland in 1599 to suppress Tyrone's rebellion; he left London on March 27, and returned on September 28 (*v.* Preface).

Prol. V. 38. '*The emperor's coming*'; *i.e.* 'the emperor is

coming,' or (better) 'the emperor's coming,' parallel to 'the King of England's stay at home.' The line refers to the visit of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, 1st May, 1416. Malone supposed that a line had dropped out before *The Emperor*', etc.; Capell rewrote the passage. It seems, however, that if instead of a semicolon, a comma is placed after '*at home,*' the lines are perfectly intelligible as they stand.

V. i. 85. '*Doll*'; Capell, '*Nell*'; which is probably the correct reading, though Shakespeare may himself have made the mistake.

V. ii. 7. '*Burgundy*'; Rowe's emendation, from Quartos, of Folio 1, '*Burgogne*'; Folios 2, 4, '*Burgoigne*'; Folio 3, '*Bargoigne.*'

V. ii. 11. '*So are you, princes English, every one*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*So are you princes (English) every one*'; Folio 4, '*So are you princes (English every one).*'

V. ii. 12. '*England*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Ireland.*'

V. ii. 50. '*all*'; Rowe's reading; Folios '*withall.*'

V. ii. 82. '*Pass our accept*'; Warburton reads, '*Pass, or accept*'; Malone conj. '*Pass, or except,*' etc.

V. ii. 259, 260. '*queen of all, Katharine*'; Capell conj. adopted by Dyce, '*queen of all Katharines.*'

V. ii. 359. '*Héritier*'; Folios read '*Heretere*'; '*Præclarissimus*'; so Folios; Rann reads '*Percarissimus*'; the error is, however, copied from Holinshed.

V. ii. 393. '*Sennet*'; Folio 1, '*Senet*'; Folio 2, '*Sonet,*' as though referring to the fourteen lines of the Epilogue.

Epil. 13. '*Which oft our stage hath shown*'; *vide* **Preface to 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.***

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

1. *O for a Muse,* etc.:—How strongly Shakespeare was impressed by the greatness of his theme appears in his reiterated expressions of humility in approaching it. He begins, like the epic poets of antiquity, with an invocation of the Muse; he implores forgiveness, not only for the imperfection of his scenic apparatus, but for the "flat unraised spirits" in which he treats so mighty a theme.

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

7-19. This is taken almost literally from Holinshed: "In the second yeare of his reigne, King Henrie called his nigh court of parlement, in which manie petitions moved were for that time deferred. Amongst which one was to the effect, that the temporall lands devoutlie given, and disordinatelie spent by religious and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the Kings hands; sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the King, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquires, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the King to have cleerelie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds." It should be remarked that this Parliament was called, April 30, 1414, at Leicester; but it appears from the Chorus

to the Second Act that the Poet laid the scene of the first Act at London.

51, 52. *So that . . . this theoric*:—That is, he must have drawn his *theory,* digested his order and method of thought, from the *art* and *practice* of life, instead of shaping the latter by the rules and measures of the former: which is strange, since he has never been seen in the way either of learning the things in question by experience, or of digesting the fruits of experience into theory. *Practic* and *theoric,* or *practique* and *theorique,* were the old spelling of *practice* and *theory.* An apt commentary on the text occurs in *A Treatise of Human Learning,* by Lord Brooke, who was a star in the same constellation with Shakespeare, and one of the profoundest thinkers of the time:—

"Againe, the active, necessarie arts
Ought to be briefe in bookes, in practise long:
Short precepts may extend to many parts;
The practise must be large, or not be strong.
For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,
The artless use bears down the useless art.
The world should therefore her instructions draw
Backe unto life and actions, whence they came;
That practise, which gave being, might give law
To make them short, cleare, fruitfull unto man:
As God made all for use, even so must she
By chance and use uphold her mystery."

Scene II.

[*Enter . . . Gloucester, Bedford, etc.*] The princes Humphrey and John of the preceding play were made Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford at the first Parliament of Henry V., 1414. At the same time, according to Holinshed, Thomas Beaufort, Marquess of Dorset, was made Duke of Exeter. The Beaufort family sprang from John of Gaunt by Catharine Swynford, to whom he was married after she had borne him several children. The earldom of Warwick was at that time in the family of Beauchamp, and the Earl of Westmoreland was Ralph Neville.

40. *gloze*:—So in Holinshed: "The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,* that is to saie, Into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French *glossers* expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond." This may serve as a

sample showing how closely the Poet here follows the chronicler; the whole speech being little else than Holinshed's sentences versified.

74. *Convey'd himself,* etc.:—That is, *passed himself off* as heir to the lady Lingare. Bishop Cooper has the same expression: "To *convey himself* to be of some noble family." The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles Duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, *conveied himselfe* as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to King Charlemaine."

130-135. *O, let,* etc.:—So in Holinshed's paraphrase of the Archbishop's speech: "At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the King's just and lawful title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good and his claime true: and he declared that in their spirituall convocation they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced."

252. *galliard*:—The *galliard* is thus described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

> "But, for more divers and more pleasing show,
> A swift and wandring daunce she did invent,
> With passages uncertaine, to and fro,
> Yet with a certaine answere and consent
> To the quicke musicke of the instrument.
> Five was the number of the musicks feet.
> Which still the daunce did with five paces meet.
> A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
> A spirit, and a vertue masculine,
> Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
> Since she herselfe is fiery and divine:
> Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
> With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
> Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire."

258. *Tennis-balls*:—This funny piece of French diplomacy is thus related by Holinshed: "Whilest in the Lent season the King laie at Killingworth, there came to him from the Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors that brought with them a *barrell of*

Paris balles, which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the King to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherefore the King wrote to him that yer ought long he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France." In the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, the "barrel of Paris balls" becomes "a gilded tun [i.e., goblet] of tennis-balls."

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

23. *Richard Earl of Cambridge*:—This was Richard Plantagenet, second son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, and brother to Edward, the Duke of York of this play.

Scene I.

30. [*Pistol.*] It is clear, from the tenour of contemporary literature, that in Pistol and his companions Shakespeare drew from the life—studies that London ordinaries supplied him in abundance. We must call to mind the general custom of carrying weapons, the frequency of fatal brawls, license of duel, and insufficiency of police, together with the loose military population always afloat, to recognize fairly the unnatural developments of swaggering and cowardice in combination, that the circumstances of the times made familiar. Pistol might scarcely have been thought more of an exaggeration than the sullen and bloody-hinting Nym; and the original spectators must have appreciated, with a gusto that we may envy them, the scene in which these lily-livered rascals of contrasted costume stand opposed with naked swords that they are themselves afraid of, and affect to be held apart by the sword of Bardolph, only less a coward than the least of them, who faces out one impossible contingency by another and an oath—"Hear me, hear what I say—he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier." Mrs. Quickly herself never hit a truer meaning in attempting to express a false one, than when she bade good Corporal Nym, "Show *thy* valour, and put up *your* sword."

43. *Iceland dog*:—In a treatise by Abraham Fleming, *Of English Dogges,* 1576, occurs the following: "*Iceland dogges,* curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes curres, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter." *Island cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes*:—

> "He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
> Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man
> Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre.*"

Scene II.

1. *these traitors*:—Ulrici says: "The life of the just and gracious prince is threatened by the treacherous and murderous designs of a few ambitious and rapacious barons; the blackest ingratitude and faithlessness embitter his position as King and disappoint his fairest hopes. The representation of the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge, Grey and Scroop, which is interwoven as an episode, explains the significance of the whole. Accordingly Henry V., following his father's advice as well as his own judgement, has to endeavour to withdraw the attention of the people and the nobles from internal affairs of the state. Even though the war with France originated in reality from another and deeper reason, still Henry's own personal object was his chief motive in beginning the campaign so hurriedly and almost without preparation. And although the war at first had an outwardly glorious termination, owing to Henry's heroic strength, and the superior valour and ability of the English nation, still it was this very war which subsequently became a source of misery to England."

126, 127. *O, how hast thou,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," says Johnson, "uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgement. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society."

140-142. *I will weep,* etc.:—Lord Scroop has already been spoken of as having been the King's bedfellow. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "The said Lord Scroope was in

such favour with the King, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the King reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravities in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed."

155-157. *For me . . . intended*:—"Diverse write," says Holinshed, "that Richard Earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the Lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of King Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law, Edmund Earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence; who being for diverse secrcet impediments not able to have issue, the Earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, lest the Earle of Marche should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted."

177-181. *Get you therefore hence . . . offences*:—So in Holinshed: "Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for safegard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give ye grace of his mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses."

Scene IV.

26. *so idly king'd*:—The Dauphin, less original than Hotspur, but without a spark of his real heroism, misconstrues Henry. . . . Shakespeare plays with visible pleasure upon the tennis-ball motive which he found in Holinshed. He makes the English envoys to the French camp deliver a special message of scorn to the Dauphin; and the Dauphin, in spite of history and his father's orders, figures in the French camp at Agincourt. But the Dauphin is only an extreme type of the fatuous intoxication which possesses the whole host, and is chiefly responsible for its overthrow. Agincourt is the duel of Shrewsbury, writ large; with the difference that there is here no counterpart to the pathos of the

mourning for Hotspur. A few wild curses and cries of rage suffice to sum up the immeasurably greater tragedy of the French rout.

ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

33. *the devilish cannon*:—Of course Shakespeare was a reader of Spenser, and this passage yields a slight trace of his reading. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 7-13:—

> ". . . that *divelish yron engin*, wrought
> In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
> With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
> And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill."

Scene I.

[*Before Harfleur.*] The main action of *Henry V.* consists in the invasion of France with thirty thousand men, twenty-four thousand of whom were foot-soldiers, and six thousand horse. The embarkation of these forces was made from Southampton, in fifteen hundred ships, on the 11th of August, 1415, and the whole were landed on the coast of France on the second day afterwards. The first exploit of this army was to lay siege to Harfleur, for, in those days of pikes and crossbows, prudent commanders never ventured to advance into an enemy's country with walled towns behind them. The place surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days, when Henry, finding that his force had been reduced to less than half its former numbers by battle and disease, determined to fall back on Calais. For the execution of this movement, according to the English chroniclers, the army remaining to him could not have amounted to much more than eight thousand fighting men in all.

11-14. *let the brow . . . ocean*:—Daniel, in his *Civil Wars*, has a similar passage:—

> "A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
> A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,
> Whose surly brow imperiously commands
> The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;
> And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands
> Assault his empire, and against him rise."

Scene II.

3. *Pray thee, corporal*:—It appears (II. i. 2) that Bardolph has been lifted up from a corporal into a lieutenant since our acquaintance with him in *Henry IV.*, and that Nym has succeeded him in the former rank. It is not quite certain whether the Poet forgot the fact here, or whether Nym, being used to call him corporal, in his fright loses his new title.

Scene III.

[*King Henry.*] Knight says that "skilfully as he has managed it, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakespeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers . . . the subject being altogether one of lyric grandeur. . . . And yet, how exquisitely has Shakespeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from his master hand. . . . It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth the spirit of patriotic reminiscence."

Scene IV.

[*Enter Katharine and Alice.*] Touching this Scene various grounds have been taken, some pronouncing it ridiculous, others rejecting it as an interpolation, and others wondering that Katharine and Alice should be made to speak French, when the other French characters talk English. We cannot well see why anything better should be asked than Johnson's remarks on the subject: "The grimaces of the two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the Poet's time. There is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage."

Scene V.

33. *lavoltas . . . corantos*:—The *lavolta* was a dance of Italian origin, and seems to have been something like the modern waltz, only, perhaps, rather more so. It is thus described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

> "A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
> And still their feet an anapest do sound.
> An anapest is all their music's song,
> Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The *coranto* comes in for a like share of his poetical touching:—

> "What shall I name those *current* traverses,
> That on a triple dactyl foot do run,
> Close by the ground, with sliding passages,
> Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
> Which with best order can all order shun?
> For every where he wantonly must range,
> And turn and wind with unexpected change."

Scene VI.

3, 4. *I assure you . . . bridge*:—After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois. But Henry had notice of their design, and sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

42. *For he hath stolen a pax*:—Holinshed makes the following statement respecting the discipline kept up in this expedition: "The poore people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiment, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldier tooke a *pix* out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the King not once remooved till the box was restored, and the offendor strangled." Of course the Poet drew from this passage, changing *pix* to *pax*, and assigning the theft to Bardolph.

147-174. *Thou dost thy office*, etc.:—The Poet here follows very

close upon the chronicler: "And so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the King of England, to defie him as the enemie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie answered, 'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: I will not seeke your master at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud!' When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart." It was customary thus to reward heralds, whatever might be the nature of their message.

Scene VII.

15. *Pegasus*:—The famous flying horse in old Greek tales. Bellerophon used it to aid him in killing the chimera, a fire-breathing monster, which, according to the myth, he slew by shooting arrows at it as he rode through the air on the horse.

22. *Perseus*:—Another hero of the Greek tales, who, as the story has it, slew the terrible Gorgon Medusa, and also saved the life of the maid Andromeda, when she had been left chained to a rock, to be the prey of a sea-monster.

ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

[*Chorus.*] Only one other drama entirely Shakespeare's—*The Winter's Tale*—contains a chorus; and there it serves to announce an interval of dramatic time far greater than the Poet has anywhere else approached. Except in this Act, the Chorus in *Henry V.* announces only intervals of space or time—as a journey from London to Southampton, from Southampton to Harfleur—and other incidental matters. But the Chorus to Act IV. has no such rôle to perform; and this Chorus, splendid and high-wrought, serves to show that Shakespeare introduced this machinery, not for the sake of bridging intervals of time and space—which elsewhere his audience unconcernedly crossed "with imagined wing"—but as the most obvious means of bringing home the outward semblance of an event of absorbing interest. In *Coriolanus,* in

Antony and Cleopatra, there are brief bursts of battle-poetry exceeding in sublimity anything in *Henry V.*; but that is chiefly because they are penetrated with a dramatic passion for which in *Henry V.* there was simply no room. The subject was epic, and Shakespeare fell back upon the epic poet's method. No scene in the drama paints so vividly as a few lines in this Chorus the transforming spell of the master presence, which made the handful of worn-out men a weapon of adamant against the serried ranks of chivalry.

13. *closing rivets up*:—This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but also to a part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, *to close the rivets up*; so that the wearer's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet.

19. *play at dice*:—The Poet took this from Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph; for the capteins had determined how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."

Scene I.

[*King Henry.*] Kenny, in treating upon the view which Shakespeare's portrait of Henry V. gives us of the Poet's own character, says: "Some of the continental critics think they can see that not only was Henry V. Shakespeare's favourite hero, but that this is the character, in all the Poet's dramas, which he himself most nearly resembled. Many people will, perhaps, hardly be able to refrain from a smile on hearing of this conjecture. We certainly cannot see the slightest ground for its adoption. The whole history of Shakespeare's life, and the whole cast of Shakespeare's genius, are opposed to this extravagant supposition. We have no doubt that the Poet readily sympathized with the frank and gallant bearing of the King. But we find no indication in all that we know of his temperament, or of the impression which he produced upon his contemporaries, of that firm, rigid, self-concentrated personality which distinguishes the born masters of mankind. Henry V. was necessarily peremptory, designing, unwavering, energetic, and self-willed; Shakespeare was flexible, changeful, meditative,

sceptical, and self-distrustful. This was clearly the temperament of the author of the sonnets; it was too, we believe, not less clearly the character of the wonderful observer and delineator of all the phases of both tragic and comic passion, and it was, perhaps, in no small degree, through the very variety of his emotional and imaginative sensibility, and the very absence of that completeness and steadfastness of nature which his injudicious admirers now claim for him, that he was enabled to become the great dramatic poet of the world."

239 *et seq.* Johnson finds something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy of King Henry, beginning as soon as he is left alone. "Something like this," says Johnson, "every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment."

Scene II.

[*The French camp.*] The one formidable rival of the King is no single figure, but the "bad neighbour" at whom he dashes his little force, the assembled power of France. And the French are drawn collectively, in slightly modulated shades of the same conventional hue. The brush which had painted the rival of Henry's youth now dashes off with far less care and delicacy the foes of his manhood. The vapouring chivalry, the fantastic self-conceit which so fatally alloyed Hotspur's sturdy Saxon strength, reappear with more of blatant flourish in men of finer wit but weaker fibre.

16. *yon poor and starved band*:—Holinshed gives the following account of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt: "The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this journie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enemies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarmes did ever so infest them: dailie it rained, nightlie it freezed: of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie: monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestowe it on had they none."

60, 61. *I stay but for my guidon,* etc.:—Thus in Holinshed: "They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noblemen made such hast toward the battell, that they left manie of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *staie for their standards*; as amongst other

the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner to be taken from a trumpet,* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of his standard."

Scene III.

21. *To do our country loss*:—Here again the Poet found something in the chronicler to work upon: "It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the King answered, I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison of the enemies but a few, but, if God of his clemencie doo favour us and our cause, as I trust he will, we shall speed well inough. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine."

63. *shall gentle his condition*:—King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

90 *et seq.* Of this second proposal for ransom Holinshed speaks thus: "Here we may not forget how the French in their jolitie sent an herald to King Henrie, to inquire what ransom he would offer. Whereunto he answered, that within two or three houres he hoped it would so happen that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms, than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his owne part, that his dead carcasse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen, than that his living bodie should paie anie ransome."

129. [*York.*] This Edward Duke of York has already appeared in *Richard II.* as Duke of Aumerle. He was the son of Edmund of Langley, the Duke of York of the same play, who was the fourth son of King Edward III.

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* It is consistent enough with the national and popular design of the play that not a little of it should seem to be addressed to the common, uneducated public, as in this Scene,

wherein the miserable blusterer Pistol makes prisoner a French nobleman whom he has succeeded in overawing.

Scene V.

3. *Mort de ma vie!*—Coleridge says: "Ludicrous as these introductory scraps of French appear, so instantly followed by good nervous mother-English, yet they are judicious, and produce the impression which Shakespeare intended—a sudden feeling struck at once on the ears, as well as the eyes, of the audience, that 'here come the French, the baffled French braggards!' And this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect on the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses in Shakespeare's trying-room."

Scene VI.

35. *new alarum*:—"The multiplicity of battles in *Henry V.*," says Campbell, "is a drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles are awkward things upon the stage. We forget this objection, however, in the reading of the play."

Scene VII.

6-10. *the cowardly rascals . . . throat*:—This matter is thus related by Holinshed: "While the battell thus continued, certeine Frenchmen on horsseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavillions were without anie sufficient gard, entred upon the King's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen, came to the King's eares, he, doubting least his enemies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man, upon paine of death, should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner." It appears afterwards, however, that the King, finding the danger to be less than he at first thought, stopped the slaughter, and was able to save a great number. It

is observable that the King gives as his reason for the order, that he expected another battle, and had not men enough to guard one army and fight another. Gower here assigns a different reason. Holinshed gives both reasons, and the Poet chose to put one in the King's mouth, the other in Gower's.

54. *Falstaff*:—Johnson observes that this is the last time Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

93. *Agincourt*:—So the chronicler: "In the morning Montjoie and foure other heralds came to the King, to know the number of prisoners, and to desire buriall for the dead. Before he made them answer, he demanded whie they made that request, considering that he knew not whether the victorie was his or theirs. When Montjoie by true and just confession had cleered that doubt, he desired to understand the name of the castell neere adjoining: when they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said, Then shall this conflict be called the battell of Agincourt."

161. *down together*:—Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the King's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to save him.

Scene VIII.

8. [*Strikes him.*] Fluellen gets a hearty box on the ear from Williams, and prepares to return it with interest, giving loose to his tongue in preparation. But even this imbroglio is fairly reconciled by a few words of explanation, and with no loss of dignity in any part. Williams sets his apparent insult to the King in its natural light, and has from him a glove full of crowns, which he well deserves, and an honourable distinction that he deserves still better; and Fluellen thinks no more of the blow, and has even twelvepence to spare for the giver of it, who, however, knows himself much too well to take it, and pitches it back. Thus we are gradually carried forward and exercised in appreciating and apprehending the shades and limits of forbearance and pusillanimity, of the magnanimous and the overbearing, and enabled, if we will but keep clear of false lights and vain prepossessions, to receive the full effect of the scene that closes and completes the martial play.

125. *Do we all holy rites*:—"The King," according to Holin-

shed, "when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and, gathering his army togither, gave thanks to Almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme,—*In exitu Israel de Egypto*; and commanded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse,— *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused Te Deum with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

21. *the smell of leek*:—"Ancient Pistol's mock at the quaint but honourable badge of the odd-fashioned but valiant Welshman, is invented," says Lloyd, "not without reference to the Dauphin's mock with his tun of tennis-balls, on the strength of the seeming frivolity of the wilder time of Prince Henry. Of such an offence the punishment is much the same in either case, and the mouthing braggart is roughly repaid with hard knocks first, and then with humiliation in its bitterest form of forced acceptation of a kindness. Fluellen, who took back his shilling from Williams and forgave him the buffet, gives a sound thrashing to the contemptible scoundrel who disgraces the profession of soldier, forces the leek he jeered at down his throat, and makes him accept of a groat to heal his pate. Pistol deserves all that he gets and more, and it is the treatment such a character as he provokes, whether deserving it or not; it is a faint consideration in the Ancient's favour, that he quarrels so pertinaciously with Fluellen from resentment at his not saving his comrade Bardolph, good-for-little wretch as he might be. But thus ends the memory of Falstaff and his associates."

93. Johnson here remarks upon the comic scenes of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* with a feeling which doubtless most readers will share. Those scenes, he says, "are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

Scene II.

9-11. *Right joyous,* etc.:—In the fifth Act the French themselves seem to share in the exultation of England over their own surrender. In painting Henry's own attitude towards the enemy, however, Shakespeare's touch is not quite so firm as when he limned Prince Hal. The speeches before Harfleur to Montjoy, and after the battle, are hardly in keeping with the modesty of true valour which makes him forbid the display of his bruised helmet and bent sword in the London streets.

98 *et seq. Fair Katharine,* etc.:—In the scenes with Katharine, and in the tone of Henry towards the French king and princes, the old play exhibits its best in spirit and originality, and in what is worthiest as leading the way to something that so far surpassed it. Henry, however, displays more simplicity and warm-heartedness as a wooer, and Katharine more sensibility as well as sense than were possible in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* without marring the effect of all. Still it is very interesting to observe by what slight strokes and changes the force of expression is now modified and now reversed. Compare the following passages from the old play with the final Scene of this:—

Henry 5 [*alone.*] Ah Harry, thrice unhappy Harry, hast thou now conquered the French king, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter, but with what face canst thou seek to gain her love, which hast sought to win her father's crown? Her father's crown said I? no it is mine own: Ay, but I love her and must crave her, Nay, I love her and will have her.

Enter Lady Katharine and her ladies.

But here she comes: how now, fair Katharine of France, what news?

Kath. An it please your majesty, my father sent me to know if you will debate (abate) any of these unreasonable demands which you require.

Hen. 5. Now trust me Kate, I commend thy father's wit greatly in this; for none in the world could sooner have made me debate it, if it were possible. But tell me, sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to love?

Kath. I cannot hate, my good Lord; therefore far unfit were it for me to love.

Hen. 5. But Kate, tell me in plain terms, canst thou love the king of England? I cannot do as these countries do, that spend half their time in wooing: Tush, wench, I am none such, but wilt thou go over to England?

Kath. I would to God that I had your Majesty as fast in love as you have my father in wars; I would not vouchsafe so much as one look, until you had related (abated) all these unreasonable demands.

Hen. Tush, Kate, I know thou wouldst not use me so hardly: but tell me canst thou love the king of England?

Kath. How should I love him that hath dealt so hardly with my father?

Hen. But I 'll deal as easily with thee as thy heart can imagine or tongue require: how sayst thou; what will it be?

Kath. If I were of my own direction I could give you answer: but seeing I stand at my father's direction, I must first know his will.

Hen. But shall I have thy good will in the mean season?

Kath. Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance, I would be loth to put your Grace in any despair.

Hen. Now before God it is a sweet wench.

Kath. [*aside.*] I may think myself the happiest in the world that is beloved of the mighty king of England.

Hen. Well Kate, are you at host with me? Sweet Kate, tell your father from me that none in the world could sooner have persuaded me to it than thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kath. God keep your Majesty in good health. [*Exit.*

Hen. [*solus.*] Farewell, sweet Kate, in faith it is a sweet wench, but if I knew that I could not have her father's good will, I would so rouse the towers over his ears that I would make him glad to bring her to me upon his hands and knees. [*Exit.*

393. [*Exeunt.*] The events mentioned in Scene ii. of this Act appear to follow very closely upon Henry's return to England. This is due to the compression of the narrative to suit it for the stage. In 1417 the King had again landed in France, overrun Normandy, and captured Rouen after a terrible siege. He was aided by the Burgundians, after their duke's murder by agents of the Dauphin; this ended the struggle, and practically placed France at the feet of the English sovereign.

Questions on Henry V.

1. How was the Prologue delivered in Shakespeare's time?
2. Explain the allusions to the form of the Elizabethan playhouse in this Prologue.
3. What functions does the Chorus perform in this play? Is it in any way similar to the Chorus of the Greek drama?

ACT FIRST.

4. What was the nature of the *bill* that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely discuss in the first Scene? What would be its effect if passed? How do craft and chance serve to turn aside attention from the bill?
5. How is the changed life of the King referred to? Does the picture of the King as presented by the play confirm Canterbury's opinions of his gifts in divinity, politics, war, and eloquence?
6. What was the Salic law? How did it bar Henry from the throne of France? By what arguments did the Archbishop of Canterbury prove it inoperative in his case?
7. Do any of the higher motives lead Henry to contest his right to the French throne? How sincere are Henry's conscientious or religious scruples against a misapprehension of his dynastic rights?
8. Has the insulting message and present of the French Dauphin any effect in furnishing additional motive for war to what might otherwise seem insufficient? What ground does Henry take in his reply? Comment on Henry's assumption that he is to be the agent of God's vengeance on the sender of tennis-balls.

ACT SECOND.

9. What is the picture presented by the Prologue? What is the conspiracy? What humorous allusion to the English Channel?
10. What new character is added to the group of Eastcheap?

11. What phrase does Nym use for all occasions? Indicate the cause of his quarrel with Pistol? What kind of courage does each possess?

12. How does Hostess Quickly estimate the courage of Nym?

13. What impression does one get of the end of Doll Tearsheet? In addition to the reference to her, what facts point to the increasing degradation of the group?

14. What does Mrs. Quickly say about the cause of Falstaff's illness? How does this incite to a higher regard for the knight?

15. How do the companions of Falstaff judge the King for his treatment of the knight?

16. How in Sc. ii. are the conspirators detected? Is this event presented in a manner adequate to its dramatic possibilities?

17. How are mercy and justice exhibited in contrast?

18. What opportunities for disloyalty had been offered to the three conspirators?

19. What is your impression of the sermon Henry reads to them?

20. On what ground does he base his reasons for their condemnation?

21. How is Bardolph affected by the death of Falstaff?

22. Comment on the pathos of Hostess Quickly's account of Falstaff's end.

23. What Psalm has been suggested as the subject of Falstaff's words when, as Mrs. Quickly said, *a' babbled of green fields*?

24. What is Falstaff's last witticism on Bardolph? What is Bardolph's reply? Have you discovered any higher trait in Bardolph than his affection for his master?

25. Had Shakespeare promised that Sir John should appear in this play? What probably induced him to leave the knight out?

26. Is the effect of pathos more moving than if Falstaff's death had been enacted before the eyes of the spectator?

27. What is contributed to the action by Sc. iv.? What is the attitude of the French towards the invading army? What serves to increase the impression of their fatuousness?

ACT THIRD.

28. What is foretold by the Prologue? How is the undramatic nature of the play apologized for?

29. How does Shakespeare describe the frenzy of war in Sc. i.?

30. What faint echo does one get of Falstaff in the speech of the Boy, Sc. ii., lines 12, 13?

31. What view of Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol does the Boy furnish?

32. What second set of humorous characters are brought upon the scene? What is the idiosyncrasy of Fluellen? Is there shown in the Welshman, the Scotsman, and the Irishman a differentiation of national traits?

33. What new picture of the horrors of war is given in Henry's speech (Sc. iii.) before the gates of Harfleur?

34. Where is the pusillanimity of the Dauphin first shown?

35. Indicate the implication of the lesson in English pursued by Katharine in Sc. iv. Has there been any preparation for this Scene? Critics have sometimes regarded this as silly; what impression does the Scene make upon you?

36. How is the Frenchman's misapprehension of England shown in Sc. v.? Who of the French is not deceived as to the English?

37. Why does Shakespeare introduce a long list of French nobles who are to be sent into action? Where is the correlative of this Scene?

38. By what means did Pistol succeed in deceiving Fluellen as to his valour? What does this reveal of Fluellen?

39. Why would Fluellen not speak in behalf of Bardolph?

40. How is Henry made to condemn another of his old associates? For what was Bardolph hanged?

41. What is the effect of the message (Sc. vi.) Montjoy brings to Henry immediately upon Fluellen's account of the results of the action at the bridge?

42. Speak of some qualities of the French displayed in Sc. vii. What is the attitude of the Constable of France towards the Dauphin? What is the characteristic temper of the Constable of France?

ACT FOURTH.

43. Comment on the philosophic tendencies of Henry's mind as seen at the beginning of Sc. i. Judging from this and earlier Scenes, do you think he sees clearly into facts?

44. What is argued of Henry's popularity that Pistol felt no disposition to disparage him behind his back? How is Pistol's degradation foreshadowed?

45. What is Fluellen's hobby? Does the King rightly apprehend (line 85) the cause of Fluellen's solicitude?

46. State the propositions concerning the loyalty of the subject and the responsibility of the King that Bates and Williams lay before Henry.

47. Does Henry in his long reply miss the main point of their question and argue only its corollary? Do the soldiers perceive his fallacy?

48. What is the real motive for the quarrel between Henry and Williams?

49. Have not the soldiers a higher conception of the kingly responsibility, though only partially apprehended, than Henry shows in the poetical soliloquy that follows the withdrawal of the soldiers? Does Henry revert to some of his pre-kingly prejudices in these words? How is his temper similar to his father's?

50. What new reflection moves him to the final invocation?

51. Note the effect of Sc. ii. in showing two points of view among the French forces. Define them.

52. What is the tenour of Henry's harangue in Sc. iii.? Is any colour lent to it by the reflections in Sc. i.?

53. How does the speech of Henry towards the end of Sc. iii. complete the impression of the inequalities of the forces in the impending conflict? On the other hand, how is the feeling of English success assured?

54. Why is there no battle-scene in a play that chiefly concerns itself with the glorification of battle? What is the satirical purpose (Sc. iv.) of the scene between Pistol and the French soldier? What additional stroke is provided by the Boy in the closing speech of the Scene?

55. Does Sc. v. arouse a feeling of sympathy for the French? How does Shakespeare depict them in disaster?

56. What was the probable fate of the Boy? How is the last mention made of Falstaff?

57. By what methods does the mind of Fluellen work?

58. How is the quarrel of Henry and Williams disposed of?

59. In the numbering of *the slaughter'd French* (Sc. viii.) how many of those designated by the French king for battle were found among the killed?

60. What impression do you derive of Henry's religiosity in his thanks after the battle? Does the dramatist so exhibit the facts of the story as to lead the spectator to take the same point of view that Henry does? If not, what is the irony intended by this character?

ACT FIFTH.

61. How do Pistol and Fluellen reach the consummation of their respective courses in Sc. i.?

62. How is France pictured after the ravages of war? What is the principal item in the terms of peace proposed by Henry?

63. Has Henry before (Sc. ii.) been presented in any attitude of relationship to women? How does he bear himself as a lover? Is Katharine carried by storm? Does the dramatist wish to point the fact that brutal sincerity is admired especially by the most delicate of women?

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64. In the strict sense, is *Henry V.* a play? How would you describe it?

65. Had Shakespeare any purpose such as exhibiting the mental limitations of that class to whom military achievement and fame are necessary and all-sufficient?

66. How may King Henry be viewed as a foil to Hamlet? Which was nearer the heart of the Poet?

67. To what degree does Henry possess the following qualities: courage, pity, piety, sentiment, delicacy, melancholy?

68. In what respects does he differ from the Prince Hal of *Henry IV.* In his habits of life, freedom of intercourse, does he suggest the earlier life?

69. Does Shakespeare produce an effect of pity and terror in the fates he assigns to the Eastcheap group?

70. Compare Fluellen as a humorous creation with Glendower of *Henry IV.*

71. Mention some passages especially notable for poetic fervour; some that exhibit extraordinary powers of observation.

The Taming of the Shrew

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Preface.

The Editions. *The Taming of The Shrew* was first printed in the First Folio. A Quarto edition appeared in 1631, with the following title-page:—

"*A wittie and pleasant Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted by His Majesties servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall.* 1631."

This Quarto was certainly printed from the Folio; Smethwicke (or Smythick) was one of the publishers of the latter, and to him, moreover, there was transferred, on Nov. 19th, 1607, an old play called *The Taming of A Shrew,* which had been previously issued in 1594, 1596, and 1607, by different owners. It would seem that Smythick, in 1631, issued the Quarto of '*The Shrew*' instead of '*A Shrew,*' the copyright of which he had secured.

The Taming of A Shrew. The old original of *The Taming of The Shrew* is extant, and has been often reprinted in modern times (*cp.* Steevens' *Six Old Plays,* 1776; *The Shakespeare Society publications,* 1844; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* &c.). The play was first published, anonymously, in 1594, under the title of '*A pleasant conceited Historie, called The taming of A Shrew, as it was sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembrook his servants.*' (A specimen of the play will be found at the back of the title-page of this volume.) Pope actually attributed this crude effort to Shakespeare him-

self; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Shakespeare and Marlowe —their joint-production in 1589—and various similar suggestions have been made by critics. We know absolutely nothing about its authorship, but we may safely assert that it contains no single line from Shakespeare's pen. It is an important document, though its intrinsic value is naught. Its affected classicism, its poetic rant, its cheap lyrism, its strange mixture of hyperbole and bathos, all indicate that the play was the work of some poetaster of the pseudo-Marlowan school, writing about the year 1590-2.

The Date of Shakespeare's Adaptation. *The Taming of The Shrew* is not mentioned by Mertes in 1598: unless, as seems unlikely, it is to be identified with *Love's Labour Won.* Nevertheless the internal evidence points to an early date. Mr. Stokes contends that even 'as far back as May, 1594, *The Taming of a Shrew* was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense' (*cp. Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays, pp.* 33-35).

Its omission by Meres is not very singular, when the possible history of Shakespeare's connexion with his original is considered.* It is very possible that an enlarged version of the play once existed intermediate between '*A Shrew,* and the play as we have it in First Folio; Shakespeare in fact seems mainly answerable for the revision of the Induction and scenes in which Katharina, Petruchio, and Grumio are the prominent figures. The intermediate adapter knew his Marlowe well; no less than ten Marlowan reminiscences may be detected in the non-Shakespearian portion of '*The Shrew.*'

These considerations make it difficult to assign a date to the play; on the one hand, there are the alleged non-Shakespearian portions of the play; on the other, Shake-

* Meres mentions *King John,* though also an adaptation of an older play; but the re-cast of his original was altogether of a different nature than in the case of '*The Shrew.*' One should note, too, the mention of *Titus,* and the omission of 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*

speare's own work belonging to different periods. The style and versification of the more characteristic parts point to about 1597, while the doggerel and quibbles suggest an early date.

At one time we are reminded of Adriana, Luciana, and the Dromios of *The Comedy of Errors*; at another, of Hotspur, Kate, and Falstaff of *Henry IV*.* Hence the play is dated by some 1594, by others 1596-7; while certain critics assign it to the years 1601-3. (It is perhaps significant that Dekker's *Patient Grissel* was produced in 1597, and his *Medicine for a Curst Wife* soon after (published in 1602.)

Shakespeare's Share in the Play. As regards the Induction, opinion is divided; but a careful comparison of the two versions leaves little doubt that the revision was Shakespeare's. Act I. is almost unanimously assigned to the unknown adapter. Act II. i. is only partly Shakespeare's; the Shakespearian portion has been variously assigned:—ll. 169-326; 115-326, with the omission of ll. 241-254; 115-326. Act III. i. may be safely pronounced non-Shakespearian. Act III. ii. is claimed for Shakespeare, with the exception of ll. 130-150, or possibly of ll. 1-88, 126-185. Act IV. i. iii. v. are throughout Shakespeare's, while Act IV. ii. iv., Act V. i. are similarly throughout non-Shakespearian. Act V. ii. 1-175 (or 1-181), certainly Shakespeare. (*Cp.* Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual,* p. 185; Furnivall, *Trans. New Shakespeare Society,* 1874; Tolman, *Modern Language Association of America,* 1890.)

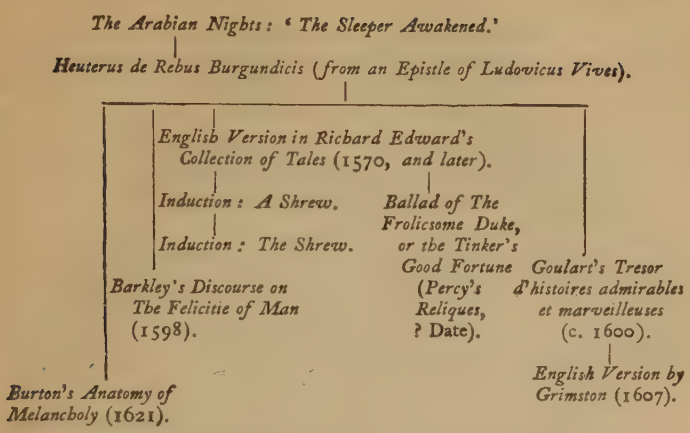
* The only valuable piece of internal evidence puts us in the same dilemma: in the first Scene of the Induction, line 88 is assigned to '*Sinklo,*' in the Folio; 'Sinklo' acted in 3 *Henry VI.*, an early play, and 2 *Henry IV.* (*c.* 1597, 8): in the former his name appears instead of 'a keeper'; in the latter instead of 'a beadle.'

['Nicke,' the messenger, mentioned in Act i. 1, probably stands for Nicholas Tooley, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company; but nothing is to be inferred from this point.]

'The Shrew' and 'A Shrew': some noteworthy Variations. (i.) The old play has been thoroughly transformed as far as diction and characterisation is concerned, though the plot has been on the whole faithfully followed. (ii.) The part of Sly has been considerably curtailed in '*The Shrew*';* in the original we are throughout reminded of his existence, and he is disposed of at the end of the play:—"Then enter two bearing off Sly in his own apparell again, and leave him where they found him, and then goe out. Then enter the *Tapster*." An amusing colloquy follows. Sly explains that he has had 'the bravest dream that ever thou heardest in all thy life,' &c. (iii.) Further, the scene of action has been changed from 'Athens' to 'Padua.' (iv.) The vulgar and mercenary tyrant 'Ferardo' has given place to the 'whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio.' (v.) Kate in '*A Shrew*' has two sisters, Philema and Emilia, represented by Bianca (and the widow whom Hortensio ultimately weds) in '*The Shrew*.' (vi.) The plot of the old play has been rendered more complex by the addition of a comedy of intrigue—viz., the story of Bianca and Lucentio.

The Sources. (i.) The Induction. The idea of the Induction is thoroughly oriental, and is familiar to readers of the '*Arabian Nights*,' whence it probably passed into European literature. It is said that a similar incident actually took place at the marriage of Duke Phillip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. Perhaps the good Duke Phillip was wishful to emulate the example of the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid. The pedigree of the chief English versions of this world-wide story, dramatised by Chalderon in his '*La Vida es Sueño* ('*Life's a Dream*,' c. 1633), probably from Rojas' '*Viaje Entretenido*,' is perhaps as follows:—

* From an artistic point of view, Sly's comments at the end of Act I. i. seem quite out of place, and are certainly not Shakespeare's.



(ii.) **The Main Plot.** The nearest analogue in Elizabethan literature to *The Taming of the Shrew* is to be found in a popular poem entitled, '*A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife in lapped Morrelles Skin*'* (*before* 1575), but this poem cannot be considered the direct source of the play. Several similar stories are to be found in Italian literature; perhaps the most noteworthy is to be found in the *Notte piacevoli* of Straparolo, VIII. 2 (published in 1550).

(iii.) **The Under Plot.** The story of Bianca and her lovers was taken directly from Acts IV. and V. of Gascoigne's *Supposes* (an English version of Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*), the first English prose comedy, acted at Gray's Inn, 1566.†

(iv.) **The Latin Lesson.** This element (Act III. i.)

* Printed, together with the *Taming of A Shrew,* in the (old) Shakespeare's Society's publication.

† From this same source, too, the name 'Petruchio' was, perhaps, derived.

may have been suggested by a passage in an old play, *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London,* printed 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Play,* VI. 500).

The Duration of Action. According to Mr. Daniel's analysis, five or six days are represented on the stage, with intervals, which amount to something under a fortnight.

Day 1. Act I. *Day* 2. Act II. Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel. *Day* 3. Act III. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding. *Day* 4. Act III. ii.; Act IV. i. Sunday, the wedding-day. Interval (?). *Day* 5. Act IV. ii. Interval (?). *Day* 6. Act IV. iii., iv., v., and Act V. (? The second Sunday).

Possibly Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day. "Time, however," adds Mr. Daniel, "in this play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old play the whole story is knit up in the course of two days." (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Society,* 1877-79, p. 168).

The Tamer Tamed. Fletcher attempted a companion picture to the '*Taming of the Shrew*' in his '*Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*' (written before 1633); in this play we are introduced to our old friend Petruchio again, but Katharina is dead and 'eke her patience,' and in her place we are introduced to her successor, Maria, the 'masculine' daughter of Petronius, who tries a process of taming on her own account, aided by faithful allies, to wit, her sister Livia, her cousin and 'Commander-in-chief' Bianca, 'city wives,' 'county wives,' &c. In the end Petruchio confesses himself, in more senses than one, 'born again,' and the Epilogue sums up as follows:—

> *'The Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men*
> *Can find one just cause to complain of, when*
> *They fitly do consider, in their lives*
> *They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives*

Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.')

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

Induction. A tinker named Christopher Sly is found in a drunken stupor by a lord, who, to make sport, causes him to be conveyed to the castle, clothed in the costliest apparel and placed in the richest bed. Upon awakening Sly finds himself surrounded by attendants who persuade him that he is a nobleman who for many years has been mentally deluded. And in his honour the following play is presented:—

I. Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua, has two daughters, Katharina and Bianca. The latter, because of her gentleness and charm, has numerous admirers. But her father refuses to listen to any of them until her elder sister is married, which event seems doubtful on account of Katharina's shrewish disposition. The several lovers of Bianca are in despair until the advent of a peculiar Veronese gentleman, Petruchio, whose hasty temperament seems well suited to the shrew.

Among Bianca's admirers is Lucentio, a native of Pisa, who decides to disguise himself and engage with Baptista as tutor for Bianca, giving over his proper name and rank to Tranio, his servant.

II. Tranio sues as Lucentio for Bianca's hand, while the real Lucentio obtains the position as tutor, intending thus to try to win her covertly. In the meantime, Petruchio obtains Baptista's willing consent to his suit for Katharina, and woos her in singular fashion, overriding

all her harshness and disdain with the abrupt declaration that they shall be married on the next Sunday.

III. At the appointed time the wedding-party assembles without the bridegroom. But he appears after an interval clad in most incongruous apparel, which he persists in wearing to the church—despite the open disapproval of the party—declaring: "To me she 's married, not unto my clothes." Immediately after the ceremony he departs for home with Katharina, not even tarrying for the wedding-feast, although his bride first entreats and then storms.

IV. At his country-house Petruchio treats Katharina rigorously, while pretending to be assiduous in his care of her. She gets very little to eat, because he claims that the food is not cooked properly; and the new garments which have been ordered for her are rejected, although she is very well pleased with them. He is so harsh with the servants and so dogmatic in his statements, that his wife forgets her own arbitrary disposition in the desire to keep his temper even. Finally she becomes quite submissive to his will.

In Padua the fictitious Lucentio obtains Baptista's consent to his suit for Bianca, while the real Lucentio succeeds in winning the lady. The presence of Lucentio's father becomes necessary, and Tranio presses an aged schoolmaster into service to play this part.

V. At this juncture the real father arrives and encounters Tranio in his master's garments. Tranio must needs face it out to gain time for Lucentio, and is on the point of causing the arrest of the father, when Lucentio and Bianca arrive as man and wife. Mutual explanations follow, and the entire party gather at a banquet at Lucentio's home in Padua. Katharina and Petruchio are among the guests. After the feast is over and the ladies have withdrawn into another room, the gentlemen discuss obedience as a wifely virtue, and the opinion is expressed that Petruchio's wife must be "the veriest shrew of all." A wager is made, and to the surprise of all,

Katharina shows herself to be more gentle and yielding than Bianca or another bride there present.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Katharina.

When the play commences, Katharina appears instated in the character of a shrew, rough, peevish, petulant, irritable, and therefore, however she obtained the character, in a false position which aggravates itself. Her younger and milder mannered sister is beset with suitors, and upon her she vents her petulance in terms which show how far her continued single state reacts upon the testiness that already deprives her of suitors, and the mischief reproduces itself. To such a state of things Petruchio was born to put an end; there is thus much sympathy between the two at starting, that well provided married state is their common object with secondary interest in the individual to be chosen. The simple difficulty to be apprehended of cross purposes, and repulsion at first encounter, is happily obviated by positive determination to take and admit of nothing other than as desired; and accordingly, after a scene of the strangest pertinacity, in which Petruchio mingles a fair proportion of flattery with banter and defiance, he makes such progress that my lady takes refuge in the sulks, and with protesting grumblings and compliant gestures she gives her hand when he asks for it for the ceremonious betrothal, nay without protesting or resisting so far gives a parting kiss when he asks it that he takes it without ceremony and then she withdraws silent, but by that very token not ill satisfied.

We may guess how far the pair are suited when we find her still more disappointed than piqued when he is unheard of on the day fixed for marriage. He arrives at

last, and rough as he is and rudely accoutred she marries him notwithstanding, and no declared and obstinate opposition do we hear of until they are surely tied. Then for the first time resistance openly appears; she will stay for the bridal dinner will he or not, and now the true conflict and the taming begins. The moral of the contest proves merely this, that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition and must ultimately be wearied and tired out. The matter however does not rest there; if we might apply the moral of the tale generally, Shakespeare would be an authority to back the adage:—

> "A spaniel, a woman, and walnut tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

Katharina at last does not remain in mere compelled obedience; her very spirit is subdued to the quality of natural subordination. With spaniel-like subservience she now turns on Hortensio's widow, when she hints that Petruchio is not absolute, and at last delivers a homily with no hint of insincerity, on the law of nature as illustrative of feminine subjugation:—

> "Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
> Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
> But that our soft conditions and our hearts
> Should well agree with our external parts?"

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Pretruchio.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object

is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can 't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour"; tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman,* and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

IV.

The Subordinate Parts.

The subordinate parts of the play—the intrigues of Bianca's suitors against one another, the love affairs of Gremio, of Hortensio and the widow, of Lucentio and Bianca—are, as already remarked, but very loosely interwoven with the main action, and thus stand opposed to it in the form of a second, independent half. This is a defect which Shakspeare could, indeed, not very well have avoided unless he meant entirely to change the old play. And yet upon a closer examination there are nevertheless indications which point to the fundamental motive of the whole, and thus connect the subordinate portions with the principal part. A character like Katharina can be accounted for only by her having received an entirely wrong education, and a false mode of treatment; the father of such a daughter must have wholly misunderstood his position as a father, and, in place of ruling his house with paternal strictness and manly authority, must have abandoned himself to effeminacy and weakness. And this is precisely what good old Baptista appears to have done, for although he makes no secret of his daughter's faults he does not even attempt to correct them. Vincentio also, to judge from the little we see of the development of his character, must have suffered from a similar weakness, otherwise Lucentio, his light-headed son, would not have so entirely forgotten all filial duty and respect towards him as to venture to pass off a ridiculous pedant as his own father, merely to promote his own interests; and Vincentio himself would not have permitted his son to be accompanied by servants equally inconsiderate of their position as servants. Gremio, the old suitor, is very rightly outwitted and made laughing-stock for forgetting his years and becoming the rival of a spirited youth for the love of a pretty girl. Lastly, Lucentio and Hortensio lose their wager against Petruchio, and are deservedly

put to shame for perpetually playing the part of devoted and obsequious lovers, and thus losing sight of the seriousness of their position as men, and their dignity as husbands, accordingly, for having likewise placed themselves in a false and unbecoming position.

ULRICI: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

The Induction and the Two Plots.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality; the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing

swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall anywhere find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are everywhere sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence anyway save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do anything wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Shakespeare and His Original.

The refined instinct, artistic judgement, and consummate taste of Shakespeare were perhaps never so wonderfully shown as in his recast of another man's work—a man of real if rough genius of comedy—which we get in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Only the collation of scene with scene, then of speech with speech, then of line with line, will show how much may be borrowed from a stranger's material and how much may be added to it by the same stroke of a single hand. All the force and humour alike of character and situation belong to Shakespeare's eclipsed and forlorn precursor; he has added nothing; he has tempered and enriched everything. That

the luckless author of the first sketch is like to remain a man as nameless as the deed of the witches in *Macbeth*, unless some chance or caprice of accident should suddenly flash favouring light on his now impersonal and indiscoverable individuality, seems clear enough when we take into account the double and final disproof of his imaginary identity with Marlowe, which Mr. Dyce has put forward with such unanswerable certitude. He is a clumsy and coarse-fingered plagiarist from that poet, and his stolen jewels of expression look so grossly out of place in the homely setting of his usual style that they seem transmuted from real to sham. On the other hand, he is of all the Pre-Shakespeareans known to us incomparably the truest, the richest, the most powerful and original humourist; one indeed without a second on that ground, for "the rest are nowhere."

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Salient Features.

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludi-

crous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VIII.

Shakespeare and Italy.

The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian:—

> "Tranio, since for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
> I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy;
> . . . . . .
> Here let us breathe, and haply institute
> A course of learning and ingenious studies."

The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa:—

> "Pisa, renowned for grave citizens."

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

Lucentio says, his father came "of the Bentivolii": this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write "of the Bentivolios." Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

Comments

But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies:—

> *Bap.* . . . Give me your hands;
> God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.
> *Gre.* . . . *Tra.* Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as "father and wife"; because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his "mad attire" with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off to Venice, the very place for finery, to buy "rings and things, and fine array" for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The Taming of the Shrew.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*
LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*
PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,* BIANCA, } *daughters to Baptista.*
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10
Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What 's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes, 40
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence 70
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players

That offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour. 80
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord, 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world. 101
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action, 110
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a Servingman.*

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship': I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. 10

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she 20

know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up
for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What!
I am not bestraught: here 's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, 30
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 50

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, 61
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are! 80
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket. 91

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen. 100

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, attended.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord': I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her? 110

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. 'Madam' and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams
again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the
flesh and the blood. 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a com-
onty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? 140

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave citizens 10
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achieved. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Husht, master! here 's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: 90
Go in, Bianca: [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to
leave, ha? [*Exit.*

Grc. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here 's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake 's
dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the 110
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any

means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially. 120

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 130

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that 140

runs fastest gets the ring. How say you,
Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the
best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that
would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed
her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible 150
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 160
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all. 170

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 180

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care 190
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends, 200
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once 210
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charged me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio, 220
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what 's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, 230
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: 240
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these 250 wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! [*They sit and mark.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir? 10
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what 's the matter? My old friend 20
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How
do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il core ben trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato
signor mio Petrucio.'
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his
service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and 30
rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a
servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for
aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you
not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, 40
rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking
at the gate'?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world, 50
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have 80 as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure, 90
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half 110 a score knaves or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks. I 'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; 120
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! 140

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, 150

I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! 160

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry 170
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 190

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I 'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? 221
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't he
you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let 's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? 231
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for 260
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let 's be gone.
Hor. The motion 's good indeed and be it so, 281
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear

I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.
[*Flies after Bianca.*
Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in. 30
[*Exit Bianca.*
Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen! 40

Pet. And you, good sir; Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting Hortensio.*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You 're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long 80 studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle sir [*To Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both 110
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Luc. and Hor., Bion. following.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets, 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I 'll fume with them':
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170
Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word:
Then I 'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, 190
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee!

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting. 211

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove 260
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates. 280
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 290
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match. 321

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: 330
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry. 340
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; 350
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less 379
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 390
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. 400
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio; 410
And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their childern; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Padua. Baptista's house.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. 'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,—'Simois,' I am Lucentio,—'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;—'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—'Priami,' is my man Tranio,—'regia,' bearing my port,—'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 40

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,—'hic est
Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not,—'Hic steterat
Priami,' take heed he hear us not,—'regia,'
presume not,—'celsa senis,' despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, 80
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*
Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*To Tranio*], this is the 'pointed day.
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen; 10
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!' 20

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such 30
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there. 40

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in 50 the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with a half-cheeked bit and a head stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a 60 woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned
like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with
a red and blue list; an old hat, and 'the humour
of forty fancies' pricked in 't for a feather: a
monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like 70
a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.
Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.
Bap. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.
Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his
back. 80
Bap. Why, that 's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were. 90
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, 100
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: 110
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself. 120
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship, 130
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage; 140
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school. 150

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book; 161
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if 170
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came hence for very shame; 180
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer?
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come: 190
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you. 200
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way; 210
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool, 220
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead.
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, 230
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. 240
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room. 250
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let 's go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a 10

taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 20

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, 30 thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There 's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news. 40

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 50

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.* 60

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse 70 fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was

bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou 80
return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's 90
horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her. 100

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!
Jos. What, Grumio!
Nich. Fellow Grumio!
Nath. How now, old lad?
Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;
—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.
Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and
all things neat? 110
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore
be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my
master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! 120
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat, 129
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey, 140
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall!
[*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling. 151
Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What 's this? mutton?

First. Serv. Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: 160
[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight.
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. 170
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 181
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites 190
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night: 200
And if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art! 9
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion: 20
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40
Kindness in women, not their beautous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [*Exit.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now, 50
That will be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary! but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. 100

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city: 110
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed: 10
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: 40
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! 51
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[*Exit Haberdasher.*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

PETRUCHIO: "Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW *Act* IV *Scene* 3

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! 110
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to 130 testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a small compassed cape:' 140

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads*] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place 150 where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! 160

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. [*Aside.* Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's 170
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse 180
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two; 190
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told
you of: 20
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home.
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
[*Exit Bion.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them. 80
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:' to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind. 20
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks? 30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow! 40

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us, 50
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father: 60
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, 70
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back;

and then come back to my master's as soon as I can. [*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 10

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They are busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal. 20

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father has come from Padua, and here looking out at the window. 30

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing. 40

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio? 50

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yet marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from above.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant? 60

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O

immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 70

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old and his name is Tranio. 80

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. 90

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!
Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
Ped. Swear, if thou darest.
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it. 100
Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!
Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused:
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and—yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father.
Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here 's Lucentio, 110
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
Gre. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love 120
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will? 130

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough: but I 'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. 140

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let 's home again. Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Padua. Lucentio's house.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. 11
Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round':
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That 's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body 40
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I 'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife:
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns. 70
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where 's my wife? 90
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

Pet. Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit Katharina.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! 111
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty. 129

Pet. Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes.
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable. 141
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease. 179

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.
[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Above (so Folios 1, 2, and Quarto; Folios 3 and 4, "*about*"); Induct. ii. 115.

Achieve, gain, possess; I. i. 160.

Adversaries, opposing counsel; I. ii. 278.

Advice, reflection, second thoughts; I. i. 117.

Advised; "art thou not advised, do you not understand"; I. i. 190.

Affied, affianced, betrothed; IV. iv. 49.

Agenor; "the daughter of A.," *i.e.* "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter translated himself into a bull"; I. i. 172.

Aglet-baby, the tag of a point or lace, with a head formed into a small figure; I. ii. 79.

Aim'd, guessed; II. i. 238.

Al'ce, a contracted form of "Alice"; Induct. ii. 112.

Token of Alce Wates, who lived at the Sign of the Three Pigeons.

"*A little pot, and soon hot*"; alluding to the proverb, "a little pot is soon hot"; IV. i. 6.

"*Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*" etc., Welcome to our house my much honoured Signior; I. ii. 25-6.

Amort, dejected; IV. iii. 36.

An, if; I. i. 131.

Ancient, old, former; Induct. ii. 33; I. ii. 47.

And all one, but it does not matter; IV. ii. 101.

Angel; "ancient angel," probably a cant term for a good old soul; IV. ii. 61.

Anna, the sister of Dido; I. i. 158.

Antic, buffoon, oddity; Induct. i. 101.

Apes; "lead apes in hell," al-

A mediæval ape-leader.
From the *Dialogues de St. Gregoire,* preserved at Brussells (XIIth Cent. MS., Bibl. Reg. 9917).

luding to the old belief that spinsters lead apes in hell; II. i. 34.

'Apply, i.e. "ply," or (?) apply myself to; I. i. 19.

'Argosy, a merchant-ship; II. i. 376.

'Arms, play upon the two senses, ordinary and heraldic, of *arms*; II. i. 222.

'Arras, tapestry; II. i. 353.

As, so that; Induct. i. 70; as if, I. ii. 157; as though, II. i. 160; that, IV. iii. 114.

'Assurance, legal settlement; II. i. 389.

At a bay, at bay; V. ii. 56.

Awful, awe inspiring; V. ii. 389.

Baccare, a cant word, meaning go back, used in allusion to a proverbial saying, "Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow"; probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without knowing it; II. i. 73.

Balk; "b. logic," *i.e.* (probably) chop logic; I. i. 34.

Balm, anoint; Induct. i. 48.

Bars, prevents; Induct. ii. 138.

Basta (Italian), enough; I. i. 202.

Bate, flap the wings; IV. i. 191.

Bear-herd, a leader of a tame bear; Induct. ii. 21.

Bears me fair in hand, gives me every encouragement; IV. ii. 3.

Beholding, beholden; I. ii. 274.

Belike, perhaps, probably; Induct. i. 75.

Be-mete, be-measure; IV. iii. 113.

Bemoiled, besmirched, bedraggled; IV. i. 73.

Ben venuto; "I shall be your b. v.," *i.e.* "I will guarantee your welcome"; I. ii. 282.

Bestraught = distraught = distracted; Induct. ii. 27.

Bias, a weight on one side of a bowl, which affects its direction; IV. v. 25.

Bill, with a play upon the two senses of "bill"; IV. iii. 152.

Blear'd, dimmed; V. i. 113.

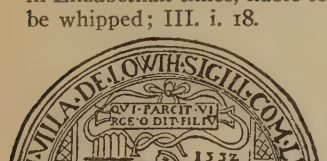
Blue coats, the dress of common serving men; IV. i. 87.

Board, woo; I. ii. 95.

Books; "put me in thy books," *i.e.* good books; used with a playful quibble; II. i. 225.

This curious illustration of the above phrase is taken from a XVth Century painting in Carlisle Cathedral, illustrating a legendary history of St. Augustine.

Boot, avail, use; V. ii. 176.
Boot-hose, stocking suited to wear with boots; III. ii. 67.
Boss'd, embossed, studded; II. i. 355.
Bottom, a ball (of thread); IV. iii. 138.
Bow'd, bent; II. i. 151.
Brach, a kind of scenting-dog, properly a female hound (*"Brach Merriman,"* l. 17, *vide* Note); Induct. i. 18.
Bravie, i.e. handsomely clad; Induct. i. 40.
Braved, used in double sense, (1) made fine, and (2) outbraved; (similarly "face," *ibid.*); IV. iii. 125.
Bravery, finery; IV. iii. 57.
Braves, bullying; III. i. 15.
Breathed, in full career; Induct. ii. 50.
Breeching scholar, schoolboy; in Elizabethan times, liable to be whipped; III. i. 18.



The seal of Louth Grammar School, founded 1552. (See *Journ. Brit. Arch. Asso.*, 1856, p. 154.)

Bring = take; IV. i. 173.
Buckler, shield; III. ii. 239.
Bugs, bugbears; I. ii. 211.
Burst, broken; Induct. i. 8; IV. i. 78.
Burton-heath, probably Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire; Induct. ii. 19.
But, except, unless; III. i. 62; IV. iv. 2.
Buttery, a place for keeping provisions, especially liquor; Induct. i. 102.
Buzz, used equivocally with a play upon "be" (="bee") and "buzz," an interjection to command silence; II. i 207.
Buzzard, II. i. 207-9 (*vide* Note).

Carousing to, drinking healths to; III. ii. 171.
Carpets, probably "table-covers"; IV. i. 50.
Cart (used as a play upon "court"), to punish a culprit by carting, a punishment akin to the ducking-stool; I. i. 55.
Cast on no water; alluding to the old catch, "Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Cast on water, cast on water!" IV. i. 21.
Censer, a fire pan which was used for burning perfumes; IV. iii. 91.
'Cerns = concerns; V. i. 72.
Chafed, made furious; I. ii. 203.
Chapeless, without a chape; the "chape" was the metal part at the end of the scabbard; III. ii. 47.

Checks (so the Folios and Quarto; Blackstone "ethics"; the old play in corresponding passage, "Aristotle's walks"), austere rules; I. i. 32.

Close, secretly; Induct. i. 127.

Cock's, common corruption of the name of God; IV. i. 113.

Conformable, compliant, yielding; II. i. 280.

Comonty; Sly's blunder for "Comedy"; Induct. ii. 140.

Compassed, round; IV. iii. 140.

Conditions; "soft c.," gentle qualities; V. ii. 167.

Conserves, preserves; Induct. ii. 3.

Contented, pleased; IV. iv. 104.

Contents, pleases; IV. iii. 179.

Content you, keep your temper; II. i. 343.

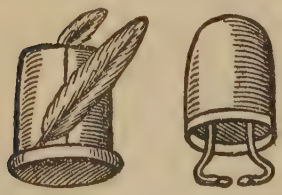
Contrive, while away; I. ii. 276.

Con tutto, etc.; with all my heart, well met! I. ii. 24.

Cony-catched, deceived, tricked; V. i. 96.

Cony-catching, trickery, foolery; IV. i. 43.

Copatain hat, a high crowned hat; V. i. 63.



From Holme's Academy of Armory (1688).

Countenance, do honour to; IV. i. 99.

Counterpoints, counterpanes; II. i. 353.

Coxcomb, the ornament on a fool's cap; II. i. 226.

From an engraving by Fairholt of an old painting.

Crab, crab-apple; II. i. 230.

Crack-hemp, one who deserves hanging; V. i. 43.

Craven, a beaten cock; II. i. 228.

Credit, do honour to; IV. i. 100.

Cried; "he cried upon it at the merest loss," *i.e.* he gave the cry when the scent seemed utterly lost; Induct i. 23.

Cullion, base fellow; IV. ii. 20.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, i.e. "with exclusive copyright," used with reference to marriage-rights; IV. iv. 92.

Cunning, skill, art; Induct. i. 92.

Cunning, skilful, clever; I. i. 97; II. i. 56.
Curious, punctilious; IV. iv. 36.
Curst, shrewish; I. i. 184.
Custard-coffin; the raised crust of a custard was called a coffin; IV. iii. 82.
Cytherea, Venus; Induct. ii. 53.

Dance bare-foot; "I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day," alluding to the old custom that the elder unmarried sisters danced without shoes at the marriage of the youngest daughter; II. i. 33.
Declining; "d. head into"= head d. into; Induct. i. 119.
Deep-mouth'd, having a deep-sounding bark; Induct. i. 18.
Demi-cannon, a kind of ordnance; IV. iii. 88.
Denier, a very small coin; the twelfth part of a *sou*; Induct. i. 9.
Diaper, a towel of figured linen; Induct. i. 57.
Digress, deviate (from his promise); III. ii. 107.
Dog-weary, "tired as a dog"; IV. ii. 60.
Domineer, indulge without restraint; III. ii. 224.
Dough; "our cakes are dough on both sides," etc.; *i.e.* we are disappointed; a popular proverb, I. i. 110; V. i. 137.

Eleven and twenty, supposed to be an allusion to the game of one and thirty; IV. ii. 57.
Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth; a hunter's term; Induct. i. 17.
Embracements, embraces; Induct. i. 118.
Encounter, greeting; IV. v. 54.
Expect, believe (Folio 2, 'except'); IV. iv. 90.

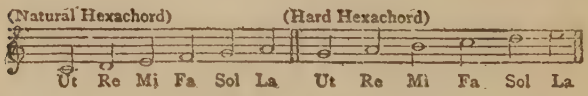
"*Fac'd it with a card of ten,*" played the best card, the trump card; II. i. 407.
Fair, in state, finery; II. i. 17.
"*Fair befal thee,*" good fortune befal thee; V. ii. 111.
Fardingales = farthingales, hoops; IV. iii. 56.
Fashions (a corruption of *farcins*), a skin disease in horses; III. ii. 52.
Fault; "coldest f.," *i.e.* absolute loss of scent; Induct. i. 20.
Fay, faith; Induct. ii. 83.
Fear, frighten; I. ii. 211.
Fears; used equivocally, (1) is afraid of; (2) affrights; V. ii. 16.
Few; "in a few," *i.e.* in a few words; I. ii. 52.
Fine, smart; IV. i. 131.
Fives, a disease in horses; III. ii. 54.
"*Florentius' love*"; an allusion to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; a Knight Florent agrees to marry an ugly hag, if she will teach him to solve a riddle on which his life depends (*cp.* Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale); I. ii. 69.
Flouts, mocks; II. i. 29.

Fool, a professional fool; I. i. 65.
For assurance, to make sure; V. ii. 65.
Foul, ugly, deformed; I. ii. 69.
Frets, stops of the lute; II. i. 150.
Fretting, spoiling (with a play upon "fret" in the ordinary sense); II. i. 330.
Froward, refractory; I. i. 69.
Full, exactly; I. i. 202.
Furniture, dress, furnishings; IV. iii. 181.

Galliasses, large galleys; II. i. 380.
Gambold, the old form of "gambol," growing obsolete in Shakespeare's time; hence used by Sly; Induct. ii. 140.
Gamester, used contemptuously; II. i. 402.
Gamut, III. i. 71. (See accompanying example of Mediæval Sol-fa from Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music, q.v.* pp. 37, 186.)

Gogs-wouns, a corruption of "God's wounds"; III. ii. 160.
Good shipping, a good voyage, good luck; V. i. 40.
Grace, a kindness; I. ii. 131.
Gramercies, i.e. "grands mercies," great thanks; I. i. 41.
Gratify, reward; I. ii. 273.
Green; "whiles your boots are green," *i.e.* (?) freshly greased, or fresh, new (*cp.* colloquial phrase, "before your shoes wear out"); III. ii. 211.
Grissel, the typical instance of womanly patience; an allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*; II. i. 297.

Haggard, a wild hawk; IV. i. 188.
Haled, pulled away by force; V. i. 104.
Halt, limp; II. i. 258.
Hand; "at any hand," in any case; I. ii. 147.
Hap, good luck; I. ii. 269.



Gawds, ornaments, trifling toys; II. i. 3.
Gentles, gentlemen; III. ii. 93.
Gifts, endowments, abilities; I. i. 106.
Gird, gibe; V. ii. 58.
Give over, leave; I. ii. 105.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; IV. iii. 154.

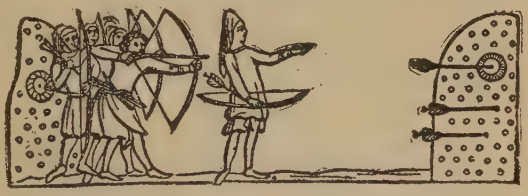
Happily, haply, perhaps; IV. iv. 54.
"Happy man be his dole," happiness be his portion; I. i. 143.
Hard; "that goes hard," that's bad; IV. ii. 80.
Ha' to thee, here's to thee; V. ii. 37.

Have, get; Induct. ii. 39.
Have to 't, set to it; I. i. 142.
He = man; III. ii. 234.
Hic ibat Simois, etc.; from Ovid, *Epis. Heroid,* I. 33; III. 28-9.
High-cross, the market-place, where formerly a cross was always erected; I. i. 135.
Hilding, term of contempt; menial; II. i. 26.
Hipped, covered to the hips; III. ii. 48.
"*Hit the white*"; hit the centre of the target; with allusion to *Bianca* (white) a term in archery; halidom;
Holidame, V. ii. 186. "by my halidom" = upon my sacred word or oath; V. ii. 99.
"*Humour of forty fancies*"; probably the title of a collection of ballads; III. ii. 69.
Hungerly, hungrily, scantily; III. ii. 175.
Hurly, hurly-burly; IV. i. 198.
Husband, economist, housekeeper, V. i. 65.
Husht, hush! (*cp.* "hist," "whist"); I. i. 68.

Idle, absurd; Induct. ii. 14.
Indifferent, equally; I. ii. 181.
Indifferent; "garters of an indifferent knit," *i.e.* tied in an ordinary way, not looped conspicuously; IV. i. 88.
Ingenious, probably "ingenuous"; Sh. uses the two words indiscriminately; I. i. 9.
Ingrate, ungrateful; I. ii. 270.
Intend, pretend; IV. i. 198.
Intolerable = intolerably; I. ii. 89.
I wis, i.e. iwis, truly; I. i. 62.

Jack, a term of contempt; II. i. 159.
"*Jack, boy! ho! boy!*" the commencement of an old catch; IV. i. 41. (See Nay-

From Ward's *Woe to Drunkards* (1627). The picture illustrates "the degeneracy of the age by a comparison of its follies with the manly virtues of a former period, which are typified by the booted leg in the stirrup, etc."



From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

lor's *Shakespeare and Music*, p. 199.)

Jacks . . . jills, drinking-vessels made respectively of leather and metal, with a play upon "jacks," men servants, and "jills," maid servants; IV. i. 49.

Jade, worthless nag; I. ii. 249.

Jealous, suspicious; IV. v. 76.

Join'd-stool, a kind of folding chair; II. i. 199.

Joltheads, blockheads; IV. i. 161.

Jump, agree; I. i. 194.

Junkets, dainties; III. ii. 248.

Kate, a play on *Kate* and *cat*; II. i. 279.

Kated, perhaps with a play upon *cat*; III. ii. 245.

Kates; "Dainties are all Kates"; a play on the word *cates*; II. i. 190.

Keep you warm; referring to the proverb "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm"; II. i. 268.

Kennel, gutter; IV. iii. 98.

Kindly; "let him come and kindly"; evidently used like the colloquial "welcome," to express indifference; Induct. i. 15; in a natural manner; Induct. i. 66.

Knack, knick-knack, trifle; IV. iii. 67.

Lampass, a disease in horses; III. ii. 51.

Laying on, laying a wager on; V. ii. 129.

Leda's daughter, i.e. Helen; I. ii. 244.

Leet, Court-leet, which tried those who used false weights and measures; Induct. ii. 89.

'Leges = alleges; I. ii. 28.

Lewd, vile; IV. iii. 65.

Lie, stay, lodge; IV. iv. 56.

Lief, gladly, willingly; I. i. 134.

Like, likely; IV. iv. 70.

Like of = like; II. i. 65.

Link, a pitch torch; IV. i. 129.

Lodging, chamber; Induct. i. 49.

Longly, a great while, a long time (? longingly); I. i. 169.

Look big, angrily; III. ii. 228.

Lovely, loving; III. ii. 123.

Lure, a stuffed bird used in falconry for training the hawk; IV. i. 187.

From an illumination in *Le Livre du Roy. Modus.*, Nat. Lib., Paris.

Lusty, lively; II. i. 161.

Maidenhead, maidenhood; III. ii. 225.

Malt-horse, a brewer's horse; used as a term of contempt; IV. i. 124.

Man, tame; IV. i. 188.

Marr'd . . . made, a favourite quibble in old English literature; the two words were pronounced almost alike; IV. iii. 115-116.

Married o' Sunday; "we will be married o' Sunday"; the burden of several popular songs, the best known occurring in *Ralph Roister Doister*; II. i. 326.
Mart, bargain; II. i. 329.
Masquing, masquerading; IV. iii. 87.
Meacock, timorous, worthless; II. i. 315.
Meaner, of lower rank; I. i. 209.
Mercatante, (spelt "marcantant" in Folios and Quarto), merchant; IV. ii. 63.
Merry passion, merriment; Induct. i. 97.
Mess, course; IV. iv. 70.
Mew up, shut up; I. i. 87.
Minion, saucy wench; II. i. 13.
Mi perdonato (Folios "me pardonato"; Quarto "me pardinato"); me being pardoned; I. i. 25.
Modesty, moderation; Induct. i. 68.
Mose in the chine, a disease in horses; III. ii. 50.
Moved, angry; V. ii. 142.

Napkin, handkerchief; Induct. i. 27.
Neat, ox; IV. iii. 17.
News; "what's the news?" what does this mean? I. i. 229.

Of = for, II. i. 238; on, IV. i. 66; V. ii. 72.
Old, used intensitively; *cp.* modern phrase, "old fellow," III. ii. 30.
On = of; IV. i. 29.
Orchard, garden; II. i. 112.
Or ere, before; IV. v. 8.
Other, others; I. ii. 121.
Over-eyeing, witnessing, seeing; Induct. i. 95.

Packing, plotting; V. i. 114.
Pain, pains, toil; III. i. 12.
Palabris; "paucas pallabris"; Sly's corruption of the Spanish "pocas palabras," *i.e.* few words; Induct. i. 5.
Pantaloon, an old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy (*cp. As You Like It* Glossary); III. i. 37.
Parle, barley; I. i. 117.
Pass, convey (a legal term); IV. iv. 45; transact, IV. iv. 57.
Passing, surpassing; Induct. i. 67; II. i. 113.
Peat, the old form of "pet"; I. i. 78.
Pedant, schoolmaster; IV. ii. 63.
Pedascule, pedant, schoolmaster; III. i. 50.
Pheeze, originally "to incite, send forth, drive away," whence probably secondary meaning "to beat," and in certain dialects "to pay a person off for an injury"; Induct i. 1.
Plash, pool; I. i. 23.
Points, tagged laces used for fastening various parts of the dress; III. ii. 48.

Porringer, a bowl or basin; IV. iii. 64.
Port, style of living; I. i. 207.
Practise, plot, play a trick; Induct. i. 36.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 97.
Present, immediate; IV. iii. 5.
Presently, immediately; IV. iv. 59.
Pricks, incites, III. ii. 74; "pricked in," pinned in, stuck in, III. ii. 69.
Proceeders; perhaps used equivocally; to *proceed* Master of Arts is the academic term for taking the degree; IV. ii. 11.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 144.
Put finger in the eye, weep in a childish manner; I. i. 78.

Quaint, fine (used ironically), III. ii. 147; elegant, IV. iii. 102.
Quantity, used in the sense of a very small quantity; IV. iii. 112.

Rated, driven away by scolding; I. i. 164.
Rayed, dirtied, soiled; III. ii. 53; IV. i. 3.
Rebused; Grumio's blunder for "abused"; I. ii. 7.
Reckoning, description; IV. i. 82.
Redime te captum, etc., *i.e.* "Redeem thyself, captive, for the least sum thou canst"; quoted from Terence in Lily's Latin Grammar, whence the writer no doubt derived the line; I. i. 166.
Rests, remains; I. i. 249.
Reverend, reverent, respectful; IV. i. 199.
Ring, the prize ring; I. i. 144.
Rope-tricks, tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for "rhetoric" *cp.* the Nurse's "ropery" for "roguery," Rom. II. iv. 154), I. ii. 112.
Roundly, straightway, directly, I. i. 59; bluntly, III. ii. 214; without needless ceremony, IV. iv. 106; used with a play on the word, V. ii. 21.
Rudesby, rude clown; III. ii. 10.
Ruffling (*vide* note); IV. iii. 60.
Rushes strewed; referring to the old custom of strewing the floors with rushes; IV. i. 46.
Sack, Spanish or Canary wine; Induct. ii. 2.
Sadness, seriousness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; V. ii. 63.
Score; "fourteen pence on the

s."; Induct. ii. 24, reckoning, tally, illustrated by the following portion of a woodcut representing the Festival of the Cobblers of Paris, August 1st, 1641.

Scrivener, a writer of contracts; IV. iv. 59.

Sealed quarts, quart pots sealed as being of legal size; Induct. ii. 90.

Secret, confidential; I. i. 157.

Seen; "well seen," well-skilled, skilful; I. ii. 134.

"*Seize thee that list,*" *i.e.* let them take thee that will; III. i. 91.

Sessa; "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running"; Induct. i. 6.

Sheathing, having a new sheath made for it; IV. i. 130.

Sheer ale, pure ale, unmixed ale; Induct. ii. 25.

Should; when the priest should ask, *i.e.* had in due course to ask; III. ii. 159.

Shrewd, bad, evil; I. i. 184.

Simple, foolish; V. ii. 161.

Sith, since; I. i. 215.

Skills, matters; III. ii. 132.

Skipper, used contemptuously for *frivolous youth;* II. i. 341.

Slipp'd, started, let slip; V. ii. 52.

"*Socrates' Xanthippe*" (old eds. "Zentippe" and "Zantippe"); the famous shrew of antiquity; I. ii. 71.

Soud, a word imitative of a noise made by a person heated and fatigued; IV. i. 137.

Sorted to no proof, proved to be to no purpose; IV. iii. 43.

So very = so great; I. i. 127.

Specialties, special deeds; II. i. 127.

Speed, succeed; I. ii. 247.

Spleen, sudden impulse of mirth; Induct. i. 137; ill temper, III. ii. 10.

Spoke = spoken; II. i. 193.

Stale, laughing-stock; probably with a quibbling allusion to "stale-mate" in chess; I. i. 58; decoy, bait; III. i. 90.

Stand, withstand; I. ii. 113.

Stay, restrain; Induct. i. 134.

Stead, aid; I. ii. 266.

Still, continually; IV. i. 202.

Stock, stocking; III. ii. 66.

Stomach; perhaps a play upon the two senses of the word, *i.e.* "appetite," and "choler"; IV. i. 153.

Stoop, yield; a technical term in falconry for coming down on the prey; IV. i. 186.

Straight, straightway, immediately; Induct. i. 52.

Strond (so all the old editions, except Folio 1, which reads "strand"), strand; I. i. 174.

Suits; "in all suits," in every respect; Induct. i. 106.

Supposes, assumed characters (*cp.* Ariosto's' "I suppositi," trans. by Gascoigne as "*The Supposes*"); V. i. 113.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; IV. iii. 36.

Swift, quick, with play upon the word; V. ii. 54.
Swinge, lash; V. ii. 104.

Ta'en; "orders . . . ta'en," *i.e.* given; I. ii. 126.
Tall, fine; IV. iv. 17.
Tender, tend; Induct. i. 16.
Tents and canopies, probably bed hangings; II. i. 354.
Thirdborough (Folios and Quarto "head-borough," Theobald's correction), constable; Induct. i. 12.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. iv. 11.
Took, gave; III. ii. 163.
Toward, at hand, I. i. 68; obedient, docile, V. ii. 182.
Toy! a trifle, nonsense! II. i. 404.
Trick, toy, trifle; IV. iii. 67.
Trot, woman, hag; I. ii. 79.
Trunk, broad, large; IV. iii. 142.
Turtle = turtle-dove; II. i. 209.
Twangling, twanging; II. i. 159.
Twink, twinkling; II. i. 312.
Two-and thirty, a pip out; "an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated; derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-Thirty"; pip = a spot or mark on a card; I. ii. 33.

Unable, weak, helpless; V. ii. 169.
Unapt, unfit; V. ii. 166.
Uncase, undress; I. i. 211.
Unconstant = inconstant; IV. ii. 14.
Undertake, assume; IV. ii. 106.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly; IV. i. 161.
Unpink'd, not pinked or pierced with eyelet holes; IV. i. 128.
Unreverent, disrespectful; III. ii. 112.
Untoward, unmannerly; IV. v. 79.

"*Vail your stomachs,*" lower your pride; V. ii. 176.
Velure, velvet; III. ii. 61.
Venice gold, i.e. Venetian gold, II. i. 356.
Vied, challenged; II. i. 311.

Wants, are wanting; III. ii. 246.
Watch, keep from sleep; a term in falconry; IV. i. 190.
Whatso'er, at any rate; I. ii. 216.
Who; "as who should say," as if to say; IV. iii. 13.
"*Why, when I say?*" an exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 138.
Widowhood, rights as a widow; II. i. 125.
Will; "she will," probably an error for "he will"; otherwise "will" should perhaps be "shall"; I. i. 188.
"*Will you, nill you,*" whether you will or not; II. i. 273.
Wincot; probably a corruption of Wilnecote or Wilmecot, about three miles to the north of Stratford; Robert Arden, Shakespeare's grandfather, lived there (*cp.* Woncot, 2 *Henry IV.,* V. i. 42); Induct. ii. 23.

Wish, commend; I. i. 113; I. ii. 60.
With, by; IV. iii. 111.
Woodcock, popularly used for a fool; I. ii. 161.
Workmanly, workmanlike; Induct. ii. 62.
World; "'tis a world," *i.e.* a wonder; II. i. 313.
Yard, yard measure (which used to be made of wood); IV. iii. 113.
Yellows, jaundice in horses; III. ii. 53.
Yet, still; Induct. ii. 69.
Yourself = you yourself; I. ii. 157.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Induct. i. 9. *'Go by, Jeronimy'*; a popular phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*—"the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time."

Induct. i. 17. *'Brach Merriman'*; *'brach'* usually means a female hound, as in the next line; the sequence of thought requires *'brach'* to be a verb: perhaps it is used in the sense of 'couple,' 'mate.' Hanmer proposed *'leech'*; Keightley, *'bathe'*; Singer (ed. 2) *'trash,'* etc.

Induct. i. 64. *'And he says he is,'* etc., so the old eds. The read-

The accompanying illustration, from a stall in Ludlow Church, represents the punishment of an offender of Cicely Hacket's kind. A demon (whose head is missing) is carrying the ale-wife with her gay head-dress and false measure towards hell-mouth (on the right of the picture), while two other demons respectively play bagpipes and read the catalogue of the offender's sins.

ing is probably correct; the line means 'when he says he is mad, say that he dreams.' Rowe proposed '*And when he says he's poor*'; Keightley '*And when he says what he is*,' etc.

Induct. i. 88. The Folio and Quarto prefix '*Sincklo*,' the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company, who is mentioned also in stage-directions of Quarto edition (1600) of 2 *Henry IV.*, V. iv. and in the Folio, 3 *Henry VI.*, III. i.

Induct. i. 88. '*Soto*' is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased.*

Induct. ii. 89.

> 'And say you would present her at the leet,
> Because she bought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.'

I. i. 32. *Cp. The Taming of A Shrew*:—

> 'Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
> To Plato's school and Aristotle's walks.'

I. i. 42. '*If, Biondello, thou wert*'; the Collier MS. reads 'now were'; Dyce adopts this emendation.

I. i. 64. '*To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*'; an old expression occurring in Skelton's *Merrie Tales.* "Hys wife would divers times in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole."

I. i. 239. '*I, sir! ne'er a whit.*' Rowe proposed '*Ay, sir, ne'er*,' etc.; Dyce, '*Ay, sir.—Ne'er.*' It is difficult to determine whether '*I*' is the personal pronoun, or stands, as is often the case, for '*Ay.*'

I. i. 253. '*The presenters*,' *i.e.* Sly and his attendants in the balcony above.

I. ii. 28. '*what he 'leges in Latin*'; the Folios and Quarto '*leges*,' an authorised form for '*alleges*'; Grumio, strange to say, though an Italian, mistakes Italian for Latin.

I. ii. 151-2. '*paper . . . them*'; changed by Pope to 'papers': Mr. Daniel considers '*paper*' to be the note of the '*books*,' and '*them*' the books.

II. i. 75-84. Arranged as verse in the Folios and Quarto, first printed as prose by Pope.

II. i. 202. '*No such jade as you*'; probably an error for '*no jade for such as you*,' as conjectured by Hudson: many other less obvious emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*no such load as you, sir*' (Singer), etc.

II. i. 207-9. '*buzzard*' in this passage is a crux: its three senses are, I think, punned on by the speakers:—(i.) a simpleton (l. 207); (ii.) a mean hawk (ll. 208, 209); in the latter case Petruchio interprets it as (iii.) 'a buzzing insect,' hence 'you wasp' (l. 210). Katharine's reply seems to mean:—'that, in calling her a turtle, he has mistaken a hawk for a dove'; underlying this retort there may be a suggestion of the proverbial 'blind buzzard.'

II. i. 296. '*morn*'; *cp. Troilus*, I. iii. 229:—

> '*Modest as morning when she coldly eyes*
> *The youthful Phœbus.*'

The Collier MS. has '*moone.*'

II. i. 325. '*We will have rings and things,*' probably a fragment of an old ballad. Collier quotes some lines bearing a very strong resemblance to these "from the recitation of an old lady" —a vague authority.

II. i. 377. '*Marscilles' road*' Folio 1 and Quarto, '*Marcellus*'; the other Folios '*Marsellis*'; the word is obviously trisyllabic; the apostrophe is not needed, *cp.* '*Venice gold,*' '*Pisa walls*' in the previous speech.

III. i. 4. Theobald proposed '*she is a shrew, but, wrangling pedant, this is*'; evidently some words are lost, but it is useless to attempt the restoration of the line, as there is no evidence.

III. ii. 16. '*Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto; Folios 2 and 3 insert '*yes*' before '*and.*' The more noteworthy suggestions are:—"*Make friends invite, yes*" (Singer); "*make friends invite guests*" (Dyce); "*make feasts, invite friends*" (Dyce, ed. 2).

IV. i. 135. '*Where is the life that late I led*'; a line of an old song, quoted also by Pistol; *cp. 2 Henry IV.*, V. iii. 147. Similarly '*It was the friar of orders grey,*' etc., is a bit of an old ballad, now lost.

IV. i. 203. '*to kill a wife with kindness,*' a proverbial expression. Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* was first produced in 1602.

IV. ii. 45. '*'longeth*'; the Folios and Quartos, correctly, '*longeth,*' without apostrophe; '*to long*' in the sense of '*to belong*' is common in older English writings. Similarly '*pointed*' in old eds., III. ii. 1.

IV. ii. 61. '*An ancient angel*'; so the Folios and Quartos;

Theobald suggested '*engle*' (a gull); other proposals have been *ayeul, gentle, morsel, antick,* etc., but no change is necessary. Cotgrave renders *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "an old angell; and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest and worthie stamp."

IV. iii. 60. '*ruffling treasure*'; Pope changed '*ruffling*' to '*rustling*'; perhaps we should read '*russling*' (for '*rustling*'), *Cp. Lear,* II. iv. 304, where the Quarto reading is '*russel,*' while the Folios have '*ruffle.*' Mrs. Quickly's '*rushling in silk and gold*' (*Merry Wives,* II. ii. 68) seems to be an important piece of evidence in favour of '*rustling.*'

IV. iii. 90. '*Here's snip and nip and cut.*' A reference to fashionable slashed sleeves. (See illustration.)

From the incised slab to the memory of Agnes Woolley, 1572, preserved at Matlock Church.

IV. iv. 62. '*Cambio,*' probably an error for '*Biondello,*' as suggested by the Cambridge editors, and more satisfactory from a metrical point of view. Again, "the supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master."

V. i. 29. '*his father has come from Padua,*' so the Folios and Quartos; various changes have been proposed, *e.g.* '*to Padua,*' '*from Pisa,*' etc., but the Pedant means that he has been staying at Padua.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

INDUCTION.

Scene I.

[*Enter Hostess and Sly.*] The opening of the old *Taming of a Shrew* is as follows:—

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and bear him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not. *Exeunt* two with *Slie.*

77, 78. *An't please your honour,* etc.:—It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet,* II. ii.

102. *buttery*:—Pope remarks that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery,* not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette."

Scene II.

[*Enter aloft,* etc.] According to the original stage direction, Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony, where, at the performance of a play within a play the mimic spectators sometimes sat, while the action was carried on at the front of the stage. In the middle of the deep stage, according to Tieck, rose two wooden pillars, eight or ten feet high, which supported the balcony. Three broad steps led from the front stage to the inner alcove under the balcony, which was sometimes open, sometimes curtained off. It represented, according to circumstances, a cave, a room, a summer-house, a family vault, and so forth. It was here that, in *Macbeth,* the ghost of Banquo appeared seated at the table. Here stood the bed on which Desdemona was smothered. Here, in *Hamlet,* the play within a play was acted. Here Gloucester's eyes were put out. On the balcony above, Juliet waited for her Romeo, and Sly took his place to see *The Taming of the Shrew.* When the siege of a town had to be represented, the defenders of the walls stood and parleyed on this

balcony, while the assailants were grouped in the foreground.

In the old play this is the beginning of the Scene:—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. *fair Padua, nursery of arts*:—"During the ages," says Knight, "when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded

into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua:—

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua';

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves
The shallow plash to plunge him in the deep';

or a 'Pedant' (IV. ii.) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the Poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages'; also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a

strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

80. *Sister, content you,* etc.:—Clarke says of Bianca: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katharina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katharina's conduct in all things."

Scene II.

26. *Petrucio*:—Gascoigne in his *Supposes* has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio,* but Shakespeare, Anglicizing it, wrote it *Petruchio,* in order, perhaps, to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*

69. *Florentius' love*:—This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his *Confessio Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story is found in the *Gesta Romanorum,* and Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale has the same plot.

73, 74. *as rough,* etc.:—The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas," which pour over it into the Lagunes.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

101. *Greek and Latin books*:—Knight says: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than

other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education."

183. *Good morrow, Kate,* etc.:—We find in the old play:—

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate,* this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando,* what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

268. *Yes; keep you warm*:—This appears to allude to some old proverb. So in *Much Ado About Nothing,* I. i. 66-68: "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm,* let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

297. *Grissel*:—The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio, through Petrarch. It is thought to be older than the time of Boccaccio, as it is to be found among the old French *fabliaux.*

311. *She vied,* etc.:—Petruchio appears to mean that Katharina played as for a wager with her kisses, *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

316. *unto Venice*:—"If Shakespeare," says Knight, "had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any

educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury. Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

326. *we will be married o' Sunday*:—Thus in *Ralph Roister Doister,* 1566:—

> "I mun be maried a Sunday;
> I mun be maried a Sunday;
> Whosoever shall come that way,
> I mun be maried a Sunday."

413. An adaptation of the following from the old play is inserted at the end of this Scene by Pope:—

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Slie. Here *Sim,* I drinke to thee.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

41. *Now let me see,* etc.:—"Here we see Bianca in her true colours," says Clarke. "No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself'; orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit; and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. Shakespeare has drawn her consistently throughout."

80. *nice*:—Apparently meaning *foolish, simple,* or *trifling.* So in Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:—

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise."

And in *Romeo and Juliet,* V. ii.: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge of dear import."

Scene II.

86. [*Enter Petruchio.*] We have in the old play:—

> Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.
> *Feran.* Godmorrow father, *Polidor* well met,
> You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
> *Alfon.* I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
> That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
> But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
> *Feran.* Thus richlie father you should haue said,
> For when my wife and I am married once,
> Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
> Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
> And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
> For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,

And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

170 *et seq.*:—The custom of taking wine and sops (wafers or cakes dipped in the wine) immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient. It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess": "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." The custom was practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* the cup is called a *knitting cup*; in Middleton's *No Wit like a Woman's* the *contracting cup*. The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

24, 25. *beast*, etc.:—Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also bv inference in calling him *fellow*. Grumio is think-

ing of the proverbial saying, "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

115. *Where be these knaves?*—The following is from the old play:—

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum,* sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.
Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence.
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*
Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

129. *no link to colour Peter's hat*:—That is, to blacken it anew. So in *Mihil Mumchance,* formerly supposed to be the work of Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blackt over* with the *smoake of an old linke.*"

140, 141. Bishop Percy constructed his beautiful ballad, *The Friar of Orders Grey,* from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

149. *Come, Kate, and wash*:—"Table-knives," according to

Brandes, "had been in general use since about 1563; but forks were still unknown in Shakespeare's time—fingers supplied their place. In a description of five months' travels on the Continent, published by Coryat in 1611, he tells how surprised he was to find the use of forks quite common in Italy: 'I obserued a custome in all those Italian Cities and Townes through which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy doe alwaies at their meales vse a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand vpon the same dish, so that whatsoeuer he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. . . . The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all men's fingers are not alike cleane.' We see, too, that Coryat was the first to introduce the new appliance into his native land. He tells us that he thought it best to imitate the Italian fashion not only in Italy and Germany, but 'often in England' after his return; and he relates how a learned and jocular gentleman of his acquaintance rallied him on that account and called him 'Furcifer.' In one of Ben Jonson's plays, *The Devil is an Ass,* dating from 1614, the use of forks is mentioned as lately imported from Italy, in order to save napkins. We must conceive, then, that Shakespeare was as unfamiliar with the use of the fork as a Bedouin Arab of to-day."

151. *Patience,* etc.:—"This little speech of Katharina's," says Clarke, "affords an evidence of what, to our minds, Shakespeare subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally supposed to be. Her first word in deprecation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kate*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and con-

sideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katharina how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home."

168. *both of us*:—Clarke bids us observe "that Petruchio—or rather Shakespeare through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

Scene II.

54. *the taming-school*:—The old play has this dialogue here:—

Val. . . .
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.
Vale. He saies so.
Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
Vale. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?
Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Scene III.

[*Enter Katharina.*] Here the old play:—

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander, I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.
San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.
She beates him.
San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankeful for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you 'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

25. *the mustard is too hot*:—This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. Thus, in *The Glass of Humours*: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats,* from *mustard,* and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

47. *I thank you, sir*:—"This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand,* excellently depict," as Clarke observes, "the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katharina's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hungers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries."

61. *Come, tailor,* etc.:—Again, in the old play:—

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.
She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

. . . . . .

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor,* thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou 'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Scene IV.

5. *Pegasus*:—Shakespeare, according to Steevens, has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. Clarke, however, remarks that it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England.

Scene V.

2. *how bright and goodly shines the moon!*—Here the old play has:—

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens,* and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens*?
Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe,*
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede,*
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,

Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*
Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

89. *Call forth an officer*:—Here in the old play we find Sly thus speaking:—

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary?*
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Scene II.

129. *The more fool you,* etc.:—"This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax," as Clarke thinks, "to the

delineation of Bianca's character. Shakespeare has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

189. [*Exeunt.*] In the old play we find Sly disposed of in the following manner:—

> Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
> Owne apparell againe and leaues him
> Where they found, him, and then goes out.
> Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie,* Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster,* oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight,
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
Exeunt Omnes.

Questions on

The Taming of the Shrew.

1. Upon what old play is this present one of Shakespeare based?
2. How has Shakespeare improved on the original?
3. From whom did he take the suggestion for the Induction? Mention the source of the under plot; of the Latin lesson.

INDUCTION.

4. Explain the purpose of the Induction. Is it thoroughly welded with the play?
5. What habit of Elizabethan audiences is appropriated to the action of the play?
6. How does Sly answer the Hostess's plea that he pay for broken glasses? What humorous characteristic does he display?
7. What comparison is implied between beast and man in Sc. i.?
8. With what purpose does the Lord undertake the jest which he plays upon Sly?
9. How is his plan further elaborated by the arrival of players? What custom of Elizabethan times does this episode of the players reflect?
10. Does Sly realize the Lord's expectations? How is Sly shown a braggart?
11. Is the vulgarity of Sly any worse than that of the Lord?

ACT FIRST.

12. How does Shakespeare characterize Padua, Lombardy, Pisa?
13. Who was Lucentio's father? What had been Lucentio's education? What relaxation did he seek?
14. How is he answered by Tranio? Explain the allusion to Aristotle and Ovid.

15. Who enter in company with Baptista and his two daughters? What condition has he set to the marriage of Bianca? What is Lucentio's first impression of her?

16. How do Hortensio and Gremio plan to overcome the obstacle in the way of their addresses to Bianca? How does Lucentio likewise?

17. What is Sly's comment on the play? Describe the humour of Shakespeare's characterization of the Tinker.

18. What hint of Petruchio's character do you get from his encounter with his man Grumio, Sc. ii.?

19. Upon what mission do we find Petruchio bent?

20. Does his extravagance make him a character of comedy or of farce?

21. What plan for seeing Bianca does Hortensio make with Petruchio?

22. Explain the allusion (ii. 257, 258) to Hercules and Alcides.

ACT SECOND.

23. How does the opening of this Act exhibit Katharina?

24. Explain the expression (i. 34) *lead apes in hell.* In what sense does Beatrice use it in *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. i. 40? Does not Katharina show a genuine desire to marry?

25. How does Baptista stipulate that Katharina shall be won? How does Petruchio describe his manner of wooing?

26. Is the scene of Katharina beating her music master more humorous in the telling than it would be enacted before the spectators?

27. Describe the probable manner of Katharina's entrance in the first Scene after line 182.

28. In comparison with that, show the humour of Petruchio's opening of the dialogue with Katharina.

29. Was Katharina small or large? Where do you find confirmation of your view?

30. What was it that brought Katharina around to assent to the match?

31. What form of betrothal did Baptista use? Was it English?

32. What remarkable examples of local colour does this Act contain? From this and *The Merchant of Venice* what reasons do commentators find to believe that Shakespeare travelled in Italy?

ACT THIRD.

33. Mention some tributes in this and other plays made to music.
34. Describe the scene of the lessons.
35. What is the cumulative effect of Sc. ii.?
36. When does the taming first begin?
37. How does Shakespeare here and elsewhere refer to *school*?
38. Why is the marriage-scene not enacted in the sight of the spectators?
39. How does the report of it by Grumio assist the effect of the scene immediately following?

ACT FOURTH.

40. Indicate the dramatic purpose of the early part of Sc. i., carried on between Curtis and Grumio.
41. How does Katharina take the part of the servants against Petruchio?
42. Describe how the bride and bridegroom finished the day together.
43. What sporting figure does Shakespeare employ in Petruchio's soliloquy at the end of Sc. i.?
44. How is the ground abandoned by the other lovers of Bianca in favour of Lucentio?
45. Whom does Hortensio promise to wed? How does this match of Hortensio furnish a faint shadow of the main plot?
46. For what purpose is the Pedant made to personate Vincentio?
47. In what other play does Shakespeare make use of the restrictive laws passed by Italian cities against each other? How, in this one, is such a law made to subserve the plot?
48. Explain how the plight of Katharina as depicted in Sc. iii. is comic and not pathetic?
49. What sign of relenting does Petruchio give in lines 50-60?
50. How further is Katharina tried?
51. What stages in the under plot are accomplished in Sc. iv.?
52. What height of comic absurdity does the main plot reach in Sc. v.? Is this the climax of the play? Indicate the exact point.
53. Show how all the threads of the drama are drawn together at the close of the fourth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

54. What does the opening of this Act foreshadow?

55. How do the real and the counterfeit fathers of Lucentio meet? What is the dramatic purpose of this parley?

56. Is the intrigue of the under plot convincing? Show wherein it is weak.

57. Indicate the dramatic nature of the last Scene.

58. What wager does Petruchio lay, and how is it won?

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59. Does Petruchio ever show genuine ill humour?

60. Does this play convey a sense of reality?

61. Its moral is obvious. State what it is.

62. Why does Sly disappear after the first Act?

63. Which of the characters is conceived in the highest spirit of comic art?

64. Is there any evil in the nature of Katharina?

65. In comparison with Shakespeare's other comedies, is this noticeably lacking in distinctly poetic qualities? Assign the reason for your view.

All's Well that Ends Well

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Preface.

The First Editions. *All's Well that Ends Well* appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under Nov. 8th, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Date of Composition. The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labour's Lost.* The following passages have not inaptly been described as 'boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits':—Act I. i. 226-239; I. iii. 133-141; II. i. 132-213; II. iii. 73-105, 127-146; III. iv. 4-17; IV. iii. 237-245; V. iii. 60-72, 322-337.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of '*Love's Labours Wonne,*' mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). *Love's Labours Wonne*' has been variously identified by scholars with

Much Ado about Nothing, Taming of the Shrew, The Tempest. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V. iii. 311-312):—

> *'This is done;*
> *Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?'*

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labour's Lost,* and was written about the years 1590-92. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the 'Helena' of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The diction and metre throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakeable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> *'Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,*
> *Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky*
> *Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull*
> *Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull'*
> (I. i. 236-9).

Furthermore, the name 'Corambus' (IV. ii. 185) recalls the 'Corambis' of the First Quarto of *Hamlet*; similarly the name 'Escalus' is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure.* In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *Alll's Well,*—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV.*, and Malvolio's humiliation in *Twelfth Night.* All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated, 'about 1602.'

The Source of the Plot. The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The Novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of 'Love's Labours Won,' and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title '*Love's Labour's Won*' may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how 'Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honour and felicity.'

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i.) the whole interest of the story is centred in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's 'loveliest creation'; to this character-study all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helen of *All's Well,* unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives 'no dignity or interest from place or circumstances,' and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii.) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the Novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valour is emphasized; while (iii.) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv.) similarly, generous old Lafeu, the Countess,—'like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have

animated them when young—the Steward, and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

Duration of Action. The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79):—

Day 1, Act I. i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court. *Day* 2, Act I. ii. and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey. *Day* 3, Act II. i. and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady. *Day* 4, Act II. iii., iv. and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence. *Day* 5, Act III. i. and ii. *Day* 6, Act III. iii. and iv. *Interval*—some two months. *Day* 7, Act III. v. *Day* 8, Act III. vi. and vii.; Act IV. i., ii. and iii. *Day* 9, Act IV. iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles. *Day* 10, Act IV. v.; Act V. i. *Day* 11, Act V. ii. and iii.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Upon the death of a celebrated physician, his daughter Helena is given a home with the Countess of Rousillon, and she there falls desperately in love with the Countess's son, Bertram. His mother discovers the attachment, but is not displeased at it, for Helena, though poor and unknown, is a woman of much worth. Bertram, however, pays no heed to Helena, all his thoughts being turned to active service with the King of France, under whose protection he places himself after the death of his father. The King is suffering at this time from a disease which has been pronounced incurable. Helena, hearing of the King's ailment, secures the Countess's permission to go and offer him a prescription left her by her father.

II. Helena obtains an audience with the King, and after much persuasion induces him to try her remedy, exacting only a royal promise that, in the event of his being cured, the monarch shall bestow upon her the hand of a gentleman of her choosing. The cure is effected, and Helena chooses Bertram. The young Count disdains the match, but is forced to consent to the nuptials, under peril of the King's displeasure. But no sooner is the ceremony performed than Bertram departs for the Florentine war, without so much as kissing his bride.

III. Helena is sent home to the Countess with a letter from Bertram to the effect that he will never recog-

nize his wife until she can obtain possession of a ring, a family heirloom, from his finger, and become with child by him—to which conditions he subscribes a "never." He also renounces his family estates because of her, which so grieves the young woman that she departs, no one knows whither, in order not to keep him from his home. In Florence, the Duke has made Bertram general of his horse, and the Count distinguishes himself in battle. Helena arrives in the city disguised as a pilgrim, and learns from a widow that Bertram has been making dishonourable proposals to her daughter, Diana. Helena, seeing an opportunity, through Diana, to work out the seemingly impossible conditions imposed by her husband, prevails upon the widow to aid her project.

IV. In furtherance of Helena's plot, Diana obtains from Bertram the much-prized ring, and makes an assignation with him, at which, however, the woman he meets is not Diana, as he supposes, but Helena. Shortly afterwards he returns to his mother, the Countess, who has been mourning Helena as dead.

V. The King, at this time, is visiting at the Countess's palace in Rousillon. He becomes reconciled with Bertram, who had left the court surreptitiously, and is on the point of giving his consent to the young Count's marriage with another lady, when he detects a ring upon Bertram's finger that he himself had formerly given Helena, and which she had placed upon her husband's finger in Florence. Bertram cannot give a satisfactory explanation of its presence, and the King suspects him of having laid violent hands upon his wife, when the lost Helena appears upon the scene, tells the truth concerning the Florentine assignation, and assures her husband that both his conditions have been fufilled. The repentant Bertram gladly acknowledges her as his wife.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Helena.

In the character of Juliet we have seen the passionate and the imaginative blended in an equal degree, and in the highest conceivable degree as combined with delicate female nature. In Helena we have a modification of character altogether distinct; allied, indeed, to Juliet as a picture of fervent, enthusiastic, self-forgetting love, but differing wholly from her in other respects; for Helena is the union of strength of passion with strength of character.

"To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immovable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity."

Such a character, almost as difficult to delineate in fiction as to find in real life, has Shakspeare given to us in Helena; touched with the most soul-subduing pathos, and developed with the most consummate skill.

Helena, as a woman, is more passionate than imaginative; and, as a character, she bears the same relation to Juliet that Isabel bears to Portia. There is equal unity of purpose and effect, with much less of the glow of imagery and the external colouring of poetry in the sentiments, language, and details. It is passion developed under its most profound and serious aspect; as in Isabella, we have the serious and the thoughtful, not the brilliant side of intellect. Both Helena and Isabel are distinguished by high mental powers, tinged with a melancholy sweetness; but in Isabella the serious and energetic part of the character is founded in religious principle, in Helena it is founded in deep passion.

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consu-

ming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendour of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly; she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakspeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helena is represented in the original story. She is the Giletta di Narbonna of Boccaccio. In the Italian tale, Giletta is the daughter of a celebrated physician attached to the court of Roussillon; she is represented as a rich heiress, who rejects many suitors of worth and rank, in consequence of her secret attachment to the young Bertram de Roussillon. She cures the King of France of a grievous distemper, by one of her father's prescriptions; and she asks and receives as her reward the young Count of Roussillon as her wedded husband. He forsakes her on their wedding day, and she retires, by his order, to his territory of Roussillon. There she is received with honour, takes state upon her in her husband's absence as the "lady of the land," administers justice, and rules her lord's dominions so wisely and so well, that she is uni-

versally loved and reverenced by his subjects. In the mean time, the Count, instead of rejoining her, flies to Tuscany, and the rest of the story is closely followed in the drama. The beauty, wisdom, and royal demeanour of Giletta are charmingly described, as well as her fervent love for Bertram. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is indeed represented to us as one

> "Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
> Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
> Humbly called mistress."

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness; she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance: it appears to have taken root in her being; to have grown with her years; and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favour in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away."

It may be said that Bertram, arrogant, wayward, and heartless, does not justify this ardent and deep devotion. But Helena does not behold him with our eyes; but as he is "sanctified in her idolatrous fancy." Dr. Johnson says he cannot reconcile himself to a man who marries Helena like a coward, and leaves her like a profligate. This is much too severe; in the first place, there is no necessity that we *should* reconcile ourselves

to him. In this consists a part of the wonderful beauty of the character of Helena—a part of its womanly truth, which Johnson, who accuses Bertram, and those who so plausibly defend him, did not understand. If it never happened in real life, that a woman, richly endued with heaven's best gifts, loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength, a man unequal to or unworthy of her, and to whose faults herself alone was blind—I would give up the point; but if it be in nature, why should it not be in Shakspeare?

We are not to look into Bertram's character for the spring and source of Helena's love for him, but into her own. She loves Bertram—because she loves him!—a woman's reason, but here, and sometimes elsewhere, all-sufficient.

And although Helena tells herself that she loves in vain, a conviction stronger than reason tells her that she does not: her love is like a religion, pure, holy, and deep; the blessedness to which she has lifted her thoughts is forever before her; to despair would be a crime—it would be to cast herself away and die. The faith of her affection, combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It could say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hopes, "Be thou removed!" and it is removed. This is the solution of her behaviour in the marriage scene, where Bertram, with obvious reluctance and disdain, accepts her hand, which the King, his feudal lord and guardian, forces on him. Her maidenly feeling is at first shocked, and she shrinks back:—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
> Let the rest go."

But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine

delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, "to blush out the remainder of her life," and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy with which Helena is portrayed. Pride is the only obstacle opposed to her. She is not despised and rejected as a woman, but as a poor physician's daughter; and this, to an understanding so clear, so strong, so just as Helena's, is not felt as an unpardonable insult. The mere pride of rank and birth is a prejudice of which she cannot comprehend the force, because her mind towers so immeasurably above it; and, compared to the infinite love which swells within her own bosom, it sinks into nothing. She cannot conceive that he, to whom she has devoted her heart and truth, her soul, her life, her service, must not one day love her in return; and, once her own beyond the reach of fate, that her cares, her caresses, her unwearied patient tenderness, will not at last "win her lord to look upon her":—

> . . . "For time will bring on summer,
> When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
> And be as sweet as sharp."

It is this fond faith which, hoping all things, enables her to endure all things; which hallows and dignifies the surrender of her woman's pride, making it a sacrifice on which virtue and love throw a mingled incense.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Bertram.

It undoubtedly lessens the interest of the play that Shakespeare should not have given Bertram some more estimable qualities along with the all too youthful and

unchivalrous ones which he possesses. The Poet has here been guilty of a certain negligence, which shows that it was only to parts of the play that he gave his whole mind. Bertram is right enough in refusing to have a wife thrust upon him against his will, simply because the King has a debt of gratitude to pay. But this first motive for refusing gives place to one with which we have less sympathy: to wit, pride of rank, which makes him look down on Helena as being of inferior birth, though king, courtiers, and his own mother consider her fit to rank with the best. Even this, however, need not lower Bertram irretrievably in our esteem; but he adds to it traits of unmanliness, even of baseness. For instance, he enjoins Helena, through Parolles, to invent some explanation of his sudden departure which will make the King believe it to have been a necessity; and then he leaves her, not, as he falsely declares, for two days, but for ever. His readiness to marry a daughter of Lafeu the moment the report of Helena's death has reached him is a very extraordinary preparation for the reunion of the couple at the end of the play, and reminds us unpleasantly of the exactly similar incident in *Much Ado About Nothing*. But, worst of all, and an indisputable dramatic mistake, is his entangling himself, just before the final reconciliation, in a web of mean lies with reference to the Italian girl to whom he had laid siege in Tuscany.

It was to make Helena's position more secure, and to avoid any suspicion of the adventuress about her, that Shakespeare invented the character of the Countess, that motherly friend whose affection sets a seal on all her merits. In the same way Parolles was invented with the purpose of making Bertram less guilty. Bertram is to be considered as ensnared by this old "fool, notorious liar, and coward" (as Helena at once calls him), who figures in the play as his evil genius.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Even at the last, Bertram's attainment is but small; he is still no more than a potential piece of worthy manhood. We cannot suppose that Shakspere has represented him thus without a purpose. Does not the Poet wish us to feel that although much remains to be wrought in Bertram, his welfare is now assured? The courageous title of the play, *All's Well that Ends Well*, is like an utterance of the heart of Helena, who has strength and endurance to attain the end, and who will measure things, not by the pains and trials of the way, not by the dubious and difficult means, but by that end, by the accomplished issue. We need not, therefore, concern ourselves any longer about Bertram; he is safe in the hands of Helena; she will fashion him as he should be fashioned. Bertram is at length delivered from the snares and delusions which beset his years of haughty ignorance and dullness of the heart; he is doubly won by Helena; therefore he cannot wander far, therefore he cannot finally be lost.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Parolles.

Parolles is a counterfoil of Helena, inasmuch as like her he is ambitious of consorting with a higher rank, but unlike her is destitute of claims to honour of any kind. Lafeu characterizes him as an empty upstart, with a distinction worthy the admirer of Helena: "You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and (note the annexation) virtue gives you heraldry."

The mistake of Bertram, in his estimation of Parolles, is counterpart of his disregard and disdain for Helena, and one error promotes the other, as the vapouring scoundrel is chargeable with some part of the Count's misconduct by encouragement and suggestion. While one error lasts, the other has little chance of being

recognized; and it is shrewdly remarked, in the conversation of the Lords, that the wronged wife would have a better chance of justice, when her husband should be taught, in the exposure of Parolles, to be mistrustful of his sagacity of character. "I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit."

But from another point of view Parolles is a counterfoil, if we should not rather say a counterpart, of Bertram himself. It almost seems as if the conception of the bescarfed poltroon were invented to follow up the contrast with Bertram, the handsome but false, whose "moral parts" are far from being, as the King would have them, in agreement with his prepossessing outside. The weak point of Parolles, in respect to personal courage, places him in contrast so distinct to the soldier-like Bertram, that the latter escapes some of the disgrace of correspondence on other points with his worthless protégé, who is not only "a most notable coward, but an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worth your Lordship's entertainment."

It is the completion of the humiliation of Bertram, that the follower he had exposed and laughed at is brought in as a witness against him, for misconduct we can hardly say less degrading; and Parolles with his petition to his arch-enemy Lafeu, "It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out," is really provocative of comparison with Bertram crying for pardon to Helena.

The name of Parolles is, of course, allusive to wordiness; it is played upon indeed in this sense, and he is called "the armipotent linguist." The command of tongue that justifies his name, is wonderfully reconciled with his being, though not solely as he is a coward, but "a great part," fool. It is very satisfactory to observe how Lafeu, the old courtier, who has all the principle,

and experience, and consideration that the youthful Bertram lacks, is disgusted with Parolles, but tolerates, not to say enjoys with gusto, the gossiping pleasantry of the idle clown.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

V.

A Fine Contrast to Lady Capulet.

This old Countess of Roussillon is a charming sketch. She is like one of Titian's old women, who still, amid their wrinkles, remind us of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young. She is a fine contrast to Lady Capulet—benign, cheerful, and affectionate; she has a benevolent enthusiasm, which neither age nor sorrow nor pride can wear away. Thus, when she is brought to believe that Helena nourishes a secret attachment for her son, she observes:—

> "Even so it was with me when I was young!
> . . . . . This thorn
> Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,
> It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
> When love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

Her fond, maternal love for Helena, whom she has brought up, her pride in her good qualities, overpowering all her own prejudices of rank and birth, are most natural in such a mind; and her indignation against her son, however strongly expressed, never forgets the mother.

> "What angel shall
> Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive
> Unless *her* prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
> And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
> Of greatest justice.
> . . . . . Which of them both
> Is dearest to me—I have no skill in sense
> To make distinction."

This is very skilfully, as well as delicately conceived. In rejecting those poetical and accidental advantages which Giletta possesses in the original story, Shakspeare has substituted the beautiful character of the Countess; and he has contrived, that, as the character of Helena should rest for its *internal* charm on the depth of her own affections, so it should depend for its *external* interest on the affection she inspires.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Almost everybody falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth; all her honours of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care. Campbell says, " She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Composition and Rank.

The composition is not as successful as in most of his [Shakspeare's] later comedies; several of the charac-

ters, such as the Countess and the Duke of Florence, Lafeu, and Parolles, Violenta, and Mariana, do indeed take some external, but no internal part in the action. The reason of this unalterable and chief defect of the whole lies, it seems to me, in the subject-matter of the piece, which is not exactly happily chosen; for it must necessarily be offensive to a fine sense of feeling when, in courtship, woman is the wooer, and especially when this unwomanly proceeding—however well motived and excusable it may appear—is not merely narrated (as in Boccaccio's novel) but represented to us in a vivid, dramatic, and palpable form. To overcome this difficulty, and more particularly to make the surprising conclusion—the heroine's attainment of her wish—appear natural, the poet had, as it were, to take into his service a number of figures simply as motives and to bring the action to a close. But the very choice of this subject, and his adhering to it, in spite of its obvious difficulties, shows us the youthful poet, the youthful pleasure in that which is unusual, the youthful inclination to venture upon a task the difficulties of which have not been sufficiently considered.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

All's Well that Ends Well is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. The interest is, however, more of a serious than of a comic nature. The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife; yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as

in the reflections which she utters when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the King's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. The persevering gratitude of the French king to his benefactress, who cures him of a languishing distemper by a prescription hereditary in her family, the indulgent kindness of the Countess, whose pride of birth yields, almost without a struggle, to her affection for Helena, the honesty and uprightness of the good old lord Lafeu, make very interesting parts of the picture. The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are also very admirably described. The comic part of the play turns on the folly, boasting, and cowardice of Parolles, a parasite and hanger-on of Bertram's, the detection of whose false pretensions to bravery and honour forms a very amusing episode. He is first found out by the old lord Lafeu, who says, "The soul of this man is his clothes"; and it is proved afterwards that his heart is in his tongue, and that both are false and hollow. The adventure of "the bringing off of his drum" has become proverbial as a satire on all ridiculous and blustering undertakings which the person never means to perform.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakspear's Plays.*

The comic scenes, and the general graceful ease and fluency of its diction, give an air of lightness and variety

to the play that are wanting in the novel. The mere story is not productive of more effect in one than in the other, and the drama makes no pretensions to rank in the first order of excellence. But a value is conferred upon Shakspeare's performance beyond its dramatic merit, by its being the repository of much sententious wisdom, and numerous passages of remarkable elegance. A single speech of the King may be referred to as an instance of both, and Helena's description of her hopeless passion may be selected as exquisitely beautiful.

SKOTTOWE: *Life of Shakspeare.*

Shakespeare departed widely from the story in its earlier form by the greater prominence given to the part of Helena and the singular sweetness and devotion which irradiate her whole course. Coleridge thought her Shakespeare's loveliest creation. The portraiture of her character is touched throughout with exquisite delicacy and skill. Helena suffers, however, from the atmosphere of the play, which is distinctly repellent; it is difficult to resist the feeling that, conceding all that the play demands in concentration of interest upon the single end to be achieved, Helena cheapens the love she finally wins by a sacrifice greater than love could ask or could afford to receive. And when the sacrifice is made and the end secured, the victory of love is purely external; there is no inward and deathless unity of passion between the lovers like that which united Posthumus and Imogen in life and Romeo and Juliet in death.

The play must be interpreted broadly in the light of Shakespeare's entire work; in this light it finds its place as the expression of a passing mood of deep and almost cynical distrust; it is full of that searching irony which from time to time finds utterance in the poet's work and was inevitable in a mind of such range of vision. It is well to remember, also, that in this play the poet,

for the sake of throwing a single quality into the highest relief, secured entire concentration of attention by disregarding or ignoring other qualities and relations of equal importance and authority. This was what Browning did in his much misunderstood poem "The Statue and the Bust." It is always a perilous experiment, because it involves so much intelligent coöperation on the part of the reader. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's art that Helena's purity not only survives the dangers to which she exposes it, but takes on a kind of saintly whiteness in the corruption in which she plays her perilous part.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

All's Well that Ends Well.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*
Steward, } *servants to the Countess*
LAVACHE, *a clown,* } *of Rousillon.*
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose

skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon. 30

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon? 40

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears. 50

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her

praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; 60
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy 70
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged 80
in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit
of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's. 90
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw 100
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones 110
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him? 120

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier 130 be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't! 140

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most

infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't; out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—[You 're for the Court;]
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility, 180
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't, 190
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a
charitable star. 200

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage. 210

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankful- 220 ness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high: 230
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom, 10
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; 20

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on, 30
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when 40
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb; 50
So in approof lives not his epitaph

As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 60
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count, 70
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Scene III.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives. 30

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness. 40

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my 50 flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave? 60

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak. 70

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good, 80
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an 90

earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.* 100

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did 110 communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; . . . queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she 120 delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my

duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; 130 and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now. 141

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds 150

A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: 160
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other, 170
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true; 180
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
The truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me! 190

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love: 200
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore 210
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose; 220
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 230
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen, 240
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified 250
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessings into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, 260
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords; 10
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny, 20
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*Exit.*
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too early.'
Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.
First Lord. There 's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
First Lord. Farewell, captain.
Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. 40
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.
First Lord. We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?
Ber. Stay: the king. 50

Re-enter King.

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained your-

self within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus; 70
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand, 80

And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu, 90
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle, 100
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling, 110
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded 120
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure, 160
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property 190
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 200
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time: for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest. 211
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his 10

hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 20

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 30

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser 40 by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you. 50

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 60

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again,

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give
Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me? 70

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.
Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.
Ber. And so 'tis.
Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,— 10
Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—
Par. Right; so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable,—
Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world. 20
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the

brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the— 30

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king. 40

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense,
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive 50
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!
Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture, 60
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 70
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial love, that God most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw amesace for my life. 80
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies;
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'ld have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take; 90
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father 100
drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.
Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.
King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use 109
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, 120
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone 130
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave 140
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go. 150

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good: 160
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider 170
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony 180
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master! 190

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which 200 title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly

dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt 210 scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy 220 of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or 230 rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace

off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again. 240

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master. 250

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 260

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives

you heraldry. You are not worth another word,
else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.* 270

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very
good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 280
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy,
to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions:
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades; 290
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak; his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife

To the dark house and the detested wife.
Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. 300
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it. 'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king hath done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?
Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.
Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?
Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.
Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly! 10

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 20

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir. 30

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love, 40
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.
Hel. What more commands he? 50
Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state 10 that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.* 20

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings 30 with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence. 40

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.

Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you
than you have or will to deserve at my hand;
but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.* 50

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, 60
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view 70
To you that know them not. This to my mother
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say? 80

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: faith yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord. 90

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell!
[*Exit Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;

When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

Count. [*reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come.

If there be breadth enough in the world, I will
hold a long distance. My duty to you.
Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would. 40

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen, 50
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport.
[*reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, and show me 60
a child begotten of thy body that I am father to,
then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I
write a 'never.'
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply
which his heart was not consenting to. 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. 100
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 10
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [*reads*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger: 40
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 10

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you 20

are, though there were no further danger known
but the modesty which is so lost.
Dia. You shall not need to fear me. 30
Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie
at my house; thither they send one another: I 'll
question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither
are you bound?
Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way?
Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark you!
they come this way. 40
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one? 51
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him, 60
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean? 70
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow. 80
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well. 90

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking 100
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise- 10 breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently under- 20 take to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base 30 fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be 40 removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, 50 and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the com-

mand of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now. 60

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall 70 both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me. 80

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he 90 knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto? 100

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. 110

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature. 120
Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, 10
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more, 30
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed 40
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night

Let us away our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 10

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to

another; so we seem to know, is to know straight 20
our purpose; choughs' language, gabble enough,
and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you
must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here
he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and
then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be
time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done? It must be a very plausive inven-
tion that carries it: they begin to smoke me; 30
and disgraces have of late knocked too often at
my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy;
but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and
of his creatures, not daring the reports of my
tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own
tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake
the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of
the impossibility, and knowing I had no such 40
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and
say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will
not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with
so little?' and great ones I dare not give.
Wherefore, what 's the instance? Tongue, I
must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and
buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you
prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is,
and be that he is? 50

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 60

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,— [*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par carbo, cargo. 70

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at 80 thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show, 90
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that. 100

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got. 10
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn! 20
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 10

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 20

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night? 30

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars? 40

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven. 50

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of 60

her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses! 70

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where 's your master! 80

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 90

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 100

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: hath sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 110

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'? 120

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be

read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarossa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: 130
if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that? 140

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is 150
Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that

was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth. 160

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [*reads*] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that? 170

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces. 180

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. De-

mand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing 190 sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 200

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor 210 officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is

there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no. 220

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*reads*] Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,—

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour. 230

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [*reads*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; 240
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier. 250

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you 260 confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for 270 he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat. 280

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war.

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him. 290

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart of d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me? 300

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon. 310

First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head. 320

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles. 330

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 340

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but

women were that had received so much shame,
you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye
well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak
of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass 351
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: 30
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love. 10

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady; we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a brave knave at his service, indeed. 30

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness: alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever 50 keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and

I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks. 60

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 70

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 80

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together. 90

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a 100 cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from

fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's 20
cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis 30
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles. 40

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night; though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow. 50

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him, 10
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord

Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill 21
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't. 31

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; 50
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have, 61
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]
By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought

I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[*Guards seize Bertram.*

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, 140 he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, 150
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price: 190
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her, 210
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, 220
May justly diet it. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! 250
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I

know not what: yet I was in that credit with 260
them at that time, that I knew of their going to
bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-
riage, and things which would derive me ill-will
to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy
evidence; therefore stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it. 270

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him. 280
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; 290
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick: 300
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring 310
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: 320
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, 330
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

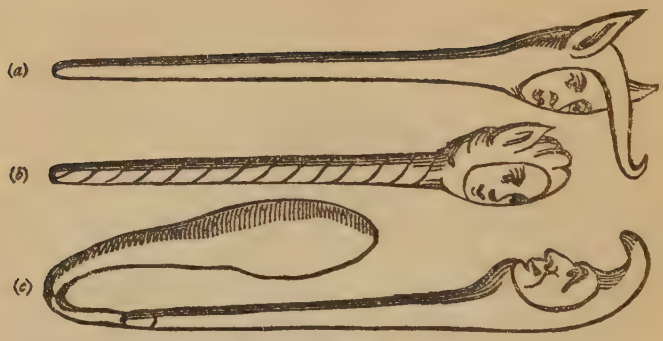
King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A = one; I. iii. 243.
About; "go not about," "do not beat about the bush"; I. iii. 193.
Accordingly, equally; II. v. 8.
Across; "break across," a term used in tilting; here used for a passage at arms of wit; II. i. 70.
Act, action; I. ii. 31.
Admiration, that which excites admiration; II. i. 91.
Adoptious; "a. christendoms" = "adopted christian names"; I. i. 183.
Advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 225.
Advice, discretion; III. iv. 19.
Alone; "alone must think," must only think; I. i. 194.
Ample, amply; III. v. 46.
Anatomized, laid open, shown up; IV. iii. 35.
Antiquity, old age; II. iii. 212.
Appeach'd = impeached, informed against (you); I. iii. 196.
Applications, attempts at healing; I. ii. 75.
Apprehensive, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic; I. ii. 61.
Approof; "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech" = "his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech"; I. ii. 52; "valiant a." = approved valour; II. v. 2.
Approved, proved; I. ii. 11.
Araise, raise from the dead; II. i. 79.
Armipotent, omnipotent; IV. iii. 250.
Artists; "relinquished of the artists," *i. e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors; II. iii. 10.
Attempt, venture; I. iii. 259.
Attends, awaits; II. iii. 52.
Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 12.
Avails, advantage, promotion; III. i. 22.

Band = bond; IV. ii. 56.
Barber's chair; "like a b. c."; a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs,* etc.); II. ii. 17.
Baring, shaving; IV. i. 54.
Barnes (the reading of Folio 1; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children; I. iii. 28.
Bauble, the fool's rod, the badge of his office; IV. v. 32. (*Cp.* illustration on next page.)



(*a*) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.
(*b*) and (*c*) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Be; "to be" = to be called; I. ii. 60.

Bestow, guard, treasure up; I. iii. 230.

Better = men your superior; III. i. 22.

Big, haughty; I. iii. 98.

Blaze (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire; V. iii. 6.

Blood, nature, disposition; I. iii. 136; passion; III. vii. 21.

Boarded, wooed; V. iii. 211.

Bold, assured; V. i. 5.

Bond, duty, obligation; I. iii. 193.

Both; "both our mothers," the mother of us both; I. iii. 168.

Braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.

Braving, defiant; I. ii. 3.

Breaking, breaking up, disbanding; IV. iv. 11.

Breathe, take exercise; II. iii. 261.

Breathing, exercise, action; I. ii. 18.

Brief; "now-born br.," *i.e.* the contract recently made" (Warburton; "new-born"); II. iii. 181.

Bring = take; III. v. 96.

Broken; "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 61.

Brokes, uses as a medium; III. v. 73.

Brought (?), "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 65.

Bunting, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 6.

Buttock; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b." = thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 18.

By, pass by (Warburton supposes a line to be lost after "*past*"); II. iii. 236.

Canary, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 77.

"Can't no other," can it be no other way; I. iii. 170.

Capable of, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 102; I. i. 218.

Cap of the time; "they wear themselves in the c." = "they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 55.

Capriccio, caprice, whim; II. iii. 299.

Captious, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or = Latin "captiosus," *i.e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 207.

Carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 105.

Case, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 107.

Catch'd, caught, perceived; I. iii. 175.

Cesse (the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, *ceasse;* Folio 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.

Champion, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.

Change, interchange; III. ii. 100.

Chape, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"; IV. iii. 154.

Charge, cost; II. iii. 116.

Choice; "most rich c.," choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.

Choughs' language, chattering; IV. i. 22.

Cites, proves; I. iii. 215.

Clew, a ball of thread; I. iii. 187.

Coil, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.

Collateral, indirect; I. i. 95.

Colour; "holds not c.," is not in keeping; II. v. 61.

Commission, warrant; II. iii. 268.

Commoner, harlot; V. iii. 194.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 250.

Company, companion; IV. iii. 35.

Composition, compact; IV. iii. 20.

Compt, account; V. iii. 57.

Condition, character; IV. iii. 184.

Congied with, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 92.

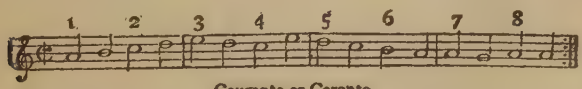
Consolate, console; III. ii. 131.

Convenience, propriety; III. ii. 75.

Conversation, intercourse; I. iii. 239.

Coragio, courage; II. v. 94.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 44.



Courante or Coranto

The movements are—
1, 2, simple gauche; 3, 4, simple droit; and 5-8, a "double à gauche."
From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Corrupt, misquote; I. iii. 83.
Count of, take c. of; IV. iii. 243.
County, Count; III. vii. 22.
"*Cox my passion,*" a corruption of "God's my passion!" V. ii. 41.
Credence, trust; III. iii. 2.
Cressid's uncle, i.e. Pandarus; III. i. 100.
Crown; "French c."; bald head; II. ii. 22.
Crown; "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, "*Finis coronat opus*"; IV. iv. 35.
Curd, curdle; I. iii. 154.
Curious, careful; I. ii. 21.
Curiously, carefully; IV. iii. 37.
Custard; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 38.
Customer, harlot; V. iii. 284.

Darkly, secretly; IV. iii. 11.
Deadly (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
Death; "the white d.," the paleness of death; II. iii. 72.
Debate it, strive for the mastery; I. ii. 76.
Debosh'd = debauched, perverted; II. iii. 140.
Default, at need; II. iii. 232.
Deliverance = delivery; II. i. 85.
Delivers, tells; IV. iii. 164.
Dial, clock, watch; II. v. 5.
Diet, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. 221; "he is dieted to his hour," *i.e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 32.
Digested, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
Dilated, prolonged, detailed; II. i. 59.
Dilemmas, perplexing situations; III. vi. 77.
Distinction; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. 122.
Diurnal; "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 165.
Dole, portion, share; II. iii. 171.
Dolphin, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin = Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 26.

From the *Hortus Sanitatis* (ed. 1536).

Ears, ploughs, cultivates; I. iii. 46.
Embossed, inclosed (like game in a wood); a term used in hunting; III. vi. 103.

Embowell'd, exhausted; I. iii. 246.
Encounter, meeting; III. vii. 32.
Entertainment, service, pay; III. vi. 12; IV. i. 17.
Entrenched, cut; II. i. 45.
Estate, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.
Estates, ranks, social status; I. iii. 116.
Esteem, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
Estimate; "in thee hath e.," is enjoyed by thee; II. i. 183.
Even, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 194; full; V. iii. 323.
Examined, questioned; III. v. 65.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 302.
Expedient, (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 181.
Expressive, open-hearted; II. i. 54.

Facinerious, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 30.
Faith, religious faith; IV. i. 80.
Falls, befalls; V. i. 37.
Fancy, liking, love; II. iii. 170.
Fated, fateful; I. i. 227.
Favour, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 90; V. iii. 49.
Fed; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
Fee-simple, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 295.
Fetch off, rescue; III. vi. 19.
Fine; "in fine" = in short; III. vii. 33.
Fine, artful; V. iii. 266.
Fisnomy, the clown's corruption of "physiognomy"; IV. v. 41.
Fleshes, satiates; IV. iii. 17.
Fond; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly; I. iii. 75; foolish; V. iii. 178.
Fondness, love; I. iii. 175.
For = because; III. v. 44.
Foregone, gone before, past; I. iii. 139.
Found = found out; II. iii. 208; II. iv. 31.
Frank, liberal, generous; I. ii. 21.

Gamester, harlot; V. iii. 188.
Garter; "g. up thy arms"; II. iii. 255. (*Cp.* the following illustration.)

From a painting (early XVIIth Cent.). The engraving represents a servant in attendance at table, whose sleeves are gartered up and tucked in his girdle out of the way.

Grace, favour; V. ii. 50.

Gossips, stands gossip, *i.e.* sponsor for; I. i. 184.
Go under, pass for; III. v. 21.
Gross, palpable; I. iii. 177.

Haggish, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 30.
Hand; "in any h.," in any case; III. vi. 44.
Haply, perhaps; III. ii. 79.
Happy; "in h. time," *i.e.* "in the nick of time"; V. i. 6.
Hawking, hawk-like; I. i. 101.
Helm = helmet; III. iii. 7.
Heraldry; "gives you h.," entitles you to; II. iii. 268.
Herb of grace, i.e. rue; IV. v. 18.
"*Hic jacet,*" the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt; III. vi. 64.
High bent (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow); V. iii. 10.
Higher, further up (into Italy); IV. iii. 45.
High-repented, deeply repented; V. iii. 36.
Hilding, a base wretch; III. vi. 3.
His, its; I. ii. 42.
Hold, maintain; I. i. 84.
Holding, blinding force; IV. ii. 27.
Home, thoroughly; V. iii. 4.
Honesty, chastity; III. v. 64.
Hoodman (an allusion to the game of "hood-man blind," or "Blindmanbuff"); IV. iii. 127.
Host, lodge; III. v. 96.
Housewife; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically; II. ii. 61.
Howsome'er (Folios 1 and 2, "howsomere"; Folio 3, "howsomeere"; Folio 4, "howsomere"), howsoever; I. iii. 56.

Idle, foolish, reckless; II. v. 51; III. vii. 26.
Important, importunate; III. vii. 21.
Importing, full of import; V. iii. 136.
Impositions, things imposed; commands; IV. iv. 29.
In, into; V. ii. 48.
——; "to in," to get in; I. iii. 47.
Inaidable, cureless, incurable; II. i. 122.
Inducement, instigation; III. ii. 91.
Instance, proof; IV. i. 45.
Intenible, incapable of holding or retaining; I. iii. 207.
Intents, intentions; III. iv. 21.
Into (so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "unto"), upon; I. iii. 259.
Isbels, waiting women generally; III. ii. 13, 14.

Jack-an-apes, ape, monkey; used as a term of contempt; III. v. 87.
Joul, knock; I. iii. 57.
Justified, proved; IV. iii. 58.

Kicky-wicky, "a ludicrous term for a wife"; II. iii. 286.
Kind, nature; I. iii. 66; I. iii. 184.

Knowingly, from experience; I. iii. 255.

Lack, want, need; III. iv. 19.
Languishings, lingering malady; I. iii. 234.
Last, last time; V. iii. 79.
Late, lately; I. iii. 109.
Leaguer, camp of besieging army; III. vi. 26.
Led, carried; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians"; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum; IV. iii. 282. (See Notes.)
Left off, abandoned; I. iii. 246.
Leg; "make a leg," make a bow; II. ii. 10.
Lend it, give love; I. ii. 69.
Lie, lodge; III. v. 32.
Ling, a fish eaten during Lent; here used in the general sense of meagre food; III. ii. 14, 15.
Linsey-woolsey, literally a fabric of wool and linen; here a medley of words; IV. i. 13.
List, limit; II. i. 53.
Live, to live; II. i. 134.
Livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 55.
'Longing (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging; IV. ii. 42.
Lordship, conjugal right and duty; V. iii. 156.
Lustig, lusty, sprightly; II. iii. 42.

Madding, maddening; V. iii. 213.
Make, look upon as; V. iii. 5.
Manifest, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 228.
Married...marr'd; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 304.
Marseilles (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellae," IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus," IV. v. 85).
Maudlin, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.
Measure, dance; II. i. 58.
Medicine, physician; II. i. 75.
Mell, meddle; IV. iii. 242.
Mere, merely, nothing but; III. v. 57.
Merely, absolutely; IV. iii. 23.
Methinks't, it seems to me; II. iii. 259.
Mile-end; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 286.
Misdoubt, mistrust; I. iii. 129.
Misprising, despising; III. ii. 33.
Misprision, contempt; II. iii. 154.
Modern, common; II. iii. 2.
—— ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary" "commonplace"); V. iii. 216.
Modest; "a m. one," *i.e.* "a moderately favourable one"; II. i. 131.
Module, pattern, model; IV. iii. 105.
Moiety, part, share; III. ii. 69.

Monstrous, monstrously; II. i. 187.
Monumental, memorial; IV. iii. 18.
Morris, Morris-dance; II. ii. 24. (See Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music,* p. 205, and illustration at end of Notes.)
"Mort du vinaigre" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 45.
Motive, instrument; IV. iv. 20.
Murk, murky; II. i. 166.
Muse, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 67.
Mute; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 78.
Mystery, professional skill; III. vi. 66.

Nature, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 163.
Naughty, good for nothing; V. iii. 252.
Necessitated to, in need of; V. iii. 85.
Next, nearest; I. iii. 62.
Nice, prudish; V. i. 15.
Note, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 162.

Of, by; I. iii. 202; V. iii. 196; on; II. iii. 243; III. v. 102.
Officed all, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 129.
Of them, some of that kind; II. V. 47.
"O Lord, sir!" An exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 43.
On, of; I. iii. 141.
Order, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.
Ordinaries, meals, repasts; II. iii. 203.
Out, over; I. ii. 59.
Outward, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.
Overlooking, supervision; I. i. 42.
Owe, own, II. v. 81; owes, owns, II. i. 9; owed, owned, V. iii. 198.

Pace; "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 70.
Palmers, pilgrims; III. v. 36.

From a jet figure of St. Jaques in the Museum of Mr. C. Roach Smith. The saint is dressed as a pilgrim, with staff, book and gourd-bottle.

Particular, part; II. v. 63.
Parting; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 58.
Passage, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 20.
Passport, sentence to death; III. ii. 58.

Patience; "ours be your p.," let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 336.
Perspective, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.
Picking; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 265.
Pilot's glass, hour glass; II. i. 168.
Place, precedence; I. i. 110.
Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 54.
Please it, if it please; III. v. 99.
Plutus (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.
Poising us, adding the weight of our patronage; II. iii. 156.
Port, gate; III. v. 37.
Practiser, practitioner; II. i. 188.
Present, immediate; II. ii. 65.
Presently, immediately, at once; II. iii. 161.
Prime, flower of life; II. i. 185.
Probable need, apparently necessary; II. iv. 50.
Proceeds, results; IV. ii. 62.
Profession, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 86.
Proper, used to emphasize *own*; IV. ii. 49.
Proper, virtuous; IV. iii. 225.
Property, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 190.
Quart d'écu (the Folios "cardecue," V. ii. 35; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue," IV. iii. 239; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown" = fifteen pence; V. ii. 35.

From a specimen of the time of Charles IX. The large A beneath the shield denotes that the coin was minted at Paris.

Predominant, in the ascendant; I. i. 206.
Prejudicates, prejudices; I. ii. 9.
Questant, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.
Quick, living; V. iii. 301.
Quit, acquit; V. iii. 297.

Rate, price; V. iii. 217.
Ravin, ravenous; III. ii. 120.
Reave, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 80.
Rebellion; "natural r.," rebellion of nature, V. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i.e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel," IV. iii. 21.
Religious, a holy obligation; II. iii. 185.
Remainder (a legal term)= something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 297.
Removes, post-stages; V. iii. 131.
Repairs, restores, does me good; I. ii. 31.
Repeal'd, called back; II. iii. 50.
Repetition, remembrance; V. iii. 22.
Replete, full; II. iii. 178.
Resolvedly, satisfactorily; V. iii. 329.
Respects, reasons; II. v. 68.
Rest; "set up your r.," are resolved; II. i. 138.
Richest; "r. eyes," *i.e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.
Ring-carrier, go-between, pandar; III. v. 94.
Rousillon, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 19.
Ruff, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top); III. ii. 7.

From a French print, dated 1603.

Rush, rush ring; II. ii. 23.

From an engraving by Fairholt.

Ruttish, lustful; IV. iii. 228.
Sacrament; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 146.
Sadness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; IV. iii. 215.
Saffron; "villanous s.," alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 2.
Sanctimony, sanctity; IV. iii. 53.
Satisfaction; "heavy s.," sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.
Scarfs and bannerets, silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 205.
Schools, medical schools; I. iii. 245.
Season; "a day of s.," a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.

Senoys, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena; I. ii. 1.

Sense, thought; I. i. 235.

Shall—will assuredly; III. ii. 24.

Shallow; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends,"; I. iii. 44.

Shrewd, evil, bad; III. v. 70.

Shrewdly, highly, badly; III. v. 91.

Shrieve's fool, sheriff's (female) fool; IV. iii. 199.

From an old Flemish picture of drinking-party (1596).

Sick for, pining for; I. ii. 17.

Sinister, left; II. i. 44.

Sith (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 155.

Sithence, since; I. iii. 123.

Smock; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.

Smoked, scented; III. vi. 111.

Swept taffeta fellow, a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 1.

Solely, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 108.

Solemn, ceremonious; IV. iii. 82.

Sovereignty; "general s.," "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 229.

Spark, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.

Spend, use, employ; V. i. 8.

Spirit (monosyllabic = sprite); II. i. 178.

Spoke, spoken; II. v. 57.

Sportive, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 109.

Sprat, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 109.

Staggers, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 165.

St. Jaques le Grand; probably St. James of Compostella in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 36.

Stall, keep close conceal; I. iii. 130.

Star; "the most received s.," leader of fashion; II. i. 57.

Stead, help, aid; V. iii. 87.

Steely; "virtue's steely bones," = "steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 115.

Stomach, inclination; III. vi. 67.

Straight, directly, straightway; IV. i. 21.

Strangers, foreign troops; IV. i. 16.
Stronger, most important; IV. iii. 59.
Subscribed to, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
Success, issue; III. vi. 83.
——; "abstract of s.," successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 91.
Succession, others from doing the same; III. v. 24.
Suggest, tempt; IV. v. 47.
Superfluous, having more than enough; I. i. 112.
Supposition; "beguile the s.," deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 315.
Surprised, to be surprised; I. iii. 119.
Sword; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous); IV. i. 52.
Sworn counsel, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

Table, tablet; I. i. 102.
Tax, reproach; II. i. 173.
Tinct, tincture; V. iii. 102.
Title, want of rank; II. iii. 119.
To, for; II. iii. 296.
Toll (Folio 1 "toule"), probably = "pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 148.
Too much, excess; III. ii. 92.
Took = taken; II. i. 150.
Top, head; I. ii. 44.
Travails in, works for; II. iii. 160.
Triple, third; II. i. 111.
Tucket, a flourish on the trumpet; III. v. 7.

Undone, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 338.
Unhappy, mischievous; IV. v. 66.
Unseason'd, inexperienced; I. i. 76.
Use, custom; V. i. 24.
Used, treated; I. ii. 43.

Validity, value; V. iii. 192.

Waggon, carriage; IV. iv. 34. (See illustration.)

From the Loutterel Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Theoric, theory; IV. iii. 152.
Thitherward, on his way thither; III. ii. 55.
Those of mine, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 258.
Wanted, was lacking; I. i. 11.
Ward, guardianship; I. i. 5.
Was = had; III. ii. 46.
Wear, wear out; V. i. 4.

Well-enter'd, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.
Well found, of known skill; II. i. 105.
Whence, from that place where; III. ii. 124.
Whereof, with which; I. iii. 234.
Which, which thing (*i.e.* danger, referring to the previous clause); II. iii. 152.
Whom, which (*i.e.* death); III. iv. 17.
Wing; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry = strong in flight; I. i. 213.
Woman, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 53.
Woodcock, a popular name for a brainless fellow, a fool; IV. i. 98.
Word, promise; *i.e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 213.
World; "to go to the world," = to get married; I. iii. 19-20.
Worthy, well-deserved; IV. iii. 6.
Write, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 200.

Yield, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

Critical Notes

BY ISRAEL COLLANCE

II. i. 176.

'ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended';

So Folio 1; the other folios read *'no'* for *'ne.'* Malone's *'nay'* for *'ne'* commends itself, though his explanation of *'extended'* as 'my body being extended on the rack' seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of 'meted out to me,' or merely used for the purpose of emphasizing *'worse of worst.'* A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.

II. ii. 23. *'Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger'*; 'Tib and Tom' were used like 'Jack and Jill'; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. 'Rush rings' (see Glossary) were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations*, p. 196).

II. iii. 1-41. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out 'the whole merriment of the scene,' which, according to him, 'consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.' Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.

II. iii. 23. *'a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor'*; the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.

II. iii. 76. *'Imperial Love'*; Folio 1, *'imperiall loue'*; Folio 2, *'imperiall Iove'*; Folio 3, *'impartiall Jove.'*

II. iii. 80. *'ames-ace,' i.e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice; one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making 'a comparison by contraries,'—'an ironical comparison,' used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."

II. iii. 298. *'detested,'* Rowe's emendation; Folios, *'detected.'*

II. v. 28. *'end'*; the Folios have *'And'*; the correction, from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.

II. v. 49. *'Have or will to deserve'*; Malone proposed *'have qualities or will,'* etc.; Singer, *'wit or will'*; the later Folios omit *'to,'* and read *'have, or will deserve'*; the reading in the text is that of Folio 1.

III. i. 12, 13.

'That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion';

probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best:—"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make '*that*' the subject of '*frames*,' explaining '*motion*' as 'mental sight,' or 'intuition.'

III. ii. 9. '*sold*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hold*'; Harness proposed '*holds a goodly manner for*.'

III. ii. 68. '*If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine*'; the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to '*all the griefs as thine*.'

III. ii. 93. '*holds him much to have*'; so the Folios; Theobald conjectured '*soils him much to have*'; others suggested ''*hoves him not much to have*'; '*fouls him much to have*,' etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i.e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."

III. ii. 113. '*still-peering air*'; so Folio 1; Folio 2, '*still-piercing*'; probably an error for '*still-piecing*,' *i.e.* 'still closing.' A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* (v. 12) has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—"*As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.*"

III. v. 68. '*I write good creature*,' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*I right*'; Rowe, '*Ah! right good creature!*' The Globe edition, '*I warrant, good creature*'; Kinnear,: '*I war'nt* (= warrant), *good creature*' (*cp. Hamlet*, I. ii. 243, Quarto 2, '*I warn't*').

III. v. 90. "*Lose our drum. Well!*" The drums of Parolles' day were decorated with the battalion colours. Hence to lose the drum was equivalent to losing the flag of the regiment.

From a woodcut by Hans Burgmair, c. 1517.

III. vi. 39. '*John Drum's Entertainment*'; 'to give a person John Drum's Entertainment' probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence 'to give a person a drumming,' to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*:—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his

house, *Tom Drum his entertainment,* which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.

IV. i. 47. '*Bajazet's mule*'; the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps '*Bajazet*' is a blunder on the part of Parolles for '*Balaam's.*'

IV. ii. 25. '*Jove's*' probably substituted for the original God's, in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured '*Love's.*'

IV. ii. 36. '*Who then recover*'; the Folios read '*who then recovers,*' changed unnecessarily by Pope to 'which then *recover,*' but '*who*' is often used for 'an irrational antecedent personified,' though in this passage the antecedent may be '*of me*' implied in '*my*'; '*my sick desires*' = 'the sick desires of me'; in this latter case 'recovers' is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after '*who.*'

IV. ii. 38. '*I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,*' the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, '*make ropes*'; Folio 4, '*make ropes . . . scar.*' This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for '*ropes*' and '*scarre,*' e.g. '*hopes . . . affairs*'; '*hopes . . . scenes*'; '*hopes . . . scare*'; '*slopes . . . scarre*'; other suggestions are, '*may cope's . . . sorte*'; '*may rope's . . . snarle*'; '*may rope's . . . snare,*' etc. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that '*'s*' stands for '*us.*' Possibly '*make*' is used as an auxiliary; '*make rope's*' would then mean 'do constrain, or ensnare us.' Or is '*make rope*' a compound verb? '*scarre*' may be '*scare*' (*i.e.* 'fright'). The general sense seems to be, 'I see that men may reduce us to such a fright that we'll forsake ourselves.'

IV. iii. 202. '*His brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*' (See illustration.)

IV. iii. 265. '*He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister,*' *i.e.* 'anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.'

IV. iii. 282. '(*he*) *has led the drum before the English tragedians.*' (See illustration on page 146.)

IV. iii. 297. '*and a perpetual succession for it*'; some such verb as '*grant*' is to be supplied. Hanmer altered '*for it*' to '*in it*'; Kinnear conjectured '*free in perpetuity.*'

IV. iv. 34. '*revives*'; so the Folios; '*reviles,*' '*invites,*' '*re-*

quires' have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: 'Time,' says Helena, 'gives us fresh courage.'

IV. v. 41. *'an English name'*; Folios 1, 2, *'maine'*; Folio 3, *'main'*; Folio 4, *'mean'*; Rowe first suggested *'name'*; the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.

IV. v. 41. *'his fisnomy is more hotter'*; Hanmer's proposal *'honour'd'* for *'hotter'* seems to be a most plausible emendation.

V. i. 6. *'Enter a Gentleman'*; Folio 1 reads *'A gentle Astringer'*; Folio 2, *'A gentle Astranger'*; Folios 3, 4, *'A Gentleman a stranger.'* *'Astringer'* = a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to 'the Astringer' all have the prefix *'Gent.'*

From Whitney's *Emblems* (1586), in illustration of "a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should first die. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when *a tile suddenly falling*, put an end to her existence" (Douce).

V. ii. 1. *'Good Monsieur Lavache'*; Folio 1, *'Lauatch'*; Folio 2, *'Lavatch'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Levatch'*; Tollet's conjecture, *'Lavache,'* has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that 'it may have been intended for *Lavage,* which, in familiar French, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.' Something is to be said in favour of Jervis's proposed reading, *'Lapatch,' i.e.* 'patch' = clown, with the prefix *'la'* in imitation of *'Lafeu.'*

V. ii. 26. *'Similes of comfort'*; Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, *'smiles of comfort.'*

V. iii. 65, 66.

> *'Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*
> *While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.'*

Johnson conjectured *'slept'* for *'sleeps,' i.e.* 'love cries to see

what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done.' Mason proposed '*old*' for '*own*.' W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended '*shameful hate*' into '*shame full late*,' but the emendation destroys the antithesis between '*love*' and '*hate*.' It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words '*our own love*' are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.

V. iii. 121. '*my fore-past proofs*,' etc.; *i.e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).

V. iii. 195. '*'tis hit*,' the reading of the Folios, which has been variously explained as an archaic form of 'it,' or as an error for '*'tis his*,' or '*is hit*.' Cambridge edition, '*'tis it*,' but it seems unnecessary to make any change; '*'tis hit*' can very well mean 'the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home,' '*it*' being used impersonally.

V. iii. 216. '*Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace*,' Walker's certain emendation of the Folio '*her insuite comming*';

"*He has led the drum before the English tragedians*" (IV. iii. 282).
From Kemp's *Nine Dates Wonder* (1600). The figures represent that actor, as a morris dancer, and his taborer, Thomas Slye.

other suggestions have been made:—'*Her instant comity*' (Bubier); '*Her Jesuit cunning*' (Bulloch); '*Her own suit, coming*' (Perring).

Epil. 332. '*The King's a beggar*'; an allusion to the old story of 'The King and the Beggar' (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare; *cp.* '*Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?*' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 114); similarly *Richard II.*, V. iii. 80:—

> '*Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,*
> *And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."*'

Explanatory Notes

[illegible]

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

cellencies with regret that they should be so good in themselves, yet treacherous in their combination and effects; and then the Countess goes on to say that Helena's merits are the better for their pure source, since she derives her integrity of nature from her father, and achieves her excellence herself."

59. *I do affect,* etc.:—"In these, the first words she utters," as Clarke interprets, "Helena uses the veiled language which marks her diction throughout this opening Scene. She is brooding over her secret thoughts, letting them but so indistinctly be seen as to be undivined by those around her, and only so far perceived by the reader as to enable him to gather what the dramatist intends to indicate. The *sorrow* Helena *affects* is that for her father's death; the sorrow she says *I have* is for the inauspiciousness of her love, and for Bertram's approaching departure."

62, 63. *If the living,* etc.:—"This speech," says Hudson, "enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore concur with Tieck and Knight in assigning it to Helena. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind, absorbed, as she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal,* that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says, 'Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together.' Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said." "Tieck," says Rolfe, "(followed by many editors) assigns this speech to Helena; and it must be admitted that it is in the veiled and enigmatical style she uses here. But, on the other hand, it seems a natural antithetical comment for any one to make on Lafeu's antithetical speech, and therefore may be left to the Countess, as in the Folio. We think there is also some force in White's objection that 'if this speech be assigned to Helena, Lafeu's question, excited by its quibbling nature, is not put until after Bertram has turned the attention of the audience by addressing another person, to wit, the Countess, whom he asks for her blessing; in which case Lafeu's query is presuming and discourteous, and the dramatic effect awkward. But if the Countess be the last speaker, this is avoided.'"

80, 81. *The best wishes,* etc.:—That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

104, 105. *my idolatrous fancy,* etc.:—Herford says: "Helen's passion for Bertram seems to spring, not from any flaw in her clear and penetrating mind, but from something fundamentally irrational in the nature of love itself. Christian idealism sees the peculiar glory of love in its power of transcending and ignoring distinctions of merit, and pouring itself forth on the mean and lowly. Modern Romanticism, from a kindred but distinct point of view, has delighted to picture the salvation of a worthless man by a woman's devoted love. But neither of these transcendent ways of looking at love is anywhere suggested in Shakespeare. Helen's love is an idolatry, and finds its highest expression in adoring self-subjection."

117. *Are you meditating on virginity?*—"It is very characteristic of the English renaissance," says Brandes, "and of the public which Shakespeare had in view in his early plays, that he should make this noble heroine take part with Parolles in the long and jocular conversation on the nature of virginity, which is one of the most indecorous passages in his works. This dialogue must certainly belong to the original version of the play. We must remember that Helena, in that version, was in all probability very different from the high-souled woman she became in the process of revision. She no doubt expressed herself freely, according to Shakespeare's youthful manner, in rhyming reveries on love and fate. Or else he made her pour forth multitudinous swarms of images, each treading on the other's heels, like those in which she forecasts Bertram's love adventures at the court of France." Some editors pronounce the whole conversation on virginity (118-173) spurious.

239. *and will not leave me*:—Clarke remarks: "The noble mixture of spirited firmness and womanly modesty, fine sense and true humility, clear sagacity and absence of conceit, passionate warmth and sensitive delicacy, generous love and self-diffidence, with which Shakespeare has endowed Helena, renders her in our eyes one of the most admirable of his female characters. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jameson have each eloquently contributed to do homage to the beauty of Helena's character—a beauty the more conspicuous from the difficulties of the story: which demanded the combination of the utmost ardour in passion with the utmost purity and delicacy, the utmost moral courage and intelligence of mind with the utmost modesty of nature,

to complete the conformation of its heroine." "Shakespeare," says Brandes, "has worked out the figure of Helena with the tenderest partiality. Pity and admiration in concert seem to have guided his pen. We feel in his portraiture a deep compassion for the pangs of despised love—the compassion of one who himself has suffered—and over the whole figure of Helena he has shed a Raphael-like beauty. She wins all, charms all, wherever she goes—old and young, women and men—all except Bertram, the one in whom her life is bound up. The King and the old Lafeu are equally captivated by her, equally impressed by her excellences. Bertram's mother prizes her as if she were her daughter; more highly, indeed, than she prizes her own obstinate son. The Italian widow becomes so devoted to her that she follows her to a foreign country in order to vouch for her statement and win her back her husband."

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . Clown.*] The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone in *As You Like It.* Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in *Twelfth Night*:—

> "Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
> I' th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies,
> Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
> In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *clown.*"

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species, the mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears that the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie,* has defined the characteristics: "A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:

"Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool." Shakespeare's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise lie too deep for words.

57, 58. *joul horns,* etc.:—It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do.

96 *et seq. Though honesty,* etc.:—The controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time; everybody was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled every one to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown,* because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretence, while in reality they aimed at other things. And we learn from Jeremy Collier, that when Sir Francis Walsingham offered in the queen's name to concede so far, they replied, *"Ne ungulam esse relinquendam*; they would not leave so much as a hoof behind." How the war was kept up may be judged from what Jeremy Taylor wrote sixty years later: "But there are amongst us such tender stomachs that cannot endure milk, but can very well digest iron; consciences so tender, that a ceremony is greatly offensive, but rebellion is not; a *surplice drives them away* as a bird affrighted with a man of clouts: but their consciences can suffer them to despise government, and speak evil of dignities, and curse all that are not of their opinion, and disturb the peace of kingdoms, and commit sacrilege, and account schism the character of saints."

142 *et seq.* "The scene," says Mrs. Jameson, "in which the Countess extorts from Helena the confession of her love is perhaps the finest in the whole play, and brings out all the striking points of Helena's character. Though the acknowledgement is wrung from her with an agony which seems to convulse her whole being, yet when once she has given it solemn utterance, she re-

covers her presence of mind, and asserts her native dignity. In her justification of her feelings and her conduct, there is neither sophistry nor self-deception nor presumption, but a noble simplicity, combined with the most impassioned earnestness; while the language naturally rises in its eloquent beauty, as the tide of feeling, now first let loose from the bursting heart, comes pouring forth in words. The whole scene is wonderfully beautiful."

156, 157. *That this distemper'd messenger,* etc.:—There is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colours which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece,* 1586:—

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

37. *our parting,* etc.:—Our parting is as it were to dissever or dismember a body.

88. *Than I dare blame my weakness*:—Steevens explains this obscure expression thus: "To acknowledge how much she has astonished me would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do." Mason, in this manner: "Lafeu's meaning appears to be, that the amazement she excited in him was so great that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." Clarke interprets, "hath filled me with more well-grounded astonishment than with weak credulity deserving blame." Halliwell says: "My amazement is too great for me to accuse my weakness of creating it; I cannot impute my surprise to my credulity."

138. *Since you set up,* etc.:—That is, "Since you have *made up your mind* that there is no remedy."

141, 142. *So holy writ . . been babes*:—Perhaps an allusion to Matthew, xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." See also Daniel, i. 17-20.

142. *Great floods* perhaps alludes to the smiting of the rock in Horeb by Moses.

143, 144. *great seas,* etc.:—This refers, apparently, to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

Scene II.

43. *O Lord, sir!*—A satire on this silly expletive, then much in vogue at court and among the fashionable aristocracy. It was ridiculed by other writers. Thus, in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*: "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland, in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk playbook oaths."

Scene III.

1 *et seq.* Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena,* that is, things natural, not of *noumena,* or things supernatural." Bacon, in his Essay, *Of Atheism,* has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." The topic seems to have been often in the thoughts of that wonderful man: he has it again in his *Meditationes Sacræ,* and his *Advancement of Learning.*

100-102. This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu 'There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drunk wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this; besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said; therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser.

119 *et seq.* [*King.*] Herford remarks: "Shakespeare has rarely dwelt upon those class antagonisms of noble and bourgeois which enter so largely into modern fiction; as rarely the relation between mother and daughter. His Countess ignores the one and assumes the other—a silent tribute to Helena's distinction of character, as to her own. Lafeu is an aristocrat of the same genial type, who betrays only indignant wonder when the young nobles of the court appear to refuse the proffered hand of the poor physician's daughter. The king himself, instead of being 'very loath' at Helena's choice, accepts it with cordial alacrity, and checks Bertram's scorn by a frankly democratic speech which saps the basis of the whole fabric of social distinctions founded upon blood."

164. *Or I will throw thee from my care for ever*:—"Outspoken enough in his first refusal," observes Lloyd, "Bertram yields—not to the lecture on the nobility of merit as contrasted with that of blood, but to the king's threat of severe and instant displeasure in terms implying the privation of the chances of distinction he is so disposed to value. . . . Thus urged, the double weakness of his character appears—first in giving way to a threat, and then in the facile employment of a certain glozing glibness in the terms of his recantation, betraying a deep deficiency of innate truthfulness and hardy self-respect. The consent is a concession to immediate pressure, and on the first escape from this, his earlier project is embraced; and, with Parolles to aid and abet, he makes off from his neglected bride for the Tuscan wars. The Bertram of this Scene is evidently the same young nobleman who pursues with promises of unlimited profusion the honour of Diana Capulet, and who to extricate himself from a difficulty, invents and pours forth one lie after another with a volubility of tongue almost gratuitous, and with every charitable allowance for his embarrassment, sufficiently repulsive."

235-237. *for doing I am past,* etc.:—Lafeu means, "as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able"; and he immediately goes out: a quibble on *pass.*

Scene IV.

37. *and well fed*:—Perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in II. ii. 3, where the Clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."

42-46. *puts it off,* etc.:—Puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, *compell'd,* for the active, *compelling.* The

meaning of the passage appears to be, that the delay of the joys and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time* is the time of restraint. *Whose* want is the want *of which,* referring to *prerogative* and *rite.*

Scene V.

6. *bunting*:—The bunting nearly resembles the skylark in size, form, and feather, but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the skylark.

38, 39. *like him that leaped into the custard*:—Ben Jonson mentions this custom in *The Devil is an Ass,* I. i.:—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his *Almain leap into a custard,*
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

ACT THIRD.

Scene II.

78. *'Tis bitter*:—Referring to Helena's whole attitude to Bertram, Brandes says: "She ventures all that she may gain her well-beloved, and in the pursuit of her aim shows an inventive capacity not common among women. For the real object of her journey to cure the King is, as she frankly confesses, to be near Bertram. As in the tale, she obtains the King's promise that she may, if she is successful in curing him, choose herself a husband among the lords of his court; but in Boccaccio it is the King who, in answer to her question as to the reward, gives her this promise of his own accord; in the play it is she who first states her wish. So possessed is she by her passion for one who does not give her a thought or a look. But when he rejects her (unlike Giletta in the tale), she has no desire to attain her object by compulsion; she simply says to the King with noble resignation, 'That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad; let the rest go.' She offers no objection when Bertram, immediately after the wedding, announces his departure, alleging pretexts which she does not choose to see through; she suffers without a murmur when, at the moment of parting, he refuses her a kiss. When she has

learnt the whole truth, she can at first utter nothing but short ejaculations: 'My lord is gone, for ever gone.' 'This is a dreadful sentence!' ''Tis bitter!'—and presently she leaves her home, that she may be no hindrance to his returning to it. Predisposed though she is to self-confidence and pride, no one could possibly love more tenderly and humbly"

100. In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the Countess answers, not otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.

124, 125. *Whence honour,* etc.:—The sense is, "From that place, where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

Scene IV.

4. *Saint Jaques' pilgrim*:—At Orleans was a church dedicated to Saint Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross which they believed to be there.

Scene V.

53. *His face I know not*:—Touching this passage, Coleridge asks, "Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely.

Scene VII.

45-48. *Is wicked meaning,* etc.:—The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful meeting was to seem in them both a sinful act.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

21, 22. *choughs' language,* etc.:—The sense of this passage appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

14. *my vows*:—His vows never to treat Helena as his wife.

21-29. *'Tis not the many oaths,* etc.:—Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belaboured than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants her to do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill,* because it is a love that would *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, the lines have not been understood on account of the inversion. The first *him* refers to *Jove,* and *whom,* not to this, but to the second *him*; or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd,* unratified *conditions.*

Scene III.

34-37. *I would gladly,* etc.:—This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition.

239. *Half won,* etc.:—That is, a match well made is half won: make your match therefore, but make it well.

Scene IV.

21-25. *But, O strange men,* etc.:—Clarke explains: "When, by permitting the beguiled imagination to rove forbiddenly, the dark-

ness of night is made blacker"; and comments: "This wandering away of Helena's thoughts into reverie (for the whole of this sentence is spoken to herself, rather than to her hearers) even while she is commenting upon excursive fancies, is, to our thinking, intensely fine and true to human nature, particularly under these special circumstances."

35. *the fine's the crown*:—A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* Of course *fine* is used in its primitive sense, for *end.*

Scene V.

2-4. *whose villanous saffron,* etc.:—In *The Winter's Tale,* IV. iii. 47, the Clown says, "I must have *saffron* to colour the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used for colouring pastry. The phrase "*unbaked* and *doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing colour in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus, Sir Philip Sidney has "*saffron*-coloured coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *saffrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description seems to identify *red* as the colour of a fantastical coxcomb's *hose,* or the allusion may be to his *scarfs.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

25. *All's well that ends well*:—Herford says: "Helena has been described as a kind of antithesis to Hamlet, in her clear purpose and resolute will; her quiet intensity and absence of humour associate her with Isabel, the device which restores her wedded rights, with Mariana. The marks of early date thus attach themselves to scenes which form the very framework of the plot."

Scene II.

56. *though you are a fool,* etc.:—"This is just one of Shakespeare's own touches," says Clarke. "It is not only true to his

large spirit of toleration for human frailties, that the old nobleman should save the wretch from starving, notwithstanding his strong disgust for his character; but it is an ingenuity of dramatic art thus to provide that Parolles shall be at hand, when the final scene of the story takes place at Rousillon, to appear among the other personages of the play."

Scene III.

17. *richest eyes*:—So in *As You Like It*, IV. i. 23-25: "To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Those who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty."

21, 22. *kill all repetition*:—That is, the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

93-101. *In Florence*, etc.:—"Here," says Clarke, "is one of Count Bertram's ready falsehoods, which he, with the fluency of an expert liar, pours forth, with self-condemnatory ease. Though he did not know that the ring belonged to Helena, he knew that it was not given to him under the circumstances he describes with so much affected precision of detail; and that very throwing from a window, wrapping in paper, and nobleness of the thrower, by which he seeks to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his tale, serves to prove its untruth, and to convict himself of being altogether untrue." Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helena. He did not know it was Helena's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

313, 314. *If she, my liege*, etc.:—Herford thus dismisses Helena: "The triumph of her love is merely external. She has satisfied the conditions and her husband consents to take her home; but of the sequel we are left to form what ominous conjecture we may from the perfunctory declaration:—

> 'If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
> I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.'"

Questions on

All's Well that Ends Well.

1. Was this play probably performed during the Poet's lifetime? When do we find the first theatrical notices published?

2. Comment on the divergencies of style and show what they indicate as to date of composition.

3. Indicate the differences between the story of Boccaccio, on which the play is founded, and the play itself. What characters are of Shakespeare's creation?

ACT FIRST.

4. In how many places in the play are there references to the father of Bertram? What influence upon the dispositions of people does his memory exert?

5. What relation does Bertram bear to the King?

6. How does the first view of Helena compare with that of Hamlet? Compare the words of Lafeu (i. 60, 61) with those of the King to Hamlet. How do the Countess and Lafeu mistake the sorrow of Helena?

7. Compare the Countess's blessing on Bertram (line 66 *et seq.*) with Polonius's on Laertes.

8. Characterize the poetic qualities of Helena's soliloquy in Sc. i.

9. How does Helena describe Parolles as to character and reputation?

10. In what spirit does Helena enter upon the discussion of virginity with Parolles? What is the dramatic purpose of this somewhat prolonged dialogue?

11. What qualities does Parolles demonstrate in himself as the discussion turns upon war?

12. What is the dominant quality of Helena's nature, and where in the first Scene does she exploit it?

13. Show how the enveloping action of the drama is indicated in Sc. ii.

14. What is Shakespeare's comment on the character of the courtier? Comment on Shakespeare's independence of character, considering the fact that he was a playwright favoured at court.

15. Show the mixture of sweetness and cynicism in the King's speeches. How is the edge taken from the latter quality?

16. Compare the Clown with Touchstone in *As You Like It.* What impression does his wit make?

17. How is the Countess informed of Helena's love for Bertram? What impediment does Helena chiefly fear to her union with Bertram?

18. What does the Countess find in herself to quicken her sympathy with Helena? How does she wring the confession from Helena?

19. When did Helena determine to go to Paris? How far did her thoughts for the King bear a part in her motives?

20. Review the first Act and state the causes for the action that are here set forth.

ACT SECOND.

21. Does the King seem English or French in temper?

22. In what position is Bertram placed in regard to the wars?

23. How account for the bantering tone that Lafeu takes with the King?

24. Explain the Biblical allusions in Helena's speech, i. 137 *et seq.*

25. Compare lines 154, 155 of this Scene with Act I. Sc. i. 226, 227, and comment on the nature of the religious feeling evinced by Helena.

26. How is Helena willing to stake the chances of the success of her remedy with the King?

27. Is the sententious quality of the King's speech (line 178 *et seq.*) assisted by the rhyming couplets?

28. Explain the purpose of the Clown's frequent repetition (Sc. ii.) of the phrase, "O Lord, sir!"

29. What is Lafeu's reflection at the opening of Sc. iii.? Wherein resides the humour of Parolles in this dialogue?

30 How does Shakespeare manage the scene of Helena's choosing a husband so as to acquit her of immodesty? What was her motive for asking the First Lord?

31. Is the motive Bertram alleges for denying her probably the true one? How would Ophelia or Viola have taken the rejection?

32. How does the King give to Helena "social promotion"? In the light of this play comment on Shakespeare's general aristocracy of feeling.

33. Does Bertram's sudden acquiescence in the King's demand bode ill? Does one feel that there is in Bertram a mental reservation?

34. What is the episodic purpose of the scene between Parolles and Lafeu? How does this scene develop the presentation of Parolles? How is he defined by Lafeu? Where is the undoing of Parolles foreshadowed?

35. What does Bertram determine upon after his marriage?

36. How do you account (Sc. iv.) for the presence of the Clown at Paris? What message does Parolles bring to Helena?

37. What is Helena's attitude towards Bertram now that she has won him in marriage?

38. What opinion of Parolles (Sc. v.) does Bertram give Lafeu? Indicate the dramatic purpose of the return of Parolles to the Scene.

39. What deceit does Bertram practise upon Helena? How might this Scene be marred in the hands of an artist less great than Shakespeare?

ACT THIRD.

40. Indicate the position of Sc. i. in the time scheme.

41. How is Bertram described by the Clown? Indicate the dramatic purpose of the Clown's forswearing of Isbel.

42. What were the contents of the letters to the Countess and to Helena?

43. What is the bearing of the Countess under the news brought in the letters?

44. Indicate the train of thought expressed by Helena. What does she determine upon doing?

45. In Sc. iii. what rise in the fortunes of Bertram is indicated?

46. What is the metrical form of Helena's letter? What report does she give out of her intentions?

47. What is the story of Diana?

48. Does Helena tell a lie to the Widow of Florence?

is her tortuous policy dramatically justified by the nature of the revelations to be made?

81. Does the conclusion of the play seem slighted by the dramatist. Is this abrupt ending contrary to his usual method?

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82. Comment on this view of Hudson: "The play is more apt to inspire an apologetic than an enthusiastic tone of mind."

83. Mention phrases, ideas, complexions of thought, that ally the play with *Hamlet*. Does it seem, from internal evidence, to have been written before or after *Hamlet*?

84. Herford has said that Helena's love for Bertram seems to spring from something fundamentally irrational in the nature of love itself; does this view account for her unusual conduct?

85. In how many of Shakespeare's plays do we find the pursuit by the woman of the man? Is this *motif* legitimatized by modern literature?

86. In depicting the character of Helena, how does Shakespeare compensate for the absence of many outward circumstances of which she has the advantage in the story of Boccaccio?

87. Herford further speaks of Helena's "clear and penetrating mind." With such qualities she could have been under no misapprehension of moral values. How did she meet and solve her problems?

88. Are the materials of this play essentially dramatic? Would they adapt themselves better to narrative treatment, and if so, why?

89. What is Shakespeare's attitude towards such young men as Bertram, Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Claudio in *Measure for Measure*?

90. Swinburne calls Lafeu "one of the best old men in all the range of comic art." Show reasons for his view.

91. Show the evident dramatic purpose of Parolles and of the Countess. Is motherhood a favourite *motif* with Shakespeare?

92. What is Shakespeare's philosophic outlook upon life as evinced by this play?

The Life and Death of King John

THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Preface.

The First Edition. *King John* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies the first place in the division of 'Histories.' The ten plays belonging to this series form as it were a great national Epic on the crises in English History from the reign of Richard II. to that of Richard III., with King John and Henry VIII. respectively as the Prologue and Epilogue of the whole. The Editors of the Folio were guided absolutely by chronological sequence in their arrangement of these plays: hence the place of *King John.*

Source of the Play. Shakespeare's *King John* is a recast of an older play entitled '*The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,*' printed for the first time in 1591, and again in 1611 and 1622. It is significant that the title-page of the 1611 edition states that the play was '*written by W. Sh.*'; in the later edition boldly expanded to '*W. Shakespeare.*'* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' may safely be assigned to about the year 1589, with its pseudo-Marlowan lyrical note and classical frippery so common in the plays of the period, *e.g.*:—

> "*The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,*
> *Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:*

* *Cp. Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles,* ed. by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Vols. 40, 41 (*Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library*; Nichols' *Six Old Plays,* etc.).

The bubbling murmur of the water's fall,
Records Philippus Regius filius:
Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
Filling the air with glory of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
Ring in mine ears, that I am Richard's son." *

The old "two-sectioned" play may be described as the work of an imitator of Marlowe clinging to pre-Marlowan versification and diction and clownage.

It has many of the faults of the older Chronicle plays, as opposed to the Historical Dramas; chiefly noteworthy are:—(i.) there is no hero; (ii.) no one in whom one can take interest, except perhaps Faulconbridge; (iii.) its Anti-Romish spirit, which is at times harsh in the extreme; (iv.) the doggerel character of much of its dialogue. On the other hand, the old playwright's treatment of his materials shows considerable merit, and to him belongs the invention of Faulconbridge,† and his mother, his avoidance of Constance's re-marriages, important modifications in Holinshed's characters of Arthur, of Limoges, etc.; while the comic scene where the Bastard finds the nun locked up in the Prior's chest 'to hide her from lay men,' and then discovers 'Friar Lawrence' locked up in the ancient nun's chest, must, as

* '*The Troublesome Raigne*' must be carefully distinguished from Bale's '*Kynge Johan*' (about 1548, printed by the Camden Society, ed. by J. P. Collier), which holds an interesting place in the history of Bale's attempt to build a Protestant drama on the ruins of the Catholic Mystery (*cp.* Herford's *Literary Relations of England and Germany* in the xvi. cent., ch. iii.). Shakespeare had certainly never seen this play.

† Mr. Watkiss Lloyd suggested that some of Faulconbridge's characteristics were got from that *raptarius nequissimus* and bastard, Falco de Brenta,—or Foukes de Brent, as Holinshed calls him,—who though he was one of the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, yet gave him great help in his fight with his Barons, and backed his son against Lewis.

Dr. Furnivall puts it, have been very telling on the Elizabethan stage; "you can fancy the audience's chuckles over it." Finally, it must be mentioned that the patriotic tone of Shakespeare's play re-echoes the sentiment of his original: especially striking are the closing words of '*The Troublesome Raigne*' which have remained almost intact in the recast:—

> "*Thus England's peace begins in Henry's reign*
> *And bloody wars are closed with happy league,*
> *Let England live but true within itself,*
> *And all the world can never wrong her state.*
> *Lewis thou shalt be bravely shipped to France*
> *For never Frenchman got of English ground*
> *The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *If England's peers and people join in one,*
> *Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.*"

'King John' and 'The Troublesome Raigne.' In comparing the two plays we note the following more striking points:—(i.) Shakespeare has compressed the ten acts of his original into five,* though he only omits four entire scenes, and introduces but one new one (at the end of Act IV.): (ii.) there is hardly a single line in the two plays exactly alike; by a mere touch, the re-arrangement of the words, the omission of a monosyllable, and the like, Shakespeare has alchemized mere dross: (iii.) Shakespeare, for the most part, follows the older play in its treatment of historical fact,† but he departs therefrom noticeably in representing Arthur as a child: (iv.) certain characters of the play as well as striking incidents have been elaborated and refined, *e.g.*

* Much actually takes place in *The Troublesome Raigne* which Shakespeare merely speaks of, *e.g.* there is a scene in which the *five 'moons'* actually appear.

† Surprise is often expressed at the omission of all mention of the *Magna Charta* in Shakespeare's play, but it is due in the first instance to the author of *The Troublesome Raigne.*

Constance,* Hubert, Pandulph, and especially Faulconbridge, whose character Shakespeare has rendered consistent and ennobled; he makes him not merely the central character, but also a sort of Chorus of the play, giving vent to sentiments of truest patriotism, and enunciating the highest national interests,—an embodiment of the typical Englishman, plain, blunt, honest, and loyal: (v.) Shakespeare omits altogether the coarse comic scenes which, in the older play, detract from the dignity of the historical surroundings: (vi.) the two plays have the same fault in having no hero; John is not the hero of *King John.*

On the other hand, there are three points in Shakespeare's play not as clear as in the original:—(i.) Faulconbridge's hatred of Austria: (ii.) his anger at the betrothal of Blanch to the Dauphin: (iii.) the reason why the monk poisoned King John. The old play explains clearly (i.) that Austria had been cruel to Cœur-de-Lion: (ii.) that Blanch had previously been betrothed to Faulconbridge: (iii.) that John 'contemned' the Pope, and never loved a Friar; (*cp. Shakespeare as an adapter*, Edward Rose, Preface to *Troublesome Raigne*, Part i.; *Forewords to Troublesome Raigne*, Part ii., Dr. Furnivall; *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare*, Watkiss Lloyd; *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtney; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare* (Longman, 1894, etc.).

* The famous scene of Constance's Lament (Act III. Sc. iv.) was evolved from the following crude original:—

> *"My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap:*
> *When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale?*
> *Must Constance speak? Let tears prevent her talk.*
> *Must I discourse? Let Dido sigh, and say*
> *She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy:*
> *Two words will serve, and then my tale is done—*
> *Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son."*

Similarly, the scene in which John suggests to Hubert his murderous design is based on a mere hint of the older play.

Date of Composition. *King John* is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). From internal evidence, it belongs to the same group as *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, especially in the characteristic absence of prose. The large amount of rhyme in *Richard II.* makes it, in all probability, anterior to *King John.* The play may safely be dated *c.* 1595.

Duration of Action. The time of the play occupies seven days, with intervals comprising in all not more than three or four months. The historical time covers the whole of King John's reign.

Royal Arms of England in the time of John.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the throne of England is seized by his brother John from the feeble grasp of their nephew Arthur, the rightful heir. King Philip of France supports the claims of Arthur, and menaces England with war; whereupon King John plans an invasion of France, and chooses as one of his generals a natural son of Cœur-de-Lion, whom he creates Sir Richard Plantagenet.

II. The English troops encounter the French forces before the city of Angiers—an English possession, which, however, refuses to open its gates to either king till the succession of the English tnrone be determined upon. The two sovereigns fight a battle without decisive result, and afterwards propose a treaty of peace. A niece ot John is given in marriage to the French Dauphin. The treaty results in an acquisition of English territory on the part of Philip, who is thereby disaffected to the cause of Arthur.

III. King John refuses to bow to the authority of the Pope, and the latter excommunicates him. The papal legate incites Philip to break the treaty. War is resumed. The French are defeated in a general engagement, and Arthur is taken prisoner by his uncle, who gives secret orders that he be put to death.

IV. Upon the return of John to England, Hubert, a courtier, is instructed to burn out Arthur's eyes; but the young prince's entreaties so soften Hubert's heart

that he ventures to disobey the cruel mandate. Soon after Arthur attempts to escape from the castle where he is confined, by leaping from the battlements. The leap kills him, and his mangled body is found by some discontented nobles. They believe him to have been murdered by the King's command, and are confirmed in their purpose of deserting John and joining their strength with that of the Dauphin, who, armed with papal approval, is invading England.

V. The timid heart of John yields at this evidence of the Pope's wrath and power. He surrenders his authority to the papal legate, thinking thus to arrest the French invasion. But the Dauphin, urged by successes and claiming the English throne through his wife, continues to press forward. The English troops are mustered by Plantagenet, who valiantly battles with the French. The issue of the fray remains in doubt, each side having met with severe losses through outside and natural causes. The English nobles who had joined with the Dauphin now desert him, and he is disposed to terms of peace, which are willingly listened to by the enfeebled English. During the battle John has been removed in a state of illness to an abbey, where he is poisoned by a monk. Upon his death, his son Henry III. ascends the throne.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Philip the Bastard.

The character that bears the weight of the piece, as an acting play, is the illegitimate son of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Philip Faulconbridge. He is John Bull himself in the guise of a mediæval knight, equipped with great strength and a racy English humour, not the wit of a Mercutio, a gay Italianising cavalier, but the irre-

pressible ebullitions of rude health and blunt gaiety befitting an English Hercules. The scene in the first act, in which he appears along with his brother, who seeks to deprive him of his inheritance as a Faulconbridge on the ground of his alleged illegitimacy, and the subsequent scene with his mother, from whom he tries to wring the secret of his paternity, both appear in the old play; but in it everything that the Bastard says is in grim earnest—the embroidery of wit belongs to Shakespeare alone. It is he who has placed in Faulconbridge's mouth such sayings as this:—

> "Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
> Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
> Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast."

And it is quite in Shakespeare's spirit when the son, after her confession, thus consoles his mother:—

> "Madam, I would not wish a better father.
> Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
> And so doth yours."

In later years, at a time when his outlook upon life was darkened, Shakespeare accounted for the villany of Edmund, in *King Lear*, and for his aloofness from anything like normal humanity, on the ground of his irregular birth; in the Bastard of this play, on the contrary, his aim was to present a picture of all that health, vigour, and full-blooded vitality which popular belief attributes to a "love-child."

Faulconbridge is at first full of youthful insolence, the true mediæval nobleman, who despises the burgess class simply as such. When the inhabitants of Angiers refuse to open their gates either to King John or to King Philip of France, who has espoused the cause of Arthur, the Bastard is so indignant at this peace-loving circumspection that he urges the kings to join their forces against the unlucky town, and cry truce to their feud

until the ramparts are levelled to the earth. But in the course of the action he ripens more and more, and displays ever greater and more estimable qualities—humanity, right-mindedness, and a fidelity to the King which does not interfere with generous freedom of speech towards him.

His method of expression is always highly imaginative, more so than that of the other male characters in the play. Even the most abstract ideas he personifies. Thus he talks (III. i.) of—

> "Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time."

In the old play whole scenes are devoted to his execution of the task here allotted him of visiting the monasteries of England and lightening the abbots' bursting money-bags. Shakespeare has suppressed these ebullitions of an anti-Catholic fervour, which he did not share. On the other hand, he has endowed Faulconbridge with genuine moral superiority. At first he is only a cheery, fresh-natured, robust personality, who tramples upon all social conventions, phrases, and affectations; and indeed he preserves to the last something of that contempt for "cockered silken wantons" which Shakespeare afterwards elaborates so magnificently in Henry Percy. But there is real greatness in his attitude when, at the close of the play, he addresses the vacillating John in this manly strain (V. i.):—

> "Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
> Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
> Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
> Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
> Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
> That borrow their behaviours from the great,
> Grow great by your example, and put on
> The dauntless spirit of resolution."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

John.

The king reigns neither by warrant of a just title, nor, like Bolingbroke, by warrant of the right of the strongest. He knows that his house is founded upon the sand; he knows that he has no justice of God and no virtue of man on which to rely. Therefore he assumes an air of authority and regal grandeur. But within all is rottenness and shame. Unlike the bold usurper Richard, John endeavours to turn away his eyes from facts of which he is yet aware; he dare not gaze into his own wretched and cowardly soul. When threatened by France with war, and now alone with his mother, John exclaims, making an effort to fortify his heart:—

> "Our strong possession and our right for us."

But Elinor, with a woman's courage and directness, forbids the unavailing self-deceit:—

> "Your strong possession much more than your right,
> Or else it must go wrong with you and me."

King Richard, when he would make away with the young princes, summons Tyrrel to his presence, and inquires, with cynical indifference to human sentiment:—

> "Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?"

and when Tyrrel accepts the commission, Richard, in a moment of undisguised exultation, breaks forth with "Thou sing'st sweet music!" John would inspire Hubert with his murderous purpose rather like some vague influence than like a personal will, obscurely as some pale mist works which creeps across the fields, and leaves blight behind it in the sunshine. He trembles lest he should have said too much; he trembles lest he should not have said enough; at last the nearer fear prevails, and the words "death," "a grave," form themselves upon his lips. Having touched a spring which will pro-

duce assassination, he furtively withdraws himself from the mechanism of crime. It suits the King's interest afterwards that Arthur should be living, and John adds to his crime the baseness of a miserable attempt by chicanery and timorous sophisms to transfer the responsibility of murder from himself to his instrument and accomplice. He would fain darken the eyes of his conscience and of his understanding.

The show of kingly strength and dignity in which John is clothed in the earlier scenes of the play must therefore be recognized (although Shakspere does not obtrude the fact) as no more than a poor pretence of true regal strength and honour. The fact, only hinted in these earlier scenes, becomes afterwards all the more impressive, when the time comes to show this dastard king, who had been so great in the barter of territory, in the sale of cities, in the sacrifice of love and marriage-truth to policy, now changing from pale to red in the presence of his own nobles, now vainly trying to tread back the path of crime, now incapable of enduring the physical suffering of the hour of death. Sensible that he is a king with no inward strength of justice or of virtue, John endeavours to buttress up his power with external supports; against the advice of his nobles he celebrates a second coronation, only forthwith to remove the crown from his head and place it in the hands of an Italian priest.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Constance.

We have seen that in the mother of Coriolanus, the principal qualities are exceeding pride, self-will, strong maternal affection, great power of imagination, and energy of temper. Precisely the same qualities enter into the mind of Constance of Bretagne; but in her these

qualities are so differently modified by circumstances and education, that not even in fancy do we think of instituting a comparison between the Gothic grandeur of Constance and the more severe and classical dignity of the Roman matron.

The scenes and circumstances with which Shakspeare has surrounded Constance, are strictly faithful to the old chronicles, and are as vividly as they are accurately represented. On the other hand, the hints on which the character has been constructed, are few and vague; but the portrait harmonizes so wonderfully with its historic background, and with all that later researches have discovered relative to the personal adventures of Constance, that I have not the slightest doubtful of its individual truth. The result of a life of strange vicissitude; the picture of a tameless will, and high passions, forever struggling in vain against a superior power; and the real situation of women in those chivalrous times, are placed before us in a few noble scenes. The manner in which Shakspeare has applied the scattered hints of history to the formation of the character, reminds us of that magician who collected the mangled limbs which had been dispersed up and down, reunited them into the human form, and reanimated them with the breathing and conscious spirit of life. . . .

Constance is certainly an historical personage; but the form which, when we meet it on the record of history, appears like a pale indistinct shadow, half melted into its obscure background, starts before us into a strange relief and palpable breathing reality upon the page of Shakspeare.

Whenever we think of Constance, it is in her maternal character. All the interest which she excites in the drama turns upon her situation as the mother of Arthur. Every circumstance in which she is placed, every sentiment she utters, has a reference to him; and she is represented through the whole of the scenes in which she

is engaged as alternately pleading for the rights and trembling for the existence of her son. . . .

But, while we contemplate the character of Constance, she assumes before us an individuality perfectly distinct from the circumstances around her. The action calls forth her maternal feelings, and places them in the most prominent point of view; but with Constance, as with a real human being, the maternal affections are a powerful instinct, modified by oher faculties, sentiments, and impulses, making up the individual character. We think of her as a mother, because, as a mother distracted for the loss of her son, she is immediately presented before us, and calls forth our sympathy and our tears; but we infer the rest of her character from what we see, as certainly and as completely as if we had known her whole course of life.

That which strikes us as the principal attribute of Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of will, passion, of affection, of pride; the moral energy, that faculty which is principally exercised in self-control, and gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rather, to speak more correctly, the extraordinary development of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the character its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other qualities comparatively subordinate. Hence it is that the whole complexion of the character, notwithstanding its amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine. The weakness of the woman, who by the very consciousness of that weakness is worked up to desperation and defiance, the fluctuations of temper and the bursts of sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, and the tears are all most true to feminine nature. The energy of Constance not being based upon strength of character, rises and falls with the tide of passion. Her haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is excited into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; while neither from her towering pride nor her strength of intellect can she borrow patience to submit, or fortitude to en-

dure. It is, therefore, with perfect truth of nature, that Constance is first introduced as pleading for peace:—

> "Stay for an answer to your embassy,
> Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
> My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
> That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
> And then we shall repent each drop of blood
> That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed."

And that the same woman, when all her passions are roused by the sense of injury, should afterwards exclaim,

> "War, war! no peace! peace is to me a war!"

that she should be ambitious for her son, proud of his high birth and royal rights, and violent in defending them, is most natural; but I cannot agree with those who think that in the mind of Constance *ambition*—that is, the love of dominion for its own sake—is either a strong motive or a strong feeling; it could hardly be so where the natural impulses and the ideal power predominate in so high a degree. The vehemence with which she asserts the just and legal rights of her son is that of a fond mother and a proud-spirited woman, stung with the sense of injury, and herself a reigning sovereign, —by birth and right, if not in fact; yet when bereaved of her son, grief not only "fills the room up of her absent child," but seems to absorb every other faculty and feeling—even pride and anger. It is true that she exults over him as one whom nature and fortune had destined to be *great*, but in her distraction for his loss she thinks of him only as her "Pretty Arthur."

> "O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
> My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!"

No other feeling can be traced through the whole of her frantic scene; it is grief only—a mother's heart-rending, soul-absorbing grief—and nothing else. Not

even indignation or the desire of revenge interferes with its soleness and intensity. An ambitious woman would hardly have thus addressed the cold, wily Cardinal:—

> "And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven," etc.

The bewildered pathos and poetry of this address could be natural in no woman who did not unite, like Constance, the most passionate sensibility with the most vivid imagination.

It is true that Queen Elinor calls her on one occasion "ambitious Constance"; but the epithet is rather the natural expression of Elinor's own fear and hatred than really applicable. Elinor, in whom age had subdued all passions but ambition, dreaded the mother of Arthur as her rival in power, and for that reason only opposed the claims of the son; but I conceive that in a woman yet in the prime of life, and endued with the peculiar disposition of Constance, the mere love of power would be too much modified by fancy and feeling to be called a *passion.*

In fact, it is not pride, nor temper, nor ambition, nor even maternal affection which in Constance gives the prevailing tone to the whole character; it is the predominance of imagination. I do not mean in the conception of the dramatic portrait, but in the temperament of the woman herself. In the poetical, fanciful, excitable cast of her mind, in the *excess* of the ideal power, tinging all her affections, exalting all her sentiments and thoughts, and animating the expression of both, Constance can only be compared to Juliet.

In the first place, it is through the power of imagination that when under the influence of excited temper, Constance is not a mere incensed woman; nor does she, in the style of Volumnia, "lament in anger, Juno-like," but rather like a sibyl in a fury. Her sarcasms come down like thunderbolts. In her famous address to Austria—

"O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil! thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!" etc.

it is as if she had concentrated the burning spirit of scorn, and dashed it in his face; every word seems to blister where it falls. In the scolding scene between her and Queen Elinor, the laconic insolence of the latter is completely overborne by the torrent of bitter contumely which bursts from the lips of Constance, clothed in the most energetic, and often in the most figurative expressions. . . .

And in a very opposite mood, when struggling with the consciousness of her own helpless situation, the same susceptible and excitable fancy still predominates:—

> "Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me:
> For I am sick, and capable of fears;
> Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
> A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
> A woman, naturally born to fears;
> And though thou now confess thou didst but jest
> With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,
> But they will quake and tremble all this day."

It is the power of imagination which gives so peculiar a tinge to the maternal tenderness of Constance; she not only loves her son with the fond instinct of a mother's affection, but she loves him with her poetical imagination, exults in his beauty and his royal birth, hangs over him with idolatry, and sees his infant brow already encircled with the diadem. Her proud spirit, her ardent enthusiastic fancy, and her energetic self-will, all combine with her maternal love to give it that tone and character which belongs to her only. . . .

Constance, who is a majestic being, is majestic in her very frenzy. Majesty is also the characteristic of Hermione; but with a difference between *her* silent, lofty, uncomplaining despair, and the eloquent grief of Constance, whose wild lamentations, which come bursting

forth clothed in the grandest, the most poetical imagery, not only melt, but absolutely electrify us!

On the whole, it may be said that pride and maternal affection form the basis of the character of Constance, as it is exhibited to us; but that these passions, in an equal degree common to many human beings, assume their peculiar and individual tinge from an extraordinary development of intellect and fancy. It is the energy of passion which lends the character its concentrated power, as it is the prevalence of imagination throughout which dilates it into magnificence.

Some of the most splendid poetry to be met with in Shakspeare, may be found in the parts of Juliet and Constance; the most splendid, perhaps, excepting only the parts of Lear and Othello; and for the same reason, that Lear and Othello as men, and Juliet and Constance as women, are distinguished by the predominance of the same faculties—passion and imagination.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Arthur.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in

whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how anything so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech—"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones"—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says: "If anything ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius into pictures of nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, and of Lady Macduff and her son in *Macbeth*; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pandulph.

Pandulph, the legate, stands in group with the feudal princes like the representative of the adult fraud and heartlessness of priestcraft; the inheritor of high faculties cultivated to refined ill purposes from the old

Roman pontifices; the root of evil living among the ashes of the empire and springing up amongst and poisoning the better and unsophisticated tendencies of the northern nations, apprentices in civilization it is true but also novices in deceit. In his elaborate explaining away of perjury, his authorization by religious sanction of secret, treacherous murder and revolt, and in his cold-blooded complacency as he speculates on the certain murder of Arthur if dextrously provoked and the advantages to result to Holy Church therefrom, we have most striking contrast to the spirit of honour, of hatred of cruelty, and of compassion for the weak and afflicted, that characterizes the English Barons. The power of the natural affections over a rude nature is expressed most glowingly in the relenting of Hubert, but scarcely more touchingly than by the tears of Salisbury at the distress of Constance, or in his bitterness of heart at his false position as an enemy:—

> "Where honourable rescue and defence
> Calls out upon the name of Salisbury,"

and by the generous indignation of the barons, his companions, and of Faulconbridge no less, at the jeopardy and murder of Arthur. Formal religion is arrayed in the person of its official minister against the religion of humanity and sympathy; and the corruption of an artfully organized administration offends the spectator by assuming the honours and prerogatives of devotion and piety, when at war with all the feelings that by their essential qualities and in their own right are properly devout, moral and pious; and hence neither in falling off from their allegiance nor in returning to it do the barons admit the slightest weight, or even refer to the authority of Pandulph, a sign of the future which is quite as significant as the hankering of the kings and nobles after ecclesiastical hoards, which seconded the popular movement so efficiently at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Church and State.

As in *Coriolanus,* we have the antique state in conflict with its foundation, the family bond and its rights, so in *King John,* the centre of the action lies in the struggle between the mediæval state and its one basis, the church. As the latter was or pretended to be the ideal side of political life, and thus, as it were, the ethos, that is, the conscience of the state, this struggle is first of all reflected in John's own life and character; we have it exhibited in the perpetual conflict between his better self, which was naturally disposed to manly dignity, independence, and quick and resolute action, and his tendency to arbitrary proceedings, love of dominion and pretension, to caprice and passionate recklessness. Being in conflict with himself, his naturally discordant disposition degenerates into complete inconsistency and want of character. Hence, although he has even resorted to murder, he cannot maintain his tottering throne, either against Arthur's legitimate claims, or against the interferences of France and of the church. His own unjust title to the crown, his violence, and his inconsistent and arbitrary actions, his dispute with the church, and the intrigues of the latter, become the motives of France's breach of faith, of the ever-recurring contests from without, as well as of the internal dissensions of the kingdom. The relation between Church and State is the pulse of the whole historical action; John's dilemmas, his degradation and his death are its work, and the only means that it employs are that it contrives cleverly to make use of the illegitimacy attached to his crown, the weakness of his own character, and the want of strength in the feudal community, which again was the result of John's despotic rule.

However, this state of decay is manifested not only externally, in John's kingdom and his relation to the

barons and people, but also internally, and again not only in the State, for the Church itself is rotten to its inmost core; the policy of both is immoral, selfish and pretentious, and therefore loosened from its true foundation. The church, too, is desirous only of outward splendour, authority and power; it has entirely mistaken its own nature and its true vocation, and has fallen as low as the secular power, owing to its disloyal, intriguing actions, and its sophistic perversion of the fundamental laws of all morality.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

Lights and Shadows of the Play.

So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followed from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeys, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism. But Shakspere, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backt by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like,

deprecates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspere's power of creating situations, which he had possesst from the first.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

The play marks the transition from the chronicle play to the true drama; in which incidents and characters are selected for their dramatic significance, a dramatic motive introduced, dramatic movement traced, and a climax reached. The older playwrights, dealing with the events of a whole reign, would have given the play an epical or narrative quality; Shakespeare selected, compressed, foreshortened, and grouped events and figures in such a way as to secure connected action, the development of character, and a final catastrophe which is impressive, if not intrinsically dramatic. He instinctively omitted certain coarse scenes which were in the older play; he brought into clear light and consistency certain characters which were roughly sketched in the earlier work; in the scene between Hubert and Arthur he struck a new note of tenderness and pathos; while in giving marked prominence to the humour of Faulconbridge he opened the way for that blending of comedy with tragedy and history which is one of the marks, not only of his maturity, but of his greatness. The play has no hero, and is not free from the faults of the long line of dramas from which it descended and to which it belongs, but Shakespeare's creative energy is distinctly at work in it.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man.*

The Life and Death of King John.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.*
The Earl of PEMBROKE.
The Earl of ESSEX.
The Earl of SALISBURY.
The Lord BIGOT.
HUBERT DE BURGH.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*
PHILIP THE BASTARD, *his half-brother.*
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*
PETER of POMFRET, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *king of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Lymoges, Duke of AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*
MELUN, *a French lord.*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John.*
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*
BLANCH of Spain, *niece to King John.*
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The Life and Death of

King John.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrowed majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories, 10
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France, 20
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. 30
[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me: 41
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman 50
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father: 60
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land! 70
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both 80
And were our father and this son like him,
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 90
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.
With half that face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death 110
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother, 120
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him: nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I 'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, I 'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st: 160
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! 180
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fellow!'—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an Absey book:
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200

Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device, 210
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give me leave awhile? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There 's toys abroad: anon I 'll tell thee more.
[*Exit Gurney.*
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg. 240
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land:
Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother? 250
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:
Heaven lay not my trangression to my charge:
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father! 270
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I 'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, etc., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power: Lewis, Arthur, Constance and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 10
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war;
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love, 20
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages: 40
We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish, 50
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just commands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town, 60
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drum beats.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace. 90
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off from the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large 101
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot: 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, as I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I 'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all; 151
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I 'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her

And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her! 190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, 210
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears: 230
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys: 240
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town.
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up; 250
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town.
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time 271
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 280
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home, 290
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates, 300
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,

Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim 310
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come 321
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power: 330
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We 'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 350
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit? 361

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?

First Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
First Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates; 370
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town: 380
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I 'ld play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 390
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory,

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom. 410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their rift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I 'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field: 420
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match, 450
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here 's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 480
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,

Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow: 500
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine: 510
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate. 520

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; 550
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, having no external thing to lose 571
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well.
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm; 590
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary. 10
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 40
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. 50
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state of my great grief 70
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Seats herself on the ground.*

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, 90
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn; 101
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, 110
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too, 120
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to thy foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. 131

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand 140
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doth spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous, 150
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon for himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile! 180
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse? 190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, 200
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need, 211
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.

O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say. 221

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion, 280
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make 290
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 300
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath; 340
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene III.

The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon: 10
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh 20
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. 29

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way; 61
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. Madam, fare you well:
I 'll send those powers o'er to your majesty. 70

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

[*The same. The French King's tent.*

[*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail

Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified: 10
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows 30
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou are not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity. 60

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief. 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. 100
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I 'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness. 111

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark:
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be 131
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life, 160
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is not in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me: 20

HUBERT AND ARTHUR.
King John, Act IV., Scene i.

He is afraid of me and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you: 30
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it! 60
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's. 70

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb; 80
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Executioners.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue, 101
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out 110
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 120
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I 'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure, 130
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before, 10
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable. 20

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault 30
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation 40
I have possess'd you with and think them strong;
And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them 50
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich advantage of good exercise. 60
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine: 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence 80
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny? 91
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I 'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. 102
[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a power
For any foreign preparation 111
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died 120
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here? 130

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon, 151
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived? 160

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies, 170
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.* 180

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action, 191
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent: 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer

Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, 210
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— 230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I 'll make a peace between your soul and you. 250
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage, 261
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! 10
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet. 20

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; 30
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! 60
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem.
Big. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so; 90
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I 'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I 'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge? 101
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency. 110
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here 's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I 'll tell thee what; 120
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: 150
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits.
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I 'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul 10
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war, 20
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received, 31
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, 50
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 70
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith 10
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time, 20
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,— 30
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this; 40
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, 50
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity 61
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control, 80
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,

Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I, 100
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from the king 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should: 130
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. 150
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent 161
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine; 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. 180
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends,
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold; 10
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day, 30
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king: 40
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form 50
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right. 61
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

Scene V.

The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords 10
By his persuasion are again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I, 21
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee? why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, thou know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 30
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing. 20
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 40
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;

And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power, 61
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then: 100
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A' = he; I. i. 68.

Absey book, i.e. A B C book; a primer, which sometimes included a catechism; I. i. 196.

Abstract, epitome, summary; II. i. 101.

Adjunct, consequent; III. iii. 57.

Advantage, profit, interest; III. iii. 22.

Adverse, inimicable, hostile; IV. ii. 172.

Advice, deliberate consideration; III. iv. 11.

Advised, "well a.," considerate; III. i. 5.

Aery, eagle's brood; V. ii. 149.

Affecteth, resembleth; I. i. 86.

Affections, passions, feelings; V. ii. 41.

Affliction, afflicted one; III. iv. 36.

Aim; "cry a."; an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers; II. i. 196.

Airy, dwelling in the air; III. ii. 2.

Amazed, bewildered; IV. ii. 137.

An; "an if"; *an* used to emphasize *if*; I. i. 138.

Anatomy, skeleton; III. iv. 40.

Angel; a gold coin of the value of ten shillings, with the figure of Michael and the dragon; II. i. 590; III. iii. 8; play upon "angel" and "noble" (value six shillings and eightpence); V. ii. 64.

Angerly, angrily; IV. i. 82.

Angiers, Angers, the capital of Anjou; II. i. 1.

Answer, face; V. vii. 60.

Answer'd, atoned; IV. ii. 89.

Apparent, plain, evident; IV. ii. 93.

Armado, fleet of war-ships; III. iv. 2.

Arms, heraldic device, IV. iii. 47.

Arms, "in arms," armed; III. i. 102; in embracement; III. i. 103.

Arras, embroidered hangings which covered the walls; IV. i. 2.

Articles, particular items in a writing or discourse; II. i. 111.

Artificer, artisan; IV. ii. 201.

Aspect, look, air; IV. ii. 72.

Assured, betrothed; II. i. 535.

At = by; V. ii. 75.

Ate (Folios, "Ace"), Goddess of Mischief; II. i. 63.
Avaunt, exclamation of contempt or abhorrence, away! begone! IV. iii. 77.
Aweless, unawed, fearless; I. i. 266.

Back, go back; V. ii. 78, 95.
Bank'd, sailed along the river-banks; V. ii. 104.
Bare-ribb'd, skeleton; V. ii. 177.
Bastinado, a sound beating; II. i. 463.
Bated, abated, diminished; V. iv. 53.
Battles, armies drawn up in battle array; IV. ii. 78.
Beadle; II. i. 188.

The Beadle to the University of Paris. From a painted glass window in the Paris National Library (*temp.* Francis I.).

Becks = beckons; III. iii. 13.
Become, adorn, grace; V. i. 55.
Bedlam, lunatic; II. i. 183.
Beguiled, cheated; III. i. 99.
Behalf; "in right and true b.," on behalf of the rightful and true claim; I. i. 7.
Behaviour, "in my b.," *i.e.* "in the tone and character which I here assume"; I. i. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 239.
Beldams, old women, hags; used contemptuously; IV. ii. 185.
Bent, directed, pointed; II. i. 37.
Bequeath, transfer; V. vii. 104.
Beshrew my soul, a mild oath; V. iv. 49.
Betime, quickly, before it is too late; IV. iii. 98.
Betters, superiors in rank; I. i. 156.
Bias, that which draws in a particular direction; preponderant activity; originally the weight of lead let into one side of a bowl in order to make it turn towards that side; II. i. 574.
Blood, "lusty blood," hasty, impetuous spirit; II. i. 461.

From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n.d.

Blood; "true b.," blood of the rightful heir; III. iv. 147.
Bloods, men of mettle; II. i. 278.
Blots, disfigurements; III. i. 45.
Blow a horn, etc.; I. i. 219.
Boisterous, rude, violent; IV. i. 95.
Borrowed, false, counterfeit; I. i. 4.
Bottoms, ships; II. i. 73. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From an illuminated MS. of XVth cent.

Bought and sold, betrayed; V. iv. 10.
Bounds, boundaries; III. i. 23.
Brabbler, quarreller, noisy fellow; V. ii. 162.
Brave, bravado, defiant speech; V. ii. 159.
Brave, defy; V. i. 70.
Breathes, takes breath; III. ii. 4.
Brief, short document; a legal term; II. i. 103.
Brief in hand, speedily to be dispatched; IV. iii. 158.
Broke out, escaped; V. vi. 24.
Broke with, opened my heart, communicated; IV. ii. 227.
Broker, agent; II. i. 568.
Brows, walls (used figuratively); II. i. 38.
Buss, kiss; III. iv. 35.
But, except, III. i. 92; but that, IV. i. 128; "but now" = just now, V. vii. 66.
By this light, a mild oath; I. i. 259.

Calf's-skin, a coat made of calf's-skin; the distinguishing garment of a fool; III. i. 129.
Call, a cry to entice birds to return; III. iv. 174.
Canker, corroding evil; V. ii. 14.
Canker'd, venomous, wicked; II. i. 194.
Capable of, susceptible to; III. i. 12.
Censured, judged; II. i. 328.
Chafed (the Folios, "cased"; Theobald's emendation), enraged; III. i. 259.
'Champion of our Church'; "the King of France was styled the Eldest son of the Church and the Most Christian King"; III. i. 267.
Chaps, jaws, the mouth; II. i. 352.
Chastised, severely punished; V. ii. 84.
Chatillon (Chatillion, in the Folios), quadrisyllabic; I. i. 30.

Check, control; an allusion to the game of chess; "the Queen of the chessboard was, in this country, invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century (Staunton); II. i. 123.

Christendom, baptism, Christianity; IV. i. 16.

Churlish, rough, rude; II. i. 76; niggardly; II. i. 519.

Cincture (Pope's reading; Folios, "*center,*" perhaps = French *ceinture*), girdle; IV. iii. 155.

Circumstance, details; II. i. 7.

Clap up, join hands to ratify a compact; III. i. 235.

Clearly, completely; V. v. 7.

Climate, region of the sky; II. i. 344.

Clippeth about, embraceth; V. ii. 34.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 72.

Closely, secretly; IV. i. 133.

Closet, private apartment; IV. ii. 267.

Clouts; "a babe of c.," a doll made of pieces of cloth, a rag-doll; III. iv. 58.

Clutch, shut close; II. i. 589.

Cocker'd, pampered; V. i. 70.

Coil, ado, turmoil; II. i. 165.

Colbrand the Giant; a famous legendary giant, overthrown by Guy of Warwick before King Athelstan at Winchester (*cp.* Ballad of Guy and Colebrande, in Percy's *Reliques*); I. i. 225.

Coldly, calmly, tranquilly; II. i. 53.

Commandment on, command of, over; IV. ii. 92.

Commodity, profit, self-interest; II. i. 573.

Companies = company; IV. ii. 167.

Composition, compact; II. i. 561.

Compound, agree, settle; II. i. 281.

Compulsion, compelling circumstances; V. ii. 44.

Conceit, mental faculty, intelligence; III. iii. 50.

Concludes, settles the matter; I. i. 127.

Conduct, escort, guard; I. i. 29.

Confounded, destroyed; V. vii. 58.

Confusion, ruin, overthrow; II. i. 359.

Conjure, solemnly enjoin; IV. ii. 269.

Consequently, accordingly; IV. ii. 240.

Contemn'd, despised; V. ii. 13.

Control, constraint; I. i. 17.

Controlment, compulsion; I. i. 20.

Conversion, change to superior rank; I. i. 189.

Convertite, convert; V. i. 19.

Convicted, defeated, overpowered; III. iv. 2.

Coops, shuts up (for protection); II. i. 25.

Corruptibly, causing corruption; V. vii. 2.

Countries; "man of c.," traveller; I. i. 193.
Cousin, any kinsman or kinswoman not nearly related; III. i. 339.
Covetousness, eagerness, desire; IV. ii. 29.
Cracker, blusterer, braggart; II. i. 147.
Create, created; IV. i. 107.
Cross'd, thwarted; III. i. 91.
Cull, choose out, select; II. i. 40.
Customed, accustomed, customary, common; III. iv. 155.

Dead news, news of death; V. vii. 65.
Deafs = deafens; II. i. 147.
Dealt, acted; V. ii. 121.
Dear; "my d. offence," "the offence which has cost me dear"; I. i. 257.
Defy, despise, denounce; III. iv. 23.
Departed, parted; II. i. 563.
Device, "cut and ornaments of a garment"; I. i. 210.
Dim, "wanting the fresh aspect of life and health"; III. iv. 85.
Disallow of, refuse; I. i. 16.
Discontents, discontented spirits; IV. iii. 151.
Dishabited, dislodged; II. i. 220.
Dispiteous, pitiless; IV. i. 34.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 203.
Disposed, managed, arranged; III. iv. 11.
Distemper'd, disturbed by the elements, III. iv. 154; angry, ill-humored; IV. iii. 21.
Doff, take off; III. i. 128.
Dogged, cruel; IV. i. 129; IV. iii. 149.
Dominations, dominion, sovereign power; II. i. 176.
Doubt, suspect, fear; IV. i. 19.
Doubtless, free from fear; IV. i. 130.
Down-trodden, trampled to the ground; II. i. 241.
Draw, draw out, lengthen; II. i. 103.
Drawn, drawn together; IV. ii. 118.
Drew, levied; V. ii. 113.
Dunghill; a term of contempt for a person meanly born (= "dunghill cur"); IV. iii. 87.
Dust, "a d.," a particle of dust; IV. i. 93.

Eat, eaten; I. i. 234.
Effect, import, tenour; IV. i. 38.
Embassy, message entrusted to an ambassador; I. i. 6, 22.
Embattailed, drawn up in battle order; IV. ii. 200.
Embounded, enclosed; IV. iii. 137.
Endamagement, injury, harm; II. i. 209.
Enforced, compelled; V. ii. 30.
Enfranchisement, release from prison, deliverance; IV. ii. 52.
Equity, justice; II. i. 241.
Even, exactly, just; III. i. 233.
Excommunicate = excommunicated; III. i. 173.

Exercise; "good exercise," education befitting a noble youth; IV. ii. 60.
Exhalation, meteor; III. iv. 153.
Expedient, expeditious, quick; II. i. 60.
Expire, come to an end, cease; V. iv. 36.
Extremes, acts of cruelty; IV. i. 108.

Fair, clearly, distinctly; IV. i. 37.
Fair fall, fair fortune befall; I. i. 78.
Fall from, desert; III. i. 320.
Fall'n off, deserted; V. v. 11.
Fantasied; "strangely f.," filled with strange fancies; IV. ii. 144.
Fashion'd; "so new a f. robe," a robe of so new a fashion; IV. ii. 27.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gipsies and other vagrants, the drift of which was to encourage wagers, as to whether a knot was fast or loose; III. i. 242.
Fearful; "fearful action," gestures of fear; IV. ii. 191.
Feature, form, external appearance; IV. ii. 264.
Fell, fierce, cruel; III. iv. 40.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 290.
Fetch about, turn, veer round; IV. ii. 24.
Field, battle-field; V. i. 55.
Fine, punishment, V. iv. 37, 38, end; with a play upon the two senses of the word.
Flats, low ground; V. vi. 40.
Fleet, pass away with rapidity; II. i. 285.
Flesh, "make fierce and eager for combat"; V. i. 71.
Fleshly land, land of flesh; IV. ii. 245.
Flood, ocean, sea; III. iv. 1.
Flout, scorn, mock; II. i. 373.
Fondly, foolishly; II. i. 258.
Footing; "upon the f. of our land," standing upon our own soil; V. i. 66.
For, because; II. i. 591.
Forage, prowl about like a lion in search of prey; V. i. 59.
For because = because; II. i. 588.
Forgo, give up, renounce; III. i. 207.
Forwearied, worn out, exhausted; II. i. 233.
Foster'd up, reared; V. ii. 75.
France, the King of France; I. i. 1.
From, away from, foreign; IV. iii. 151.
Fulsome, nauseous, disgusting; III. iv. 32.

Gall, wound, hurt; IV. iii. 94, 95.
Gawds, toys, trifling ornaments; III. iii. 36.
Give off, take off, give up; V. i. 27.
Give away, permit to pass before us; I. i. 156.
Glister, glitter, shine; V. i. 54.

Gone, despatched, dead; III. iv. 163.
Good den, good evening; I. i. 185.
Goods, good, advantage; IV. ii. 64.
Gracious, full of grace, lovely; III. iv. 81.
Greens, grassy plains, meadows; II. i. 242.
Grossly, stupidly; III. i. 163, 168.
Guard, ornament; IV. ii. 10.

Half-faced groat; groats and half-groats with the profile or half-face of the King, were first struck in 1503; I. i. 94.

From a specimen of the time of Henry VII., who first minted these coins.

Halting, dilatory; V. ii. 174.
Handkercher = *handkerchief* IV. i. 42.
Harbourage, shelter; II. i. 234.
Harness'd, dressed in armour; V. ii. 132.
Hatch, half door; "take the h.," jump the half door; V. ii. 138.
Head of war, armed force; V. ii. 113.
Heat = heated; IV. i. 61.
Heinous, odious; III. iv. 90.
Hence, hereafter; V. iv. 29.
His=its; IV. iii. 32.
Hold, restrain; IV. ii. 82.
Hold hands with, is on terms of equality with; II. i. 497.
Holp, helped; I. i. 240.
Humorous, capricious; III. i. 119.
Humours, "unsettled h.," restless spirits; II. i. 66; whims; IV. ii. 209.
Hurly = hurly-burly; confusion, uproar; III. iv. 169.

Idly, casually, carelessly; IV. ii. 124.
Impeach, accuse; II. i. 116.
Importance, importunity; II. i. 7.
In = on; I. i. 99.
Indifferency, impartiality; II. i. 579.
Indigest, chaos; V. vii. 26.
Indirect, lawless, wrong; III. i. 275.
Indirection, wrong, dishonest practice; III. i. 276.
Indirectly, wrongfully; II. i. 49.
Industrious, zealous, laborious; II. i. 376.
Infant state, infant majesty, or, state that belongs to an infant; II. i. 97.
Infortunate, unfortunate; II. i. 178.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 151.
Innocency, innocence; IV. iii. 110.
Inquire out, seek out; IV. iii. 115.
Intelligence, spies, informers; IV. ii. 116.
Interest to, claim to; V. ii. 89.

Interrogatories, a technical law-term; questions put to a witness which were to be answered with the solemnities of an oath; III. i. 147.

Invasive, invading; V. i. 69.

Lineal, hereditary, due by right of birth; II. i. 85.

List, listen, give ear; II. i. 468.

Litter, a couch for ladies and sick persons in travelling; V. iii. 16.

Illustration of a litter, from a drawing in the MS. *History of the Kings of France* (Royal 16 G 6), written early in XIVth century.

Inveterate, deep-rooted; V. ii. 14.

Joan, a common name for a woman among rustics; I. i. 184.

Joy, glad; III. iv. 107.

Lasting, everlasting, eternal; III. iv. 27.

Liable, subject, II. i. 490; fit, IV. ii. 226; allied, associated, V. ii. 101.

Lien = lain; IV. i. 50.

Lightning, "as l.," as swift as lightning; I. i. 24.

Like, likely, probable; III. iv. 49.

Limited, fixed, appointed; V. ii. 123.

Line, thicken, strengthen; IV. iii. 24.

Make up, hasten forward; III. ii. 5.

Manage, taking of measures, administration; I. i. 37.

Many carriages; V. vii. 90.

A Mediæval Carriage.

From the MS. of *Le Roman du Roy Meliadus* (end of XIVth century), formerly in the Roxburghe Library. The elegant form of the wheel is noteworthy.

Matter, material, fuel; V. ii. 85.

May, can; V. iv. 21.

Meagre, thin, lean; III. iv. 85.
Means, intends, purposes; III. iv. 119.
Measures, stately dances; here used for the music accompanying and regulating the motion of the dance; III. i. 304.
Might, could, were able; II. i. 325.
Minion, favourite; II. i. 392.
Mistempered = distempered, ill-tempered; V. i. 12.
Mistook, mistaken; III. i. 274.
Mocking, deriding, ridiculing; V. i. 72.
Modern, commonplace; III. iv. 42.
Module, mould, image; V. vii. 58.
Moe, more; V. iv. 17.
More, greater; II. i. 34.
Mortal, deadly; III. i. 259.
Motion, impulse; I. i. 212.
Mounting, aspiring; I. i. 206.
Mousing, worrying, tearing (as a cat does a mouse); II. i. 354.
Munition, materials for war; V. ii. 98.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. i. 317.
Mutines, mutineers; II. i. 378.

New, lately; III. i. 233.
Nice; "makes nice of," is scrupulous about; III, iv. 138.
Nob, contemptuous, diminutive of Robert; I. i. 147.
No had, had I not? IV. ii. 207.
Note; "of note," noted, well known; IV. i. 121.
Noted, known; IV. ii. 21.

Occasion, necessity, cause, II. i. 82; "occasions," opportunities, IV. ii. 62; course of events, IV. ii. 125.
O'erbearing, bearing down, over-powering; III. iv. 9.
Of = from; III. iv. 55.
Offend, harm, hurt; IV. i. 132.
Offer, attempt; IV. ii. 94.
Opposite, contrary; III. i. 254.
Oppression; "our o." = oppression of us, our injury; III. i. 106.
Out-faced, supplanted, put down by arrogance and intimidation; II. i. 97.
Outlook, face down; V. ii. 115.
Outward eye; a metaphor derived from the game of bowls; the "eye of a bowl was the aperture on one side which contained the bias or weight"; II. i. 583.
Overbear, overrule; IV. ii. 37.
Owe, own; II. i. 109.

Painted, artificial, counterfeit; III. i. 105.
Parle, parley; II. i 205.
Pass, refuse; II. i. 258.
Passionate, full of lamentation; II. i. 544.
Pawns, pledges; V. ii. 141.
Peering o'er = overpeering, overflowing; III. i. 23.
Peevish, wayward; II. i. 402.
Peised, poised, balanced; II. i. 575.
Pencil, small brush used to lay on colours; III. i. 237.

Peradventure, perhaps; V. vi. 31.
Peremptory, determined; II. i. 454.
Perfect, right, correct; V. vi. 6.
Philip sparrow; the popular name of the sparrow was Philip, suggested by its peculiar chirp (*cp.* Skelton's "*Boke of Phylyp Sparrowe*"); I. i. 231.
Picked, affected; I. i. 193.
Plots, positions; II. i. 40.
Possess'd with, informed of; IV. ii. 41.
Potents, potentates; II. i. 358.
Powers, armed force; III. iii. 70.
Practises, plots; IV. i. 20.
Prate, prattle; IV. i. 25.
Precedent, "original copy of a writing"; V. ii. 3.
Presages, prognostications; III. iv. 158.
Presence; "lord of thy p.," lord of only your fine person; I. i. 137.
Presently, immediately; V. vii. 86.
Princes = lords; V. vii. 97.
Private, private communication; IV. iii. 16.
Prodigiously, by the birth of a monster, III. i. 91.
Propertied, made a property or tool of; V. ii. 79.
Provoke, incite, instigate; IV. ii. 207.
Puissance, armed force; III. i. 339.
Pure, clear; V. vii. 2.
Purpled hands, hands stained with blood, like those of huntsmen, by cutting up the deer; II. i. 322.
Purpose; "had a p.," intention; V. i. 76.
Put o'er, refer; I. i. 62.
Pyrenean, the Pyrenees; I. i. 203.

Quantity, small portion; V. iv. 23.
Quarter; "keep good q.," guard carefully your posts; V. v. 20.
Quoted, noted, marked; IV. ii. 222.

Rage = rave; V. vii. 11.
Ramping, rampant; III. i. 122.
Rankness, fulness to overflowing; V. iv. 54.
Reason, it is reasonable; V. ii. 130.
Recreant, cowardly, faithless; III. i. 129.
Refuse, reject, disown; I. i. 127.
Regreet, greeting; III. i. 241.
Remembers, reminds; III. iv. 96.
Remembrance, memory (quadrisyllabic); V. ii. 2; V. vi. 12.
Remorse, compassion; II. i. 478.
Resolved, resolute; V. vi. 29.
Resolveth, melteth; V. iv. 25.
Respect, consideration, reflection; IV. ii. 214.
Respective, showing respect; I. i. 188.

Rest, quiet possession; IV. ii. 55.
Retire themselves = retire, retreat; V. iii. 13.
Revolts, deserters, rebels; V. ii. 151.
Rheum, moisture, here used for tears; III. i. 22.
Ribs, walls; II. i. 384.
Ripe, ripen; II. i. 472.
Rounded, whispered; II. i. 566.
Roundure, enclosure; II. i. 259.
Rub, obstacle, impediment; III. iv. 128.
Rumour, din, tumult; IV. ii. 45.

Safety, safe custody; IV. ii. 158.
Savagery, atrocity; IV. iii. 48.
Scamble = scramble, struggle; IV. iii. 146.
Scath, injury, damage; II. i. 75.
Scope of nature, natural effect (Pope, "*scape,*" *i.e.* freak); III. iv. 154.
Scroyles, scabby fellows, rascals; II. i. 373.
Seal to the indenture; II. i. 20. (*cp.* the annexed illustration of a seal attached to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.)

Secondary, subordinate; V. ii. 80.
Secure, free from care; IV. i. 130.
Semblance, appearance, disguise; IV. iii. 4.
Set, a term at cards, as well as at tennis; V. ii. 107.
Set forward, start on the journey; IV. iii. 19.
Shadow, reflection; II. i. 498.
Shadowing, shielding, protecting; II. i. 14.
Shall, must; V. ii. 78.
Shrewd, evil, bad; V. v. 14.
Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. vii. 53.
Sick service, service in sickness; IV. i. 52.
Sightless, unsightly, ugly; III. i. 45.
Sign'd, marked, branded; IV. ii. 222.
Set, close; V. vii. 51.
Skin-coat, i.e. lion's skin (taken from Richard); II. i. 139.
Smacks, savours; II. i. 396.
Smoke, thrash (a dialect word); II. i. 139.
So = if only; IV. i. 17.
Sole, alone, unique; IV. iii. 52.
Solemnity, marriage ceremony; II. i. 555.
Sooth, truth; IV. i. 29.
Soothest up, dost flatter ("up" used intensitively); III. i. 121.
Soul-fearing, soul-frightening, terrifying; II. i. 383.
Sound, give voice to proclaim; IV. ii. 48.
Souse, a term in falconry, to pounce upon; V. ii. 150.

Sped, succeeded; IV. ii. 141.
Spend, waste; V. ii. 39.
Spirit, monosyllabic; II. i. 232; V. i. 53.
Spleen, heat, passion; IV. iii. 97.
Spot, stain, disgrace; V. ii. 30.
Sprightful, full of spirit, high-spirited; IV. ii. 177.
Staff, lance; II. i. 318.
State, power, majesty; IV. ii. 243.
States, lords of high estate; II. i. 395.
Stay, a peremptory check, a command to stop; II. i. 455.
Still, continually; V. vii. 37.
Still and anon, now and again; IV. i. 47.
Straight, straightway; II. i. 149.
Strait, parsimonious, niggardly; V. vii. 42.
Stranger, foreign; V. i. 11.
Stumbling night, night which causes stumbling; V. v. 18.
Sudden, quick, hasty, IV. i. 27; unprepared, V. vi. 26.
Suggestions, temptations, incitements to evil-doing; III. i. 292.
Supernal, placed above, heavenly; II. i. 112.
Suspire, draw breath; III. iv. 80.
Swinged, thrashed, whipped; II. i. 288.

Table, tablet (on which a picture is painted); II. i. 503.
Take = make; III. i. 17.

'St. George that swinged the Dragon.' From an old black-letter ballad.

Tarre on, set on, incite; IV. i. 117.
Task (Theobald's correction of "*tast*" of the Folios), challenge, command; III. i. 148.
Taste, to act the part of taster, an officer whose duty it was to "take the assay" of each dish before it passed to his master; V. vi. 28.
Temporize, come to terms, compromise; V. ii. 125.
Territories, (probably) feudal dependencies; I. i. 10.
Then, than; IV. ii. 42.
Threats, threatens; III. i. 347.
Tickling, cajoling, flattering; II. i. 573.
Tides; "high t.," high days; III. i. 86.
Time's enemies, the enemies of the times, *i.e.* of the present state of affairs; IV. ii. 61.
Tithe, take a tithe; III. i. 154.
To, added to; I. i. 144.
Toasting-iron, an iron used for toasting cheese; used contemptuously of a sword; IV. iii. 99.

Toll, take toll, raise a tax; III. i. 154.

Tongue, alluding to the serpent's tongue, in which the venom was supposed to be secreted; III. i. 258.

Took it on his death, swore by the certainty of his death; I. i. 110.

Topful, full to the brim; III. iv. 180.

Tooth-pick; I. i. 190. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth century specimen.

Tottering, tattered; V. v. 7.

Touch'd and tried, tested by the touchstone; III. i. 100.

Towers, rises in circles in flight; V. ii. 149.

Toys, idle fancies, follies; I. i. 232.

Trick, characteristic expression; I. i. 85.

True; "my t. defence," *i.e.* "the defence of my honesty"; IV. iii. 84.

Unadvised, without due thought, consideration, II. i. 45; rash, II. i. 191.

Unconstant = inconstant, unsteady, fickle; III. i. 243.

Under-bear, bear, endure; III. i. 65.

Underprop, support; V. ii. 99.

Under-wrought, undermined; II. i. 95.

Undeserved, not merited; IV. i. 108.

Unhair'd, (Theobald's emendation of "vn-heard," the reading of Folio 1) beardless; V. ii. 133.

Unmatchable, not able to be equalled; IV. iii. 52.

Unowed, unowned, left without an owner; IV. iii. 147.

Unreverend, disrespectful; I. i. 227.

Unruly, not submitting to rule; III. iv. 135.

Unsured, unstable, insecure; II. i. 471.

Unthread the rude eye, retrace the hazardous road (Theobald *"untread"*; but the metaphor is evidently derived from threading a needle); V. iv. 11.

Unurged, unsolicited, voluntary; V. ii. 10.

Unvex'd, not molested, not troubled; II. i. 253.

Up, used with intensive force; IV. iii. 133.

Upon, on the side of, I. i. 34; on account of, II. i. 597.

Vex'd, disquieted; III. i. 17.

Volquessen, the ancient country of the Velocasses, whose capital was Rouen; II. i. 527.
Voluntaries, volunteers; II. i. 67.

Waft—wafted, borne over the sea; II. i. 73.
Wait upon, attend; V. vii. 98.
Walks; "wildly w.," *i.e.* goes to confusion; IV. ii. 128.
Wall-eyed, glaring-eyed ("having an eye in which the iris is descoloured or wanting in colour"); IV. iii. 49.
Want, lack; IV. i. 99.
Wanton, one brought up in luxury, an effeminate boy; V. i. 70.
Wantonness, sportiveness; IV. i. 16.
Warn'd, summoned; II. i. 201.
Watchful; "the w. minutes to the hour," the minutes which are watchful to the hour; IV. i. 46.
Way, line of descent; V. vi. 11.
Weal, common-wealth, IV. ii. 65; welfare, IV. ii. 66.
Wear out, let come to an end; III. i. 110.
Weather, storm, tempest; IV. ii. 109.
What! an ejaculation of impatience; I. i. 245.
What though, what does it matter! I. i. 169.
What on, incite; III. iv. 181.
Whether (Folios "where"), monosyllabic; I. i. 75; II. i. 167.
Wilful-opposite, refractory, stubborn; V. ii. 124.
Wind up, furl together; V. ii. 73.
Winking, closed; II. i. 215.
With = by; II. i. 567; III. iv. 135.
Worship, honour, dignity; IV. iii. 72.
Wrested, taken by violence; IV. iii. 154.

Yet, as yet; II. i. 361.
Yon, yonder; III. iii. 60.
You = for you, in your interests; III. iv. 146.

Zeal, ardour, intense endeavour; II. i. 565.
Zounds; a corruption of "God's wounds"; a common oath; II. i. 466.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 20. According to the Cambridge editors the line must probably be scanned as an Alexandrine, reading the first '*controlment*' in the time of a trisyllable and the second as a quadrisyllable. This seems very doubtful; the irregularity of the line is not remarkable; there is merely an extra syllable before the pause:—

Contról/ment fór/contrólment//so áns/wer Fránce./

I. i. 28. '*sullen presage of your own decay*'; there is perhaps an allusion here to the dismal passing-bell, as Steevens suggested; according to Delius, the trumpet of doom is alluded to. There is, however, no difficulty in the thought as it stands, without these references to a secondary idea.

I. i. 49. '*expedition's*'; first Folio, *expeditious*; an obvious misprint.

I. i. 54. '*Cœur-de-lion*'; '*Cordelion*' in the Folios and old play; perhaps the spelling should be kept as the popular form of the name.

'*knighted in the field*'; in '*The Troublesome Raigne*' he is knighted at the siege of Acon or Acre, by the title of Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Montbery.

I. i. 85. '*trick*'; it has been suggested that '*trick*' is used here in the heraldic sense of 'copy'; it would seem, however, to be used in a less definite sense.

I. i. 139. '*sir Robert's his,*' so the Folios; Theobald proposed '*sir Robert his,*' regarding '*his*' as the old genitive form; Vaughan, '*just sir Robert's shape*'; Schmidt takes the '*'s his*' as a reduplicative possessive. Surely '*his*' is used substantively with that rollicking effect which is so characteristic of Faulconbridge. There is no need to explain the phrase as equivalent to 'his shape, which is also his father Sir Robert's'; 'sir Robert's his' = '*sir Robert's shape,*' '*his*' emphasizing substantively the previous pronominal use of the word.

From an engraving by Fairholt.

I. i. 143. *'Look, where three-farthings goes'*; three-farthing pieces of silver were coined in 1561 (discontinued in 1582); they were very thin, and were distinguished from the silver pence by an impression of the queen's profile, with a rose behind her ear. (*Cp.* illustration.)

I. i. 147. *'I would not'*; Folio 1 reads *'It would not,'* probably a misprint, though Delius makes *'it'* refer to *'His face.'*

I. i. 234-5. *'eat his part upon Good-Friday'*; evidently a popular proverb, *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogue upon Proverbs*:—

'He may his part on Good Friday eat,
And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geat' (*i.e. get*).

I. i. 244. *'Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like'*; an allusion to the old play called *'Soliman and Perseda'* (printed 1599, written probably some ten years before); Piston the buffoon, representing the old Vice of the Morality Plays, jumps on the back of Basilisco, the bragging coward, and makes him take oath on his dagger:—

BAS. *'I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—knight, good fellow, knight, knight,—*
PIST. *'Knave, good fellow, knave, knave.'*
(*Cp.* Dodsley's *Old Plays, ed.* Hazlitt, *Vol. v.* 271-2.)

II. i. 2. *'that great forerunner of thy blood'*; Shakespeare, by some oversight, here makes Arthur directly descended from Richard.

II. i. 5. *'by this brave duke,'* so the old play. Richard was, however, slain by an arrow at the siege of Chaluz, some years after the Duke's death.

II. i. 64. *'her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain,' i.e.* her granddaughter; Blanch was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alphonso VIII., King of Castile.

II. i. 65. *'of the king's deceased,' i.e. 'of the deceased king'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'king'*; but Folio 1, *'kings'* = *'king's'* is idiomatically correct.

II. i. 103. *'huge'*; Rowe read *'large,'* doubtless a misprint for *'huge'* restored by Capell.

II. i. 113. *'breast'*; Folio 1, *'beast.'*

II. i. 119. '*Excuse; it is,*' etc.; Malone's correction of the Folios, '*Excuse it is*'; Rowe (ed. 2) '*Excuse it, 'tis.*'

II. i. 137. '*of whom the proverb goes,*' *i.e.* '*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant*'; *cp.* Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, '*Hares may pull dead lions by the beard.*'

II. i. 144. '*Great Alcides' shows upon an ass*'; alluding to the skin of the Nemean lion won by Hercules. The Folios read '*shooes*'; the reading of the text was first proposed by Theobald.

II. i. 149. '*King Philip,*' etc.; the line is printed in the Folios as part of Austria's speech, with '*King Lewis*' instead of '*King Philip*'; the error was first corrected by Theobald.

II. i. 152. '*Anjou,*' Theobald's correction of '*Angiers*' of the Folios.

II. i. 156. '*Bretagne*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Britaine*'; Folio 3, '*Britain*'; Folio 4, '*Brittain.*'

II. i. 159. ll. 159 to 197 considered as spurious by Pope.

II. i. 160, 161. '*it,*' old form of possessive, so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*yt . . . it*'; Johnson, '*it' . . .. it'*'; Capell, '*it's . . . it's.*' In the Lancashire dialect '*hit*' is still common form of the possessive, an archaism used here in imitation of the language of the nursery.

II. i. 167. '*whether,*' monosyllabic; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*where*'; Folio 4, '*whe're.*'

II. i. 177. '*this is thy eld'st*'; Capell's emendation of the Folios, '*this is thy eldest*'; Fleay proposed '*this' thy eld'st*'; Ritson, '*thy eld'st,*' omitting '*this is.*'

II. i. 180. '*the canon of the law,*' *cp.* Exodus xx. 5.

II. i. 187. '*And with her plague; her sin his injury,*' etc.; the Folios, '*And with her plague her sin: his injury,*' etc. The punctuation adopted was first proposed by Mr. Roby, who explains the passage thus:—"God hath made her sin and herself to be a plague to this distant child, who is punished for her and with the punishment belonging to her: God has made her sin to be an injury to Arthur, and her injurious deeds to be the executioner to punish her sin: all which (viz., her first sin and her now injurious deeds) are punished in the person of this child."

II. i. 196. '*aim*'; Folio 1, '*ayme*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*ay me*'; Rowe conjectured '*amen*'; Moberley, '*hem*'; Jackson, '*shame*'; Johnson, '*j'aime.*'

II. i. 215. '*Confronts your*'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2,

'Comfort yours'; Folios 3, 4, *'Comfort your'*; Rowe suggested, *'Confront your'*; Collier, *'Come 'fore your.'*

II. i. 217. *'waist'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'waste'*; Folio 4, *'waiste'*; *'doth'*; the singular by attraction to the preceding word; Rowe, *'do.'*

II. i. 234. *'Crave,'* so Pope; Folios read *'Craues.'*

II. i. 259. *'roundure,'* so Capell; Folios read *'rounder'*; Singer, *'rondure.'*

II. i. 262. *'rude'*; Williams conjectured *'wide.'*

II. i. 323. *'Dyed'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Dide'*; Folio 4, *'dy'd.'* Pope suggested *'Stain'd'*; Vaughan, *'Dipp'd.'*

II. i. 325. In the Folios 'the first citizen' is throughout named 'Hubert,' in all probability owing to the fact that the actor of the part of Hubert also took this minor character of the play.

II. i. 335. *'run,'* so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'rome'*; Malone reads, *'roam'*; Nicholson conjectured *'foam.'*

II. i. 353. *'fangs,'* Steevens' spelling for *'phangs'* of the Folios.

II. i. 358. *'equal potents'*; Collier reads *'equal potent'*; Delius, *'equal-potents'*; Dyce, *'equal-potent.'*

'fiery-kindled,' so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'fierie kindled'*; Pope, *'fiery-kindled'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'fire-ykindled'*; Lettsom conjectures *'fire-enkindled.'*

II. i. 371. *'King'd of our fears'*; the Folios, *'Kings of our fear'*; the excellent emendation adopted in the text was first proposed by Tyrwhitt.

II. i. 378. *'the mutines of Jerusalem,' i.e.* the mutineers of Jerusalem, evidently alluding to John of Giscala and Simon bar Gioras, the leaders of the opposing factions, who combined in order to resist the Roman attack. Shakespeare probably derived his knowledge from Peter Morwyng's translation (1558) of the spurious Josephus, the 'Joseppon,' as it is called: Josephus was first Englished in 1602.

II. i. 425. *'Dauphin,'* so Rowe; Folios, *'Dolphin'* (*passim*).

II. i. 584. *'aid'*; Collier (ed. 2, Mason's conjecture), *'aim.'*

III. i. 16-17. *'thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits,* etc.; Rowe's emendation of the punctuation of the Folios, *'jest . . . spirits.'*

III. i. 148. *'task,'* Theobald's correction of the Folios; Folios 1, 2, *'tast'*; Folios 3, 4, *'taste'*; Rowe conjectured *'tax.'*

III. i. 209. *'new untrimmed bride'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'new and trimmed,'* or *'new untamed,' 'new betrimmed'*; Dyce,

'*new uptrimmed.*' Staunton was probably right when he suggested that '*untrimmed*' is descriptive of the bride with her hair hanging loose.

III. i. 259. '*chafed lion*'; Theobald's correction of the Folios, '*cased.*'

III. i. 280-4. In the First Folio the reading is:—

> '*But thou hast sworn against religion;*
> *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,*
> *And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,*
> *Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure*
> *To swear, sweares only not to be forsworn.*'

In line 281 a plausible emendation is '*swar'st*' (='*swor'st*') for the second '*swear'st.*' '*By what*'='in so far as'; lines 281, 282 are evidently parallel in sense; a slight obscurity may perhaps be cleared away by taking the first '*truth*' as used with a suggestion of the secondary meaning 'troth': lines 283, 284 are considered the crux of the passage, but possibly all difficulty is removed by placing a semi-colon after '*unsure,*' and rendering 'to swear' with the force of 'if a man swear.'

'Bell, book and candle.' From the stone-coffin lid of a XIIIth century priest, in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 4. '*Philip*'; Theobald, '*Richard*'; the error was probably Shakespeare's; '*Philip*' was '*Sir Richard.*'

III. iii. 12. '*Bell, book and candle.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

III. iii. 26. '*time,*' Pope's emendation for '*tune*' of the Folios.

III. iii. 39. '*Sound on into the drowsy ear of night*'; the Folios, '*race*'; Dyce and Staunton, '*ear*'; Bulloch, '*face,*' etc. Theobald suggested '*sound one unto,*' as plausible an emendation as so many of his excellent readings.

III. iii. 52. '*brooded watchful day*'; Pope's '*broad-ey'd,*' Mitford's '*broad and,*' and various emendations have been proposed, but '*brooded*'='having a brood to watch over,' hence '*brooding*'='sitting on brood.'

III. iii. 72. '*attend on you.*' so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*to attend*'; Pope reads '*t' attend.*'

III. iv. 2. '*convicted,*' *i.e.* 'overcome'; there is perhaps a refer-

ence here to the Spanish Armada. Pope proposed '*collected*'; other suggestions have been '*convented*,' '*connected*,' '*combined*,' '*convexed*,' etc.

III. iv. 6. '*Is not Angiers lost?*' etc. Arthur was made prisoner at the capture of Mirabeau in 1202. Angiers was captured by John four years later.

III. iv. 44. '*not holy*,' so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*holy*'; Delius and Staunton (Steevens' conjecture) '*unholy*.'

III. iv. 64. '*friends*,' Rowe's emendation of '*fiends*' of the Folios.

III. iv. 98. '*Then have I reason to be fond of grief*,' Rowe's reading; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?*'; Folio 4, '*Then . . . grief?*'

III. iv. 110. '*world's taste*,' Pope's emendation of the Folios, '*words taste*'; Jackson's conjecture, '*word, state*.'

III. iv. 182. '*strong actions*,' so Folios 2, 3, 4. Folio 1 misprints '*strange actions*.'

IV. i. 92. '*mote*,' Steevens' emendation for '*moth*' of the Folios, a frequent spelling of the word.

IV. ii. 42. '*then lesser is my fear*,' so Folio 1; '*then*' a common spelling of 'than' in Elizabethan English; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*then less is my fear*'; Pope, '*the lesser is my fear*.'

IV. ii. 50. '*myself and them*' = (perhaps) '*myself and themselves*'; hence the ungrammatical '*them*.'

IV. ii. 65. '*than whereupon our weal*,' etc. The meaning of the passage seems to be, 'we ask for his liberty only in so far as the commonwealth (*i.e.*, '*our weal, on you depending*') counts it your welfare,' etc.

IV. ii. 117. '*care*'; it is impossible to determine whether the First Folio reads '*eare*' or '*care*'; the other Folios '*care*.' There is considerable doubt as to whether the first letter is Roman or Italic, and taking all the evidence into account it seems possible that '*care*' was corrected to '*eare*' in some copies of the First Folio.

IV. ii. 120. '*first of April*'; according to history, Eleanor died in 1204 in the month of July.

IV. ii. 123. '*Three days before*'; Constance died in reality three years, and not three days before, in August, 1201.

IV. ii. 147. '*a prophet*.' *i.e.* Peter of Pomfret (Pontefract).

IV. ii. 194. '*his iron did on the anvil cool*.' The annexed curi-

ous illustration of smiths at work is taken from an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

Mediæval Smiths (see note above).

IV. iii. 11. '*him*' = the Dauphin.

V. i. 8. '*counties*'; it is difficult to determine whether '*counties*' = (i.) 'counts,' *i.e.* 'the nobility,' or (ii.) 'the divisions of the country'; probably the former.

V. ii. 1. '*this*,' *i.e.* 'this compact with the English Lords.'

V. ii. 27. '*step after a stranger, march*,' so the Folios; Theobald '*stranger march*,' but the original reading seems preferable.

V. ii. 36. '*grapple*,' Pope's emendation of '*cripple*' of the Folios; Steevens conjectured '*gripple*,' Gould '*couple*.'

V. ii. 59. '*Full of warm blood*,' Heath's conjecture for '*Full warm of blood*' of the Folios.

V. ii. 64. '*an angel spake*'; '*angel*' used probably equivocally with a play upon 'angel' the gold coin, the quibble being suggested by the previous '*purse*,' '*nobles*.'

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

V. ii. 105. (See next page).

V. ii. 133. '*unhair'd*,' Theobald's correction of Folios; Folio 1,

'*unheard*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*unheard*'; Keightly proposed '*unbeard.*'

V. iii. 8. '*Swinstead,*' so in '*The Troublesome Raigne*'; 'Swinstead' = Swineshead, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

V. iv. 15. '*He,*' *i.e.* the Dauphin; perhaps '*lords*' in the previous line is an error for '*lord.*'

V. iv. 24-5. '*even as a form of wax Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire,*' alluding to the images of wax used in witchcraft; as the figure melted before the fire, so the person it represented dwindled away.

V. iv. 60. '*Right in thine eye*'; it has been suggested that '*right*' is a misprint for '*riot*'; '*plight,*' '*fight,*' '*fright,*' etc., have been proposed: there is no reason at all for emending the word.

V. vi. 12. '*eyeless night,*' Theobald's emendation of the Folios, '*endless.*'

V. vii. 16. '*Leaves them invisible, and his siege*'; so Folio 1, the other Folios, '*and her siege*'; Pope, '*leaves them; invisible his siege*'; Hanmer, '*leaves them insensible; his siege*'; Steevens, '*invincible*'; etc.

V. vii. 21. '*cygnet*'; Rowe's correction of '*Symet*' of the Folios.

Have I not here the best cards for the game' (V. ii. 105).
From an illuminated MS. of the early XVth century. Perhaps the most ancient representation of the kind known.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

15. *Thy nephew,* etc.:—As Richard I. died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur.

26. *The thunder of my cannon*:—The Poet here antedates the use of gunpowder by over a hundred years. So again, in II. i. 227, he speaks of *bullets wrapp'd in fire.* A similar anachronism occurs in *Macbeth,* I. ii. 37: "*Cannons* overcharged with double cracks." John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In all such cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most

intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he has been found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect.

31 *et seq.* Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself."

49. [*Enter . . . bastard brother.*] We have already seen that Richard I. died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says: "The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynack, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character:—

> "Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
> A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

88. *the large composition of this man?*—"This expression," says Clarke, "finely brings to the eye those magnificent proportions of manly strength that characterized Richard I., and which helped to make him the heroic ideal of English hearts."

113-117. *Full fourteen,* etc.:—Wilkes says: "Lord Campbell, in his review of the play of *King John*, expresses himself somewhat disappointed that he has not found more, of what he calls *legalisms* in Shakespeare's dramas, founded upon English history. He accounts for this paucity of legal reference, however, by the fact that 'our great dramatist,' has in these histories 'worked upon the foundations already laid by other men, who had no technical knowledge.' 'Yet,' he continues, 'we find in several of the "Histories" Shakespeare's fondness for law terms; and it is still remarkable, that, whenever he indulges this propensity, he uniformly lays down good law.' His lordship gives as a strong illustration of this fact, the decision by King John, between Hubert and Philip Faulconbridge upon the question of bastardy pleaded by the younger brother, against Philip, who, however, like Shake-

speare's eldest daughter, Susanna, had made his appearance after the nuptials of parents, 'Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.' The King legally decides that Philip is legitimate, and is therefore his father's lawful heir, because his 'father's wife did *after* wedlock bear him.' So far, however, from receiving this as a substantial evidence of Shakespeare's law learning, it seems to me to evince no more legal knowledge than ought to be expected from any well-educated youth of twenty-one."

137. *Lord of thy presence,* etc.:—That is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly person, inherited from thy great progenitor. Perhaps the idea is also implied of mastery of himself, of his own identity. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem *The Happy Man,* we have expressions resembling these:—

> "Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all."

162. *Plantagenet* was not the original name of the house of Anjou, but a nickname bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a stalk of the broom-plant (*planta genista*) in his bonnet.

189, 190. *your traveller,* etc.:—It is said in *All's Well that Ends Well,* II. v. 28, 29, that "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. *At my worship's mess* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed. *Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honour* was to a lord.

207, 208. *For he is,* etc.:—That is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

231. *Good leave, good Philip*:—"For an instance of Shakespeare's power *in minimis,*" observes Coleridge, "I generally quote James Gurney's character in *King John.* How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life!" "They certainly suffice to show us," adds Clarke, "the free-and-easy style of the confidential servitor; one intrusted with the family secrets of this country household; one accustomed to

treat the eldest son, but not the heir, with a coolly easy familiarity tolerated by the good-humoured young man, and only lightly waved aside by the new-made knight."

268. *He that perforce,* etc.:—Rastall's *Chronicle* gives a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him; and, when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon; and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon: but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See Percy's *Reliques* for a metrical form of the story.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

12. *God shall forgive you,* etc.:—Clarke thinks that in making Arthur of younger age at this period than historical truth warrants, "Shakespeare well knew that the truth of tragic story would be more perfectly fulfilled by having a child the subject of injury here. The way," continues Clarke, "in which he has drawn the innocent boy throughout is intensely pathetic—a sweet and gentle nature hurled to and fro like a flower amid tempests; bruised, wounded, and finally crushed by the stormy passions and ruthless ambitions of the merciless natures around him. That the dramatist has nowise violated natural and characteristic truth, by making the little prince speak with a grace and propriety beyond those generally belonging to children of his age, we have confirmatory evidence in a record made by Froissart in his *Chronicles,* where he describes the conduct of the Princess of France, then 'a yonge childe of eyght yere of age.'"

19, 20. Wilkes tells us that a "legal illustration which Lord Campbell gives is found within the lines spoken by the Duke of Austria, upon giving his pledge to support the title of Prince Arthur against King John:—

> 'Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,
> *As seal to this indenture of my love.*'

Lord Campbell regards this as a purely legal metaphor, which might come naturally from an attorney's clerk, who had often

been an attesting witness to the execution of deeds. I quite agree," says Wilkes, "with his lordship in this view, but the expression might just as naturally have come from any intelligent merchant or poetaster of the time."

32. *O, take his mother's thanks*:—"My idea of Constance," says Mrs. Siddons, "is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the King of France, and the Duke of Austria, at the commencement of the second Act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition and of a grateful heart."

50, 51. *A wonder, lady!* etc.:—"The wonder," according to Johnson, "is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good."

131. *if thou wert his mother*:—Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards (1151) married to King Henry II.

134. *Hear the crier*:—Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice. The Bastard is sarcastic and badgers Austria.

136. *An a' may catch your hide,* etc.:—The lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honour of his exploit in killing Richard.

289. *Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door*:—It will, of course, be understood that pictures of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, were used as innkeepers' signs. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running his favourite warcry into a humorous allusion. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's."

321-323. It was anciently the practice of the chase for the huntsmen to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a

trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in *Julius Cæsar,* III. i. 204-206:—

> "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
> Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
> Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe."

423, 424. *That daughter there,* etc.:—The Lady Blanch was daughter to Alphonso IX., king of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

533. *young princes, close your hands*:—This marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed": which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Enter Constance.*] Mrs. Siddons has left us a fine commentary on the character of Constance, of which the following passages may fitly be cited here: "The ideas one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heartrending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot it is to personate this great character should be

richly endowed by nature for its various requirements; yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much, remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of Constance great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur while she herself is absent from the stage; so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of Constance shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third Act, when, stunned with terrible surprise, she exclaims:—

> 'Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!'—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait."

12. *capable*:—So in *Hamlet,* III. iv. 126, 127. "His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, would make them *capable.*"

23. *Like a proud river,* etc.:—This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess,* 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river overflow their bounds!*"

42. *I do beseech you,* etc.:—Clarke here has this discerning comment: "The boy's artless appeals to his mother amidst her vehement indignation and passionate lamentation, a compound of maternal ambition and maternal love, should have sufficed to teach her heart the lesson so subtly inculcated by the Poet, that ambitious projects indulged for the sake of a being beloved, until they merge affection in violence and absorbing purpose, gradually undermine love in the bosom of the one beloved. It is curious to observe how little of tenderness there is in Arthur towards his mother, as response to all the passionate (but vehemently and

even violently passionate) love she lavishes upon him. Thus acutely and truly does Shakespeare indicate his moral lessons."

69. *For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop*:—The meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops,* or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout,* and has been followed by many editors. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "*In Much Ado about Nothing,* the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him.* How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."

92. *But on this day let seamen fear no wreck*:—In the old almanacs the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains were distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy,* 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in *Macbeth,* IV. i. 33, 34: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."

107. *Arm, arm, you heavens,* etc.:—"This grandly wild appeal of an outraged mother," declares Clarke, "has its sublime parallel in that of the outraged father, Lear; where he invokes the heavens to make his cause their own, because themselves are old. Shakespeare never repeats himself; but he has some few of these exceptional similitudes, where Nature herself has them, in the rareness of extreme crises of passion."

129. *hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs*:—It is probable, as Ritson observes, that she means to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's.

133. The following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:—

Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alceto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

147, 148. *What earthly name,* etc.:—What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories can force a king to *speak* and answer them?

Scene II.

2. *airy devil*:—In Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication,* 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

Scene III.

12. *Bell, book, and candle*:—The order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and several wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in Bale's *Pageant*:—

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke does speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:

As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell."

73. *On toward Calais, ho!*—John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to Falaise in Normandy, where he was for a time confined. Thence he was removed to Rouen and there either died or was put to death by the agents of John.

Scene IV.

23. *No, I defy all counsel, all redress*:—Says Mrs. Siddons: "I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert that, though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene (III. iv.), I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character. Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations."

37. *No, no, I will not, having breath to cry*:—"The feminine style," remarks Weiss, "is shown in Constance with great discrimination. Both sexes can hate injustice, and may be opposed to compromises. Both can have indignation for a crime. But see how Constance puts into these moral feelings a scorn and a swiftness of dissent, urged by a volubility more native to a woman than to a man. Woman is apt, indeed, to be too voluble: each minute of her phrases breeds new ones; so she does not stop to notice that her indictment is shorter than her breath. Therefore men are apt to notice and to complain that her indictment does not reach up to the tide-mark of her breath. But the invective of Constance is the swift weapon-play of maternity: it flashes

through every guard, touches rapidly to and fro, and draws blood at every unexpected touch."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*A room in a castle.*] In the original the stage direction is merely, *Enter Hubert and Executioners.* Northampton is usually set down as the place of the scene. The scene certainly lies somewhere in England, and in the time of John Northampton was in fact honoured with the royal residence. But White makes the scene Canterbury, and has the following note: "Arthur was imprisoned first at Falaise and afterward at Rouen in France; but the scene has plainly been changed to England, as it is also in the old *King John.* Hitherto this Act has been located at Northampton 'merely' in the words of Malone, 'because in the first Act King John seems to have been in that town.' But King John's whereabout, which is also Arthur's as far as the play is concerned (for Hubert passes quickly from one to the other), is determined by the fact that the coronation spoken of in the next Scene as having just taken place (in the old play it takes place before the audience), and which is immediately followed by Arthur's death, is the last of the four by which John sought to prop his tottering title. This ceremony, as well as its predecessor, took place at Canterbury, where are still visible the remains of a castle of the Norman period, in which Arthur may be supposed to have been confined, if we must consider the material probabilities. If, then, Northampton be an acceptable locality, because, as Collier remarks, 'it will answer the purpose as well as any other,' Canterbury is preferable because it will answer the purpose better than any other."

15, 16. *Young gentlemen . . . wantonness*:—This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of the time. Lyly also ridicules it in his *Midas*: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles,* says he is *melancholy.*"

58. *I have sworn to do it*:—The following dialogue is in *The Troublesome Raigne,* Sc. xii.:—

Hubert. My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.
Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.
Arthur. I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.
Hubert. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
Arthur. Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
Hubert. I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed false and wrong.
Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.
Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

134. *Much danger do I undergo for thee*:—Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this Scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old.

Scene II.

4. *once superfluous*:—That is, once more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the fourth time.

29. *confound their skill in covetousness*:—Bacon likewise attributes the failures of certain men to the love, not of *excellence,* but of *excelling.* The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration.

85. *He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night*:—Here again we quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals."

147-152. *a prophet . . . crown*:—This prophet, Peter of Pomfret, was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner."

182-184. *five moons,* etc.:—Thus in Holinshed: "About the

month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away."

231 *et seq.* "There are," says Johnson, "many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."

260. *Doth Arthur live?*—Holinshed thus continues the story of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup."

Scene III.

10. *Heaven take my soul,* etc.:—The old chroniclers gave various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit*; and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat

during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days, but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth."

147. *The unowed interest,* etc.:—"In this hour of ripened moral perception," says Clarke, "the speaker suffers himself to confess that the only rightful possessor of England is gone, and that John is but possessor by tenure of usurpation and wrong; nevertheless, Philip's sense of fidelity and personal gratitude to the present occupier of the throne will not let him abandon him or his cause, especially now that they are in jeopardy and peril."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

44. *Between compulsion and a brave respect!*—This *compulsion* refers to Salisbury's *enforced cause* (line 30), the reform in the state, which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms. The *brave respect* is the honourable motive or patriotic regard.

89. *interest to*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 98, 99:—

> "He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou the shadow of succession."

And in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He hath a release from Rose . . . of all her interest *to* the manor of Pedimore."

Scene IV.

7 et seq. [*Melun.*] The chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old *King John*:—

> "There 's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert."

Scene V.

10, 11. *the English lords*, etc.:—"Magna Charta," observes Lloyd, "is omitted in the play, and the obtaining of it from the reluctant and speedily recusant John was in fact, as regards the leading movement of the reign, an episode, and omitted of necessity. The struggle that Magna Charta symbolizes awaited still its grandest manifestation when Shakespeare lived and wrote. . . . Still the genius of Magna Charta is infused into the play, and in the concession which John is forced to make to the barons in the interest of humanity and conciliation of his subjects, we recognize the seal of the cause of justice against arbitrary administration."

Scene VI.

23. *The king, I fear, is poison'd,* etc.:—Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time."

Scene VII.

26, 27. *To set a form,* etc.:—Compare with Ovid's description of Chaos (*Metamorphoses,* i.) "Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles."

64. *Devoured by the unexpected flood*:—This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

64. [*The King dies.*] "The tragic Poet," says Verplanck, "has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay (*Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*), that here is a long interval leaped over at once in which 'foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta.*' The plain answer to this is, that the Poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half-fictitious Faulconbridge afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta,* and the political rights of Englishmen ac-

quired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning-point of interest in his drama—and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action—it would have required all the Poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that:—

> 'The charter of our liberties receiv'd
> The royal signature at five o'clock,
> When messengers were instantly dispatch'd
> To cardinal Pandulph, and their Majesties,
> After partaking of a cold collation,
> Return'd to Windsor.'"

Knight on this point has these discriminating remarks: "The interval of fourteen years, between the death of Arthur and the death of John, is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separated in the proper history by long digressions and tedious episodes, are brought together. The attributed murder of Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the house of Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triumph in his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambition, and England was invaded. The death of Arthur, and the events which marked the last days of John, were separated in their cause and effect by time only, over which the Poet leaps. . . . It is the poet's office to preserve a unity of action; it is the historian's to show a consistency of progress. In the chroniclers we have manifold changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arthur of Brittany has fallen. In Shakespeare, Arthur of Brittany is at once revenged."

99. *At Worcester must his body be interr'd*:—A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered under the pavement of the choir in the Cathedral of Worcester in 1797. The effigy, supposed to be the original cover of the coffin, is also the earliest sculpture of a sovereign now to be seen in England.

111. *Since it hath been*, etc.:—Seeing that previously we have had enough of grief, let us not now give way to sorrow beyond what is necessary.

Questions on King John.

1. What is the approximate date of the composition of *King John*? When was it first printed?

2. In what respects does it differ from the earlier play, *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*?

ACT FIRST.

3. Who occupy the stage at the opening of the first Scene? Why was it necessary to open this play with the principals in the action?

4. Explain the keynote, *borrowed majesty*. What is the claim of Philip of France?

5. How does Elinor explain the cause of the French demands? In this does she understand Constance? If you decide that Elinor's charge against Constance of being *ambitious* is a dramatic device employed in depicting Elinor's character, is it good art to strike a false note and establish a prepossession concerning a character not yet introduced to speak for herself?

6. How does John regard his own relation to the sovereignty? Does his mother show the clearer brain?

7. What dispute is brought to John to settle? What is the temper of Faulconbridge? Who first detects the paternity of Faulconbridge?

8. How is the dispute settled?

ACT SECOND.

9. With what purpose does the Duke of Austria assume a part in the action?

10. With what speech does Arthur first appear in the play? What does Constance first say? What traits does she show?

11. What are King Philip's protestations? Who urges a stay until the messenger arrives from England.

12. What is Chatillon's announcement? In what spirit is it couched?

13. How is the demand of the French king answered by King John?

14. How are Elinor and Constance brought into the dispute? Characterize the bearing of each.

15. Why does a quarrel break out between Austria and the Bastard.

16. What English possessions in France does the French king demand of John in behalf of Arthur?

17. What appeal is made to the citizens of Angiers, and how is it answered? What is the dramatic effect of the sallies of the Bastard?

18. What was the result of the fight? What second answer comes from the citizens of Angiers?

19. To what course does the Bastard (Sc. i., lines 350-360) urge the two kings? What was his purpose in recommending the sack of the town?

20. What is the recommendation of the First Citizen? What motives lead the two kings to adopt it?

21. What is the Bastard's feeling about Arthur's rights? In his survey of the act of the French king, how is he led to consider his own individual case? Was it the conflict between his sense of justice and the anomalies of his position that led him to commit himself to the worship of *commodity*?

22. Do his subsequent acts prove him here to be indulging in self-slander?

ACT THIRD.

23. Quote the line in the preceding Act where Sc. i. is foreshadowed.

24. Characterize the emotional state of Constance at the opening of this Act.

25. What is Arthur's attitude towards his mother?

26. What is the dramatic purpose of lines 110, 111?

27. What was signified by the *lion's hide*?

28. Upon what mission does Pandulph come?

29. What motive led John to defy the pope and suffer excommunication?

30. Estimate the character of the French king. Why did he withdraw from the agreement with John?

31. What bearing has this scene of broken oaths and broken vows upon the main theme of the plot?

32. What is the Bastard's comment upon the scene? What points of resemblance are there between him and Enobarbus of *Antony and Cleopatra*?

33. What is effected by Sc. ii.?

34. What is foreshadowed by line 5, Sc. iii.?

35. On what mission is the Bastard sent to England in advance of the king?

36. How does John convey his wishes to Hubert concerning Arthur?

37. What point in the drama does Sc. iii. mark?

38. How does Sc. iv. exhibit Constance?

39. Does this lament of Constance reveal any hint of disappointed ambition?

40. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play shown in the effect of the events of the times upon Lewis the Dauphin?

41. What type of character is shown in Pandulph?

42. Is political shrewdness shown in his forecasting the events of the future?

ACT FOURTH.

43. What aspects of Arthur has the play hitherto presented? What are added by Sc. i.? How old do you take him to be?

44. What is the emotional appeal of this Scene? Does the Scene increase or lessen the sense of the tragic future awaiting Arthur?

45. Was it a bad policy in John to demand a second coronation? What effect had his act upon the nobles?

46. What request does Pembroke make of John? How does Sc. ii. reveal the dramatic purpose of Hubert's yielding to Arthur's pleadings?

47. What is John's reflection after the lords quit the scene?

48. What messages from France arrive?

49. How does the Bastard bear himself towards John? What is the condition of the lower classes?

50. How does John show his moral cowardice in his scene with Hubert?

51. What led Arthur to attempt escape? Is his death-scene dramatically impressive?

Questions

52. Show how the pathos of his life is impressed by the action of the nobles.

53. Does Hubert clear himself from suspicion even by his protestations?

54. How does the Bastard comment upon the times in speaking of the death of Arthur?

ACT FIFTH.

55. What act of John does Sc. i. present?

56. How does the Bastard again urge the king to action? What phase of cowardice does John show?

57. How does Lewis meet the demands of Pandulph? How those of the Bastard?

58. In what condition does Sc. iii. show the king? What has happened to the French?

59. How did the king come to his death? What became of the revolted nobles?

60. Comment on the part the Bastard plays in these closing scenes.

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61. In this play how is the note of nationality sounded? How is England shown to be greater than its king?

62. John is among Shakespeare's portraits of weak kings: wherein does he differ from Richard II. and Henry VI.?

63. What is the turning-point of his career?

64. What would you argue from Shakespeare's modification of the violent anti-papal spirit of the earlier play?

65. What are some of the unhistorical assumptions of this play—especially those relating to Arthur and Constance?

66. Why did Shakespeare disregard the Magna Charta episode of John's reign?

67. Estimate the character of the Bastard. Contrast him with Edmund in *King Lear*.

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